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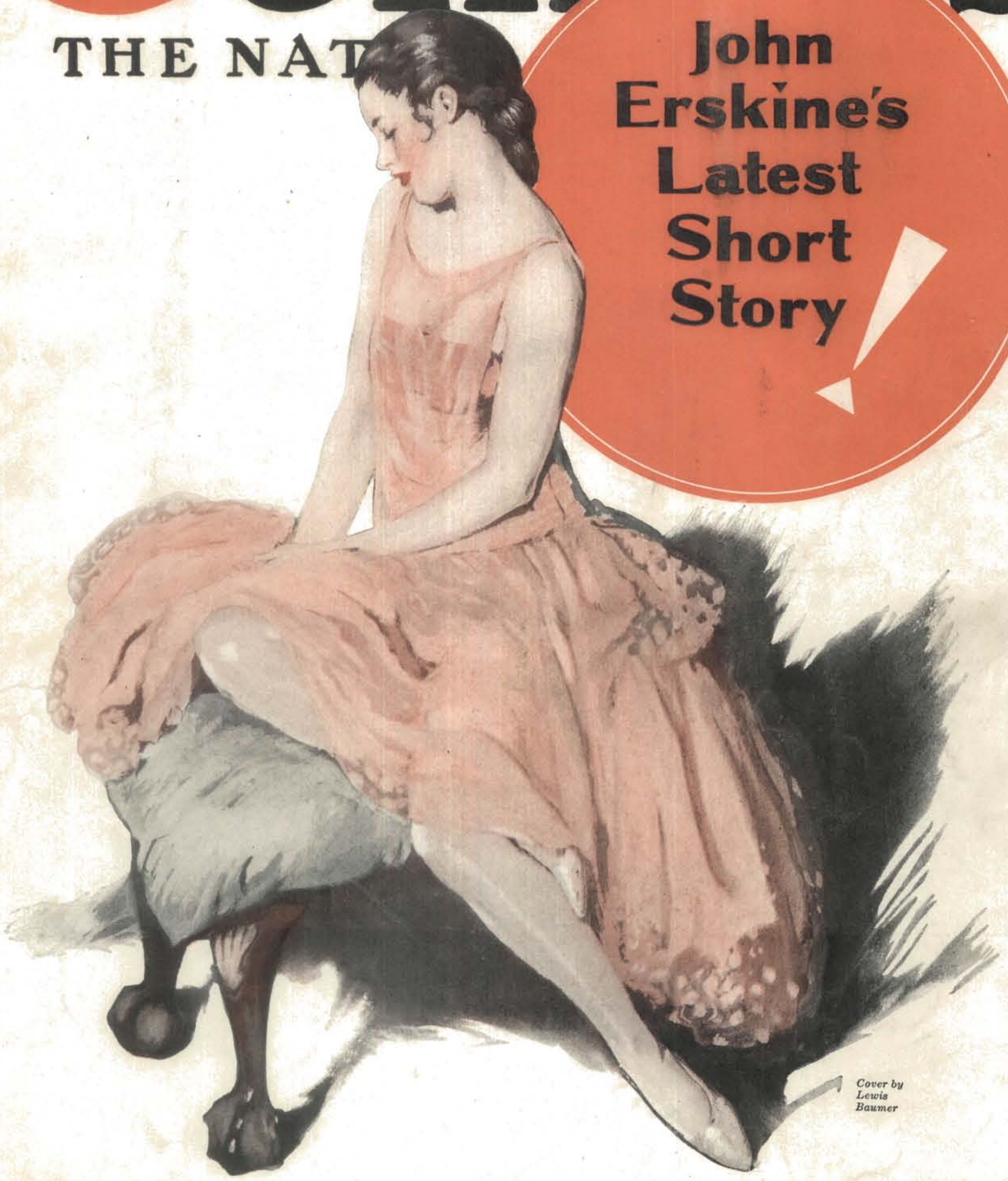

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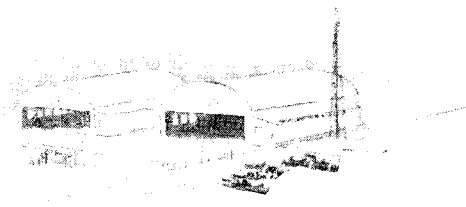

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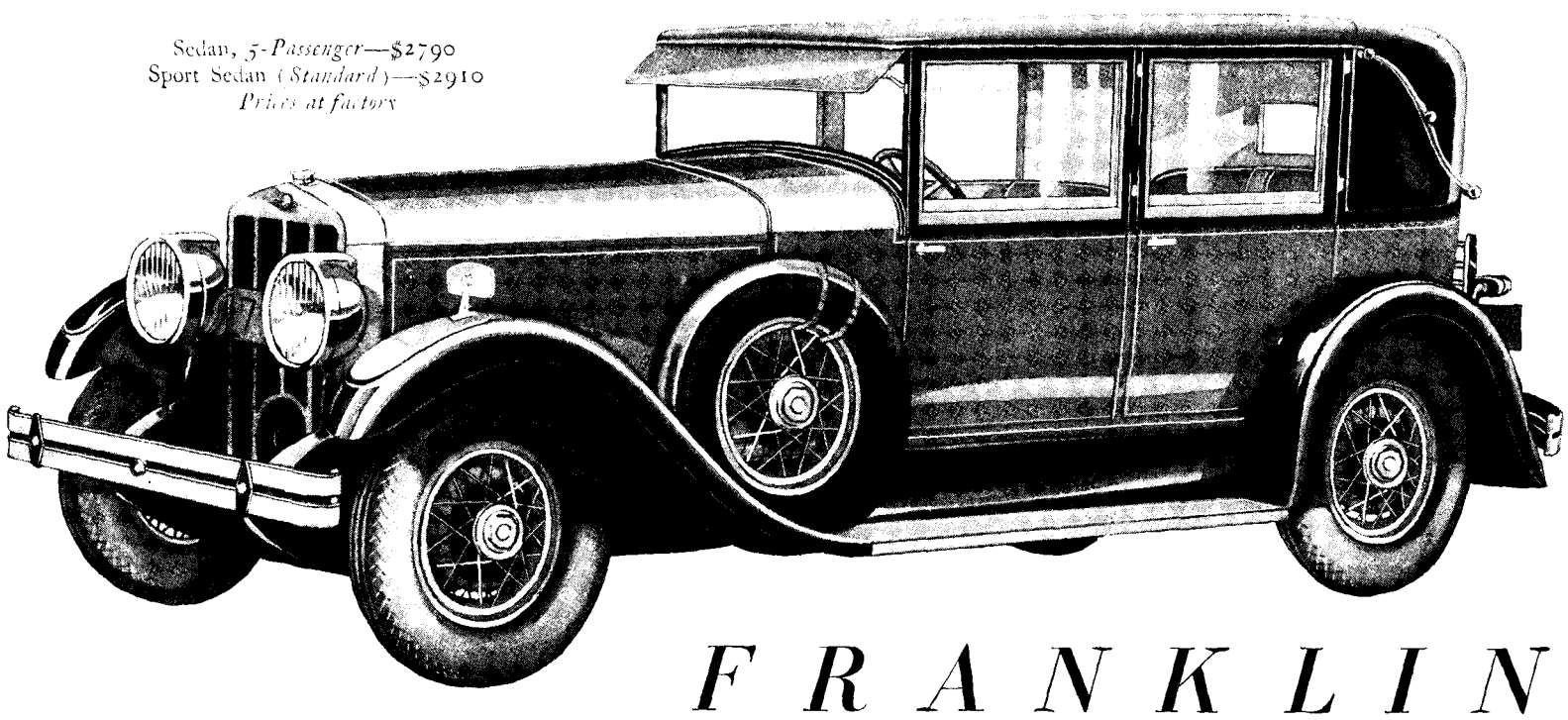

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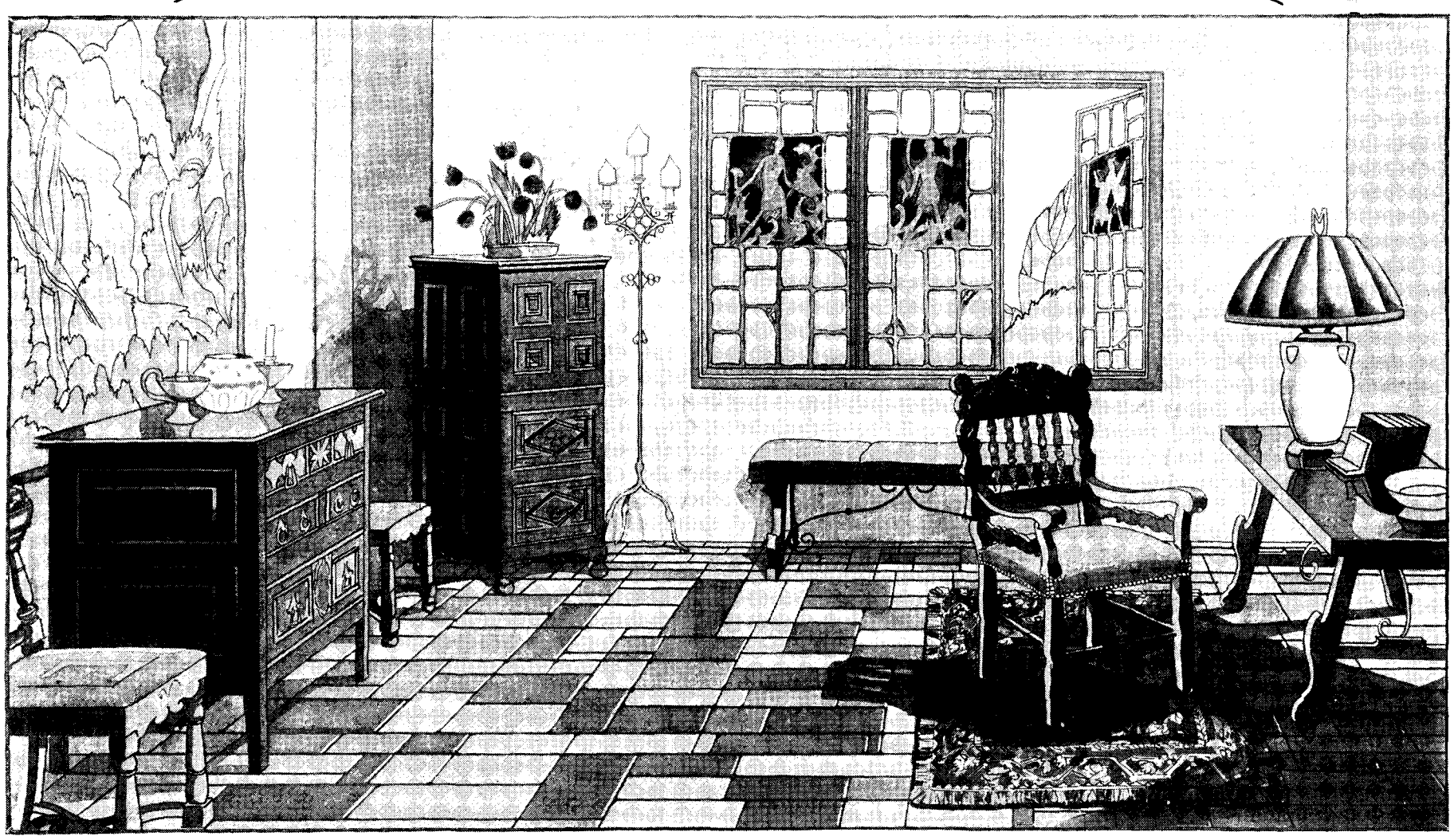
Like the floors in old Mediterranean interiors, the Armstrong Floor in this pleasing living-room (Embossed Inlaid No. 6042) forms an effective color relief. Its texture, its rich colors inlaid to the sturdy burlap back, blend with the handcraft feeling of furniture and tapestry. It has a second important virtue—a spot-proof, stain-proof, easily cleaned surface provided by the new Armstrong Accolac Process.



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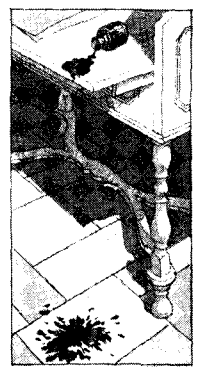

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Peter Kills the Bear

By John Erskine

Intimating that home life in the Dark Ages was just as quaint as it is today

BEFORE Peter de Béarn took to himself a wife and founded a home, he had to develop a philosophy which would reconcile him with the world. He was brother to the famous Count Gascon de Foix, but in some respects more memorable, with a keener energy to live, and a friendlier way with his fellows. Also he had wealth, not excessive, but sufficient. Like his brother, he was a lover of dogs and horses, a skilled breeder of fine animals, a tireless hunter. What you call an out-of-doors man.

Also he was a—well, he used a plain word for it, without flinching, but in these squeamish days it is best to say it round-about. His mother wasn't related to his father, aside from bearing him a son, which both she and that male parent had considered an incident. Those were rough and imperfect times, which we must handle gingerly in our speech and with allowance of pity in our hearts. She was a very beautiful girl, without a history. Peter's father met her only once, while absent from home on an important errand of public service. She had the misfortune to die when the child was born.

Whether Peter ever regretted his motherless state, we have no way of telling. His father, we are informed, he admired. Every age has its own standards; since we all must have a father of some kind, he was glad he had a good one, a distinguished person, healthy, wealthy, and of a cordial disposition.

WHATEVER ill-will Peter nursed was for his brother Gascon, his elder by a few months. At least, during boyhood and early youth he failed to understand why the rightful heir should be the favored son. Some of the womenfolk around the castle hinted to him that Gascon merited his privileges by his superior behavior, and Peter had to admit that his brother made less noise indoors and out, dirtied his clothes less often, and was more likely to appear at table with washed hands. Gascon, in short, was a good boy. His mother, the Countess, herself pointed out this fact to Peter. She must have known, because her own behavior was beyond criticism. She regarded Peter as an affliction.

When he was twelve or fourteen, a casual word illuminated for him the state of life to which by God's pleasure he had been called. It was in the village church, under the castle. The Count rarely attended Mass, but his conscientious wife took the boys to hear sermons. Gascon would sit like a little graven image, with his eyes on the pulpit and his thoughts on what was good for his soul. Peter would have liked to listen, but his foot usually went to sleep, the seat became woefully hard, he grew prickly and hot inside. Once, when he had yawned audibly, the Countess was obliged to fetch him a resounding cuff on the ear. Later, at the castle dinner table, he was unable to recall the text. He was annoyed at Gascon for having it at the end of his tongue. It was something about the kind of people who inherit the best lands. The preacher had called them the meek. The episode at the dinner table and the cuff on the ear printed the word in Peter's memory. His father, the Countess and Gascon were the meek.

But when he was twelve or fourteen, he came to suddenly one day in the midst of Father Constant's lecture. The good priest was expounding the carnal sins, and the boy realized that religion was interesting at last. Father Constant ran no risk of being misunderstood; he illustrated every point, so that even a child could follow, yet in the kindness of his heart and in the tradition of mercy he paid Nature her due, and admitted that his congregation, through Adam's fault rather than their own, were beset with temptation.

Illustrated by C. B. Falls

The beggars at his father's gate became Peter's loyal and intimate friends; their adventures profoundly stirred him

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So the minstrel sang of Bisclavaret, and Peter, for reasons of his own, found the tale engrossing

Peter came away with an enormous respect for nature. He grasped the difference between Gascon and himself, but from that moment he ceased to be envious. He and his brother were both, it appeared, children of sin, but he was a special case, in a sense distinguished, whereas Gascon was normal and ordinary. If he caught the priest's meaning, his father had run the risk of hell on his behalf. He had always liked his father.

The breeding of horses and dogs, a chief industry of his father's estate, now became significant of larger matters. This too, if he understood the good priest, was the work of nature, his father and the grooms only cooperating. Nature, a vast and vague goddess who caused children to be born, and dogs and horses. The danger of hell arose when the goddess functioned without Father Constant's permission. He must have given his permission for the dogs and horses; their appearance, at regular seasons, stimulated in nobody, so far as Peter could observe, a sense of iniquity. As he grew older he felt brotherly toward the animals.

BUT he did question, from time to time, why his father, who lent such aid to nature in the matter of birth, should take an equal delight in killing. There was always a hunt of some kind, or if not a hunt, a war. His father loved to kill deer, or when occasion served, a bear. If a dog was wounded in the chase, his father would be angry, but the carcass of stag or boar or bear he would display with great pride in the yard of the castle. If one of the men died in a fight, his father would be still angrier—on such occasions he swore horribly. But if it was the enemy who fell, there would be a feast, and a cask of the best wine would be opened.

Could it be that boars, bears and stags were born without permission, and therefore should be put out of the way? And the men, too, against whom his father fought? The idea troubled him. He was in the same plight as those unlucky enemies. When he grew up, would somebody feel obliged to kill him?

HE ASKED his father about it, timidly, and failing, as a boy will, to articulate the heart of his question. His father replied offhand but positively that hunting and war are natural. Peter could have asked a question or two more, but at the moment his father was in a hurry. Very well, then. Nature was busy at both ends, at birth and at death; death was always permissible, in fact inevitable, but birth was optional and sometimes wrong. Peter became a great hunter. It seemed sensible to work with nature where one is sure to be right.

His brother Gascon, the rightful heir, gave promise of marked excellence. His mother called it to the attention of visitors. To begin with, he was good-looking; features and figure were beyond praise. When compliments, however, were pronounced in his presence, he endured them with graceful patience, and won repute for extreme modesty. Like Peter he loved dogs and horses, and you couldn't say which was the more ardent hunter, but the neighbors when they spoke of him chose to note rather his employment in good deeds and in what might be called works of propriety. Even as a boy the correctness of his life was phenomenal; his mother spoke of it as divine compensation for certain irregularities in his father's character. Before he fairly reached young manhood he had a solid name. One historian says of him that he invariably liked the things he ought to like, and disliked whatever the gentle-bred disapprove of. We hardly need the additional information that he was prudent. He was scrupulous at his devotions, even after his mother had long ceased to lead him by the hand to Father Constant's instruction. Peter, poor boy, gave up church-going as soon as he was free to imitate his male parent's habit, but Gascon kept on. He said he owed it to his position.

In secular matters too he gave a precocious and shining example. He had a sort of genius for keeping out of doubtful or compromising society. Peter was less fastidious. For him the more roistering of his contemporaries had a special interest, though he only looked on at their wildness, which seemed natural, if one had a taste that way. Gascon wouldn't look on; he studied to avert his eyes from the appearance of evil. The beggars at his father's gate became Peter's loyal and somewhat intimate friends; their adventures profoundly stirred him, and their conversation, to tell truth, had a glamour in it which he missed in the castle small talk, or in the gossip of the Countess' bower. Gascon never met vagabonds or mendicants if he could help it, not face to face, but he sent out to them daily a charitable greeting of five florins, in very small change, so that even on the most populous mornings each beggar would get something. The beggars, ungrateful like all their kind, preferred Peter, who distributed nothing but his company. He would have given coin if he had had any, but gold went through his fingers as smoothly as water. Gascon developed early the instinct of a good steward; once a month he could be found in a corner of the hall, casting up entries of income and outlay.

That was the contrast in the home when the boys reached eighteen or so, a dangerous age for youths of good looks and enterprise, in a wealthy and therefore crowded castle, provided with servants of all ages and of both sexes, therefore with waiting maids who in spite of all precautions might be attractive. Gascon's mother had long ago developed a pardonable technique in chaperonage. Her husband's vagaries she accounted for by the wickedness of her own sex—desirable men, she held, would always be victims of womankind, unless another woman shielded them. For eighteen years her husband had been shielded. But now with Peter growing up in the house, Peter the child of sin, Peter who undoubtedly inherited woman's wiles as well as man's weakness, she became extraordinarily alert and suspicious. The slightest change of expression on the face of one of her girls, an unwonted gayety or melancholy, was for her a mystery to probe. At unexpected moments she pursued her housekeeping in remote areas of the castle or the gardens, and surprised the servants out of many an innocent conversation. When she came on Peter one day, talking in the orchard with Maria, a robust and rosy-cheeked scullion, she threatened to have the girl whipped. Peter protested to his father, and the punishment was commuted—Maria was to be sent back to her parents with the first travelers who rode toward her native village. She cried bitterly at the public disgrace.

"What's got into your mother?" said Peter to his brother.

"The girl was talking to me, and I spoke to her first. What's the crime in that?"

"Well," said Gascon, "I suppose Mother wishes to nip the affair in the bud."

"What affair?"

"I wasn't born yesterday—neither were you."

"You're talking riddles," said Peter.

"Well, if you want it in plain words, my father when he was young used to speak to every pretty girl he met. At least, so I've been told."

Peter turned white. So that's what they thought of him! . . . It made him sick of life for a time. He couldn't look Maria in the face—she might have heard their nasty suspicions; he avoided the entire household; in fact, he felt at last what it was to be baseborn. This elusive behavior of his Gascon's mother interpreted as conscious guilt. Until the girl should leave the house, she would redouble her vigilance.

ONE serene summer evening her vigilance justified itself. Passing the miserable closet which served Maria for sleeping quarters, she heard a man's voice in accents which, as nearly as she could judge through the closed door, were personal and passionate. She pushed her way in at the cost of the latch. There, in an attitude which only the goddess of nature had the right to look upon, were Maria and Gascon.

This time Maria got her flogging, besides such other admonitions as made her glad to escape homeward that night with her life. But the angry Countess directed her vengeance chiefly toward Peter. She knew he had led Gascon astray—in fact, had suspected this very thing might happen; to start with, he had bad blood in him, and had reached the age when it would come out; and she had caught him talking to the girl, no doubt plotting mischief; and that incident had called Maria to Gascon's

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attention, who otherwise would never have noticed her. She asked her husband to send Peter away. The request, indeed, took the form of a command.

"Aren't you making a good deal of fuss over a small matter?" said the old Count. "Peter has done nothing wrong—you don't like him, but he's my son, and I shan't throw him out just because his brother kissed a girl."

"But he is leading his brother into sin!"

"Fiddlesticks!" said the Count. "My only complaint of Gascon is that his taste is poor. I want quality in my grandchildren."

Though her husband stuck to his point of view, hopelessly vulgar and unspiritual, the Countess let the castle know what she thought about it, and Peter was sensitive once more to the scandal of his birth. The womenfolk withdrew their eyes when he passed, and the men smiled knowingly. What remarks they must be making behind his back! He reflected that this inconvenience might well enough be borne, if he really had in him those motions toward pleasant wickedness which the Countess had her mind on. Odd that she, whose origin was spotless, thought of such things, while he, unlucky from the first—well, if it weren't for her and Gascon, ideas of that kind would never have entered his head. He said as much to her in an exasperated moment.

"Devil's impudence!" she snapped at him. "You don't know the difference between holy thoughts and sinful!"

Perhaps he didn't. He never had got that contrast untangled, between birth and death, and hunting and war. Father Constant's sermon came to mind. In a mood of depression he had the happy impulse to take himself and his cares to the white-haired priest. It was less a confession than a friendly talk—of which these are the chief points:

"Father, I'm not sure it's my sins I must grieve for, or my stupidity."

"So far, my son, you sound like the most intelligent penitent I've heard in years. What's on your conscience?"

Peter told the story of his birth, which Father Constant well knew, and the unpleasant plight in which he now found himself—which likewise his confessor was aware of.

"My son, you were guilty of no sin with this girl?"

"I might have been, Father, easily enough, if I'd thought of it, but it never occurred to me."

Father Constant considered.

"MY SON, the sin of your birth is not on your conscience—think of it as little as you can. But you'll be reminded of it, God knows. Your lot in life will have its discomforts."

"I understand," said Peter, "it's because I'm a child of nature."

"Who told you that?"

"You, in one of your sermons."

Father Constant looked at him. "My son, you're a child of God."

"Oh, I'm that, of course," said Peter, "but a child of nature besides. That's what's wrong with me."

"With all of us, my son. Our task is to turn nature to good account, and sometimes it's difficult."

"I'd like to know," said Peter, "if it's wrong to think of nature as favorably as I do. Nature is God's work, isn't she?"

"The whole creation, my son."

"Well, I've an idea it's His masterpiece. Birth and death—there's nothing more remarkable, is there?"

"The soul, which passes through them."

"Oh, I know all that," said Peter cheerfully, "but right here and now I find nature interesting. Is that an error?"

Father Constant smiled. "Not if you don't forget the Creator meanwhile."

"That's what I was coming to, Father. Nature, that's always bringing new things to life, must be very like the Creator, wouldn't you say? Yet in the sermon you warned us against her, as though she were temptation."

"SON, nature is an opportunity to live, while we're here on earth—in essence neither good nor bad. Our use of nature is our virtue or our sin. You didn't listen to all of my sermon."

"Well, it's a long time ago, and I may have forgotten parts of it, but I gathered that I ought to dislike nature—and I don't."

"If you'll forgive a personal reference," said the priest. "I can illustrate from experience. Your brother and this girl were animated by a natural impulse, but they did wrong."

"I thought you were going to say it's what my father did."

"Another example, if you care to add it," said Father Constant.

"Well, if I'm the result of sin, I ought to be pretty bad. That's what the Countess thinks. Am I? I don't feel wicked. Besides, my father was born correctly, wasn't he? And my brother? Look at the way they behave?"

"I'll go into their case when they come to me, my son. You've a special reason for leading a good life—you've suffered from the errors of others."

"That's where my wickedness probably shows, Father; I'm not sure it was an error. If Gascon and Maria love each other, what's the harm? She'd make him a fair enough wife."

"You want him to marry a kitchen girl?" Father Constant was a little off his guard.

"That's not her fault," said Peter, "and she wouldn't be if he married her."

"Son, you may admire nature, but you know nothing of the world."

Peter took the rebuke modestly. "I'm very ignorant. . . . I wanted to ask you about the other end of it, too."

"Which?"

"Death. Is it right to kill?"

"My son! Have you forgotten the commandment?"

"Then my father shouldn't go to war?"

"Ah, that's different—in a good cause, my son."

"I thought probably there was a distinction," said Peter. "How about hunting?"

"Perfectly all right, so far as the Church is concerned. For myself, let me add, to kill each other, even in war, seems sad work for God's children. To root out the infidel is of course a duty. Wild beasts, not having souls, may be classed with infidels. Yet I should dread to take life with my own hands."

"What puzzles me there," said Peter, "is that I like hunting, where the animal puts up a fight, but sometimes when I look into the face of a beast, I'm not sure it hasn't a soul. Have you noticed the expression I mean? I've hoped my observing it wasn't the exclusive result of my sinful origin. A dog, for example, or a horse, or a rabbit—"

"I've never noticed it in a rabbit," said Father Constant. "There's a particularly vicious one which eats my cabbages. Only last night I set a new trap."

That was all the light he had from the good man. Nature, birth and death remained mysteries. But to confront one's ignorance is a kind of philosophy. Peter's charitable attitude toward nature included Gascon and Maria, and the animals on his father's estate which obligingly propagated their kind. And when opportunity occurred, he took a cheerful pleasure in hunting. Where nature was concerned, he concluded, it was idle to judge harshly, or to think too much.

He took steady aim beneath the left shoulder of the great bear and drove home the spear with all his strength

THEN he married the Countess of Biscay, a fine lady, brought up in city courts, as cool of temperament as Peter was hearty. Having little to do with nature, she thought of it a great deal. The day of the wedding, the great bear first appeared in Béarn wood.

Peter was never quite clear as to how the marriage came about. By what seemed an accident, he met the lady at the town of Orthes, where his father repaired, with him for company, to keep the feast of St. Nicholas. His father's sudden interest in St. Nicholas was unexplained. But after the Maria catastrophe the Count had had a brief and very private conversation with his wife, in which he had proposed, with his usual vulgarity, she thought, that what Gascon needed was a wife. Vulgar or not, the idea had its merits, and the Countess did her part in bringing about the union of her son with the proud sister of the King of Navarre. Gascon had for wedding gift the rich estate of Foix, where he developed a turn for business and ceremony, kept four secretaries busy with his correspondence, and never walked into his dining hall without twelve servants carrying torches before him. There he prospered with his wife the Princess, until for a sound reason she (*Continued on page 42*)

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District Attorney John Monaghan uncovered Philadelphia's amazing defiance of the prohibition law

The Price of Liquor

By William G. Shepherd

Philadelphia is a typical American city. John Monaghan, its District Attorney, believes that banditry can thrive only where police are crooked; that when a cop does not want gang shootings and lawlessness on his beat there will be none. This amazing story on Monaghan's clean-up campaign tells that $40,000,000 a year was but a part of the price Philadelphians paid for booze. Murder, banditry, debauched youth, underworld government, and corrupted police make up the total.

IT WAS almost closing time in the night club—one o'clock in the morning. A smoke haze filled the air and an alcoholic haze the brains of the girls and men on the crowded dance-hall floor.

Some of Philadelphia's élite were making a night of it.

A man, who seemed to be a head waiter, but who was many other things besides, moved over to a table where a young man, a member of one of the city's good families, sat with one of the popular society girls of the old town. The pair had taken far too much to drink.

"You won't have to go when the place closes," he said. "We have an inside dance club upstairs where things go on until daylight. Bring your lady up there."

The two arose, as the lights went down in a signal for closing, and moved out with the crowd. Instead of going to the hat counter, they followed directions and went up a velvet-carpeted stairway. They were shown into a private dining-room. The waiter brought them a bottle of wine.

"Dancing will start soon," explained the waiter. "After the crowd downstairs has left. You'll hear the music."

For perhaps 20 minutes the young people sat there.

Then the door burst open suddenly. Two men clad not at all like waiters, but more like the over-dressed human wolves that lounge, loaf and leer in Broad and Market streets, came in.

"What the hell are you doing with this girl here?" they demanded.

The befuddled young escort tried to explain how he had been directed to the room. But the two intruders interrupted him.

"Get the hell out of here," they ordered—and grabbed the young man. The victim tried to fight, but his opponents were sluggers, and they soon had him bleeding about the face and head.

"Get out," the young man shouted to the girl.

"No, you don't! We won't trust this girl to you," said one of the thugs.

A Hotbed of Crime

He stood between the girl and the door. The other thug hustled the now weakened youth through the door and, at the top of the stairs, gave him a push that sent him head over heels down the entire flight.

The young man called for help. None came. He made his way to the street. He found a policeman and told his story.

The policeman arrested him for being drunk!

The girl? She wasn't killed. She went to her home in a taxicab, in which she was placed by the two men several hours later.

Of course the crime was reported to the police. That's how I got the story.

"We'll arrest these men if you'll prosecute them," said the police when the heartbroken father told the story. "We must have testimony."

"I can't have my girl's name come out," answered the father.

It never did. The owners of the night club were all ex-convicts and actual criminals, as owners of night clubs in all our cities usually are these days, but the men who committed that rape were never punished for it.

Mrs. Shadis' saloon, "protected" for $25 a week, where Monaghan picked up the trail of liquor graft

"We had half a dozen similar stories from that one place," a police captain in Philadelphia told me, "but the crooks always made sure that the girl was some very prominent young person who wouldn't tell her story in court."

The place wasn't closed, either. To all intents and purposes it was like any other night club in Philadelphia. It had a pull with the police. That's why the young man who asked a policeman for help was thrown into a cell.

I've told this true story to show how much some people have had to pay for booze in recent years in the city of Philadelphia.

The red lights have again been softly glowing during the past two years in Philadelphia; streets with red lights have been patrolled by Philadelphia policemen. That's another price of booze in that city.

Twenty years ago Philadelphia, like most other American cities, closed its segregated districts. A wave of public opinion against licensed vice swept over America and one city after another closed its districts of prostitution.

Red lights were extinguished in "Customs House Place" in Chicago and the women dispersed. The "red-light district" in Cleveland was ended. That infamous street of "cribs" in El Paso was closed. "Under the Hill," in St. Paul, and "Twelfth Avenue," in Minneapolis, were rid of their houses of prostitution.

The Red Lights Come Back

Scores of cities cleaned up, among them Philadelphia, which drove the "landlady," the "madame," the piano-playing "professor," and their sad retinue of girls out of the rows of houses where they made their livings.

Again, as in the wild days of the late nineties, the Travelers' Aid, the Salvation Army, the Y. W. C. A. and other agencies are besought by fathers and mothers from the mining districts of Pennsylvania—from Scranton, Allentown, and the lesser coal and manufacturing centers—to "please, for God's sake, find our daughter." Beyond a doubt such daughters, broad-cheeked, big-boned, blue-eyed, light-haired girls—daughters of foreigners from the smoky small towns of Pennsylvania—garbed in bedraggled, frizzled negligee, peered through the windows and doorways of Philadelphia's restored houses of prostitution, seeking "trade."

The house of prostitution came back with booze in Philadelphia.

Up to last August you could walk into any one of 1,185 barrooms in Philadelphia, ask for a drink, and get it. These barrooms were not tucked away on side streets, or in shabby neighborhoods. They were the real, old-fashioned corner saloons, frankly continued at the same old stands—scattered impartially through the business district and over the entire city.

Whisky cost 50 cents a drink. There was no winking at the bartender because the only thing he had to sell was real booze. He didn't ask who you were. You were only a fellow who wanted a drink; that was enough for him—if you had the price. Fearlessly he served you.

It was like the old days. There were 1,700 licensed saloons in Philadelphia before federal prohibition came in.

Mrs. Julia Shadis, saloonkeeper, obligingly poses beside her bar

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William Penn, from City Hall tower, looks down upon one clean-up after another

Each of them paid an annual license of $1,000. These 1,185 open saloons that have been running recently in Philadelphia have been paying, of course, no license.

A clubhouse joke, current among business men of New Jersey and Pennsylvania towns in the Philadelphia district, tells the story of what an open town Philadelphia had become:

"He used to go to New York on business. Since Volstead came, he goes to Philadelphia."

In some sections business men will suggest to you, now and then, that drinking is not harmful to the upper orders in America—well-to-do business executives, social leaders and cultured persons of various sorts—but that it is very injurious to the masses of working people, who must be at work on the tick early Monday morning.

There has been no such snobbishness in Philadelphia, at least not within recent years.

Beer at 10 or 15 cents a glass and gin at a dollar a pint or 25 cents a drink were available to folks with little money in every ward of the town.

You know the number of regular saloons in Philadelphia. Now as to their shady little brothers—the speakeasies. Not long ago the police captains of Philadelphia were ordered by Mayor Harry A. Mackey to report every speakeasy in their individual districts. Shortly thereafter every police captain in Philadelphia was changed to a new district and was ordered to report every speakeasy in his new territory. The reports of the captains were compared. They gave a total of some 13,000 speakeasies!

These little speakeasies were situated in:

Candy stores, soft-drink stores, shoemakers' shops, basements of office buildings, garages, gasoline filling stations, tire stores, beauty parlors, drug stores, delicatessen stores, grocery stores, blacksmith shops, social clubs, political clubs, and private homes.

Philadelphia decided that it wanted to drink and it DID drink, rich and poor. Two years ago a majority of the citizens voted for "Vare and Beer." It didn't get Vare, although it elected him to the Senate, because the Senate refused to permit Senator William S. Vare to be seated.

But if anyone doubts that Philadelphia got "Beer" and more, he has only to come here and peep under the lid which has been raised on Philadelphia's police scandal by John Monaghan, the District Attorney of Philadelphia County.

Judge—everybody in Philadelphia calls him that—Monaghan was born up in hilly Schuylkill, the county that's more Irish than Ireland. But he has been in and of Philadelphia for half a century. He took his law degree there, from the University of Pennsylvania. He served there as Assistant City Solicitor; as Assistant District Attorney, on the Public Service Commission. Then he was appointed to serve an unexpired judgeship; and at the end of the term was elected in his own right for ten years—Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Monaghan Takes a Hand

A brilliant and fearless decade was ended a year or so ago. Whereupon the people of Philadelphia named Monaghan for reelection at the primaries on both the Republican and the Democratic tickets. Not only that—but the same tickets that carried his name for the judgeship also carried it for District Attorney. He was elected to both posts. Then he resigned his judgeship, gave up the calm of the bench for the bustle of the District Attorney's office, because he wanted to drive banditry from the streets of Philadelphia.

Monaghan believes that banditry can thrive only where police are venal. If a policeman does not want gang shootings and lawlessness on his beat—there will be none. If lawlessness goes on amid general police lassitude, then there is strong reason to suspect police protection.

Hughie McLeon, Philadelphia bootlegger, was "burned down" as he stood in front of his café. The killers got away in a car. Nothing was done about it. Dan O'Leary, another of the tribe, was drilled through and through with bullets as he slept in his room. Again the police were conspicuous by their inactivity.

Then John Monaghan went to work on his theory.

Now, Monaghan happens to be that most feared type in public life—a man who cannot be suspected of political ambition even by his rivals. He is too old for that, even if his bent were not against it. A bachelor, living modestly, he has a comfortable competence, hard won in his days as a practicing lawyer. The Philadelphia Republican machine, knowing these things—knowing, above all, Monaghan's persistence—moved hurriedly and anxiously.

Comic-Opera Cooperation

Mayor Harry A. Mackey, Vare satellite, summoned his police captains to his office.

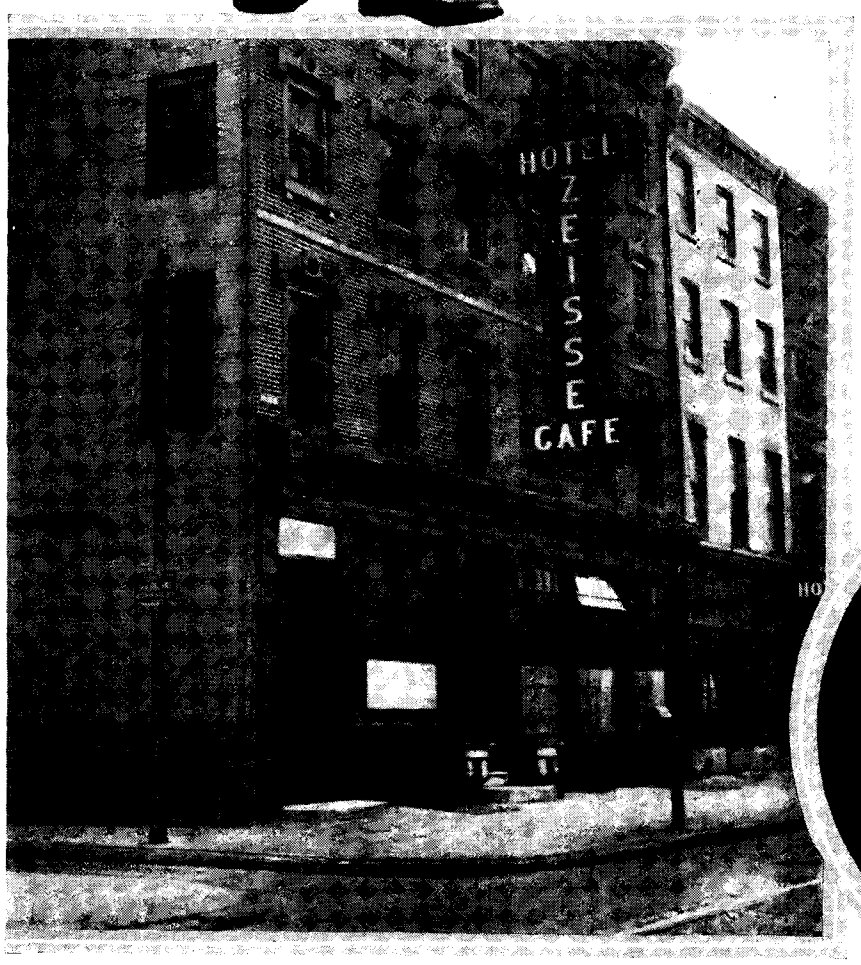
"I order every one of you," he said in effect, "to go to the District Attorney at once and offer your services, your information, and your fullest cooperation to him in his work."

In a body these police pachyderms tramped solemnly into the District Attorney's office. In a body they lined up before the desk—heavy-footed, paunched, virtue sitting strangely on their smug jowls. In a body they avowed love and kisses.

Foremost in the ranks of the helpful were Captains Schoenleber, Knoell and Cohen. They were among the loudest in promises of help. Monaghan was to see them again—very soon.

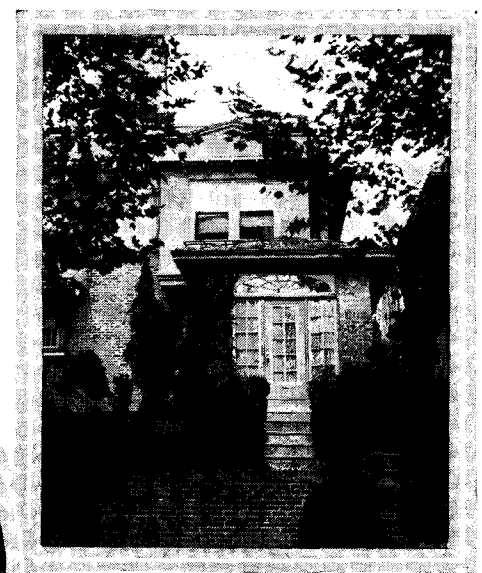
This comic-opera demonstration didn't fool anybody, least of all Monaghan. He knew that it made his task the more difficult. For to the bold blocking by the 5,000 Philadelphia cops, and the pointed disinterestedness of the Republican organization, had been added hypocrisy in high places. And against these obstacles Monaghan could pit but a meager force: himself, his First Assistant District Attorney, Lemuel B. Schofield; Chief McKewen of the County Detectives, and perhaps ten of the Chief's force of twenty-one who could be spared from the routine work of the office. It looked pretty hopeless.

The break came late one night. Chief McKewen—ruggedly loyal, and as two-fisted as Monaghan is gentle—got a tip that Mrs. Julia (*Continued on page 38*)



The "Millionaire Cop" paid $115,000 for purchase of this hotel and saloon

Sam Griffin, now called "Millionaire Cop," was a member of General Butler's famous Unit No. 1 liquor raiding squad



The Philadelphia home of "Boo Boo" Hoff, erstwhile fight promoter and supposed "King of the Bootleggers"

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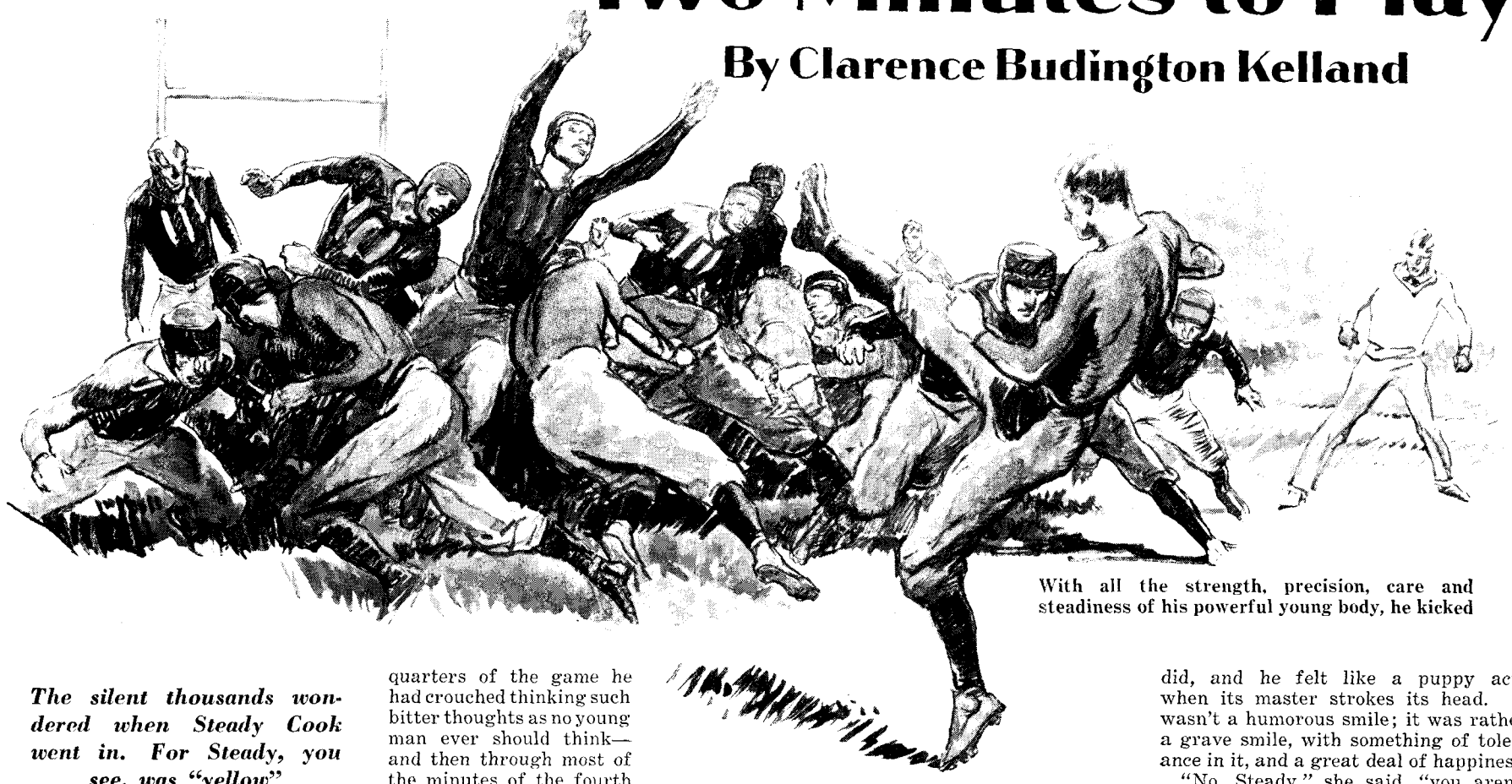
Two Minutes to Play

By Clarence Budington Kelland



With all the strength, precision, care and steadiness of his powerful young body, he kicked

The silent thousands wondered when Steady Cook went in. For Steady, you see, was "yellow"

STEADY COOK straightened up from the huddle and walked slowly back to his position in the kick formation. Automatically he stopped and turned at the correct distance behind the line and, with his eyes on the ground, kicked and scuffed with his right foot to get a grip on the turf. Then he raised his eyes and surveyed his team—*his* team!—Old Hickory, which had elected him captain at the close of last season.

He could not see the faces of the linemen, but he could guess at their expressions. He could, however, see the faces of Green and Wilmot and Carney and Jones. They were dour, resentful, except Carney's, which was dark with disgust. They resented him, resented his coming into the game at this late hour, resented his being alive, he thought. From Big Loomis at center, to tall, lithe, fiery Jones at end, they were ashamed of him—these men who had been his close friends, even his admirers, for three long years, and for a part of the fourth. Only a part of the fourth.

Only subconsciously was he aware of the shriek of the referee's whistle. Two minutes to play! Two minutes—one hundred and twenty seconds. And that two minutes would contain all the time that he, the captain of his team, had played in regular competition throughout an entire season.

Two minutes! With the game at a scoreless tie; at the fourth down with ten to go.

Throughout three quarters he had sat on the bench, alone at one end, wrapped in his blanket, and watched his teammates play a grim, courageous, defensive game. He had watched them give all they had, and knew in his heart that if he could have added to that all what he could have given last year, it would have been enough to win. Through three quarters of the game he had crouched thinking such bitter thoughts as no young man ever should think—and then through most of the minutes of the fourth quarter. He, the captain and the leader, knowing that his men did not want him in!

His heart had been out there as they held gallantly; as this team with the black jerseys, which had defeated Old Hickory for three years hand running, in the final big game tried all the football it knew, but could not cross the goal line. No score and two minutes to play. The fourth down and ten to go.

It was then he hurled his blanket from him and strode to the coach.

"Mac," he said in a hard, strained voice, "I'm going in."

"You're not," said Mac. "Sit down."

"I'm going in. I'm captain of this team. I say I'm going in, and in is where I'm going."

MACK'S shrewd eyes loked up at him sympathetically. Steady could read the compassion in them and it warmed him a little.

"You're a fool," said Mac.

But already Steady was over the side line, hurrying to report to the official. Winters went out and Steady took his place in the huddle.

"What's the big idea?" asked Wilmot ironically.

"I'm going to drop-kick," said Steady.

"Couldn't you stay out another two minutes and make it unanimous?" asked Jones.

"Kick formation," snapped Steady.

Now he glanced over the bent backs of the men and saw under its leathern helmet the sneering face of Reck Beggs, saw Reck make some remark in an undertone, and heard the answering snicker. Reck Beggs, who had beaten him out for quarterback on the home high school team in Cairo, and who was, it seemed, to beat him out for a more important position with Ann Wharton, who had been born just across the street from both of them!

Ann was in the stand—and at his invitation. It was an invitation given a year before when matters stood far differently and when her presence would have been a joy to him and an inspiration. She was there, on the Old Hickory side, and he wondered why. Why had she reminded him of his invitation, and why had she come to be a witness to his humiliation?

The sight of Reck Beggs reminded him of so many things, but most of all it reminded him of Ann and of how she had seemed to prefer him, Steady Cook, to the boy who always had been able to beat him at everything else.

"I like you better than I do Reck," she had said a dozen years ago when they were children together, "because you aren't ever smarty."

Neither was Ann ever smarty, not even when she was of an age when sticking out the tongue was considered to be a stinging retort. Ann never stuck out her tongue. Now that she was grown to gracious young womanhood she never did those adult equivalents of sticking out the tongue.

She was gay, she was witty—but also she could be grave and sympathetic, and Steady knew her to be very, very stalwart. She was, he had often said to himself, the sort of girl on whose lap you could lay your life, neatly done up in a package, for her to do with as she desired. And never hesitate a second about it. He had grown into the habit of depending upon her to do that some day, for he did not regard himself very highly. He relied on Ann to make something of him.

She made him feel very humble—not that he ever was what you might call cocky.

"You know, I just naturally wallow and worship *you*, Ann," he said that September before he left home to return to college, "but what you see in me is a puzzler. I never get anything pinned on me. I'm not very smart, and the Lord knows I'm not handsome. I can't do everything as Reck can, from turning handsprings to playing the banjo. Near as I can see I'm nothing but a hundred and eighty-five pounds of gristle."

He looked into her eyes then and she was smiling—that peculiar smile of hers which he never could fathom. It made shivers run up and down his spine, that smile did, and he felt like a puppy acts when its master strokes its head. It wasn't a humorous smile; it was rather a grave smile, with something of tolerance in it, and a great deal of happiness.

"No, Steady," she said, "you aren't very smart, and you're not a bit pretty. You can't do parlor tricks. You can't even get acquainted with yourself. Now there's Reck. He can beat you at almost everything—but, Steady, why do you suppose they elected you captain of your team? Reck would give his soul to be captain of his team, but he isn't. You aren't smart enough to know the difference between a man other men want for captain—and the brilliant sort they don't want for captain, do you?"

"Oh, that!" said Steady. "They just made me captain because I was around and because things were kind of desperate and they knew I wouldn't make any fool breaks."

"I'd like to be the man who gets elected when things are desperate," she said.

"Do you mean," he asked presently, "that you've made up your mind to marry me?"

"We'll take that up," she replied, "in the proper order of business, which isn't for a year yet."

It was that very day the thing happened. He was crouched on his hunkers petting his dog and straightened up suddenly. The world went blur with flashes of fire through the blueness, and the flashes were such rending, tearing pain as he never had felt before. In his knee.

HE STOOD on his left leg, paralyzed, unable to move. Something had happened inside his knee, his right knee; it felt as if it had exploded. Presently the pain itself subsided somewhat, but he could not move, he could not step. He was rooted to that spot as if he had been tied—as if his right leg had been shot from under him. He tried to put his weight on it and almost fell upon his face. There was no support there—nothing but helplessness.

For five long minutes he stood bewildered and then he found he could hobble; fifteen minutes later he could limp across the road to the doctor, who listened to his story and fiddled around with the knee and took it across his chest

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like some lever and pulled sidewise until Steady burst into a cold sweat and thought his friend was going to break it in two. There came a dull little click or snap and Steady felt very weak about it.

"There," said the doctor, "that's that."

"But what is it? How did I do it, whatever it is?"

The doctor explained, using long and queer names such as doctors learn, as they grow whiskers, to impress their patients. All Steady got out of it was that there was a thing called a cartilage in there and something had happened to it, like folding up, or tucking in its edge, and that it wasn't fatal but very painful.

"Will it happen again, Doc? I mean, I play football, and will a wallop put it on the blink?"

"You can't tell. It might stand a lot of banging in a game, and then go bad on you while you were walking up the front steps. Knees get bad habits. It may happen again in fifteen minutes, and it may never happen. But most likely it will. You could go to the orthopedic hospital and have an operation and probably get straightened out for good, but I wouldn't advise it yet."

"I'm captain of my team," said Steady. "Will it hold out through the season?"

"Maybe," said the doctor.

So Steady, being that sort of person, said nothing to anybody about it and went back to school, where everybody was surprisingly glad to see him and made a fuss over him. It was very warming to the heart and frightfully bewildering. He was always tickled to death when the fellows let him be around and just tolerated him; but that they should make a fuss over him was sort of upsetting and incomprehensible. Probably, he thought, it was because he was captain, and that was the correct etiquette toward captains.

He was glad to be alone with his roommate, little Boss Wheeler, coxswain of the crew, a small volcano with no conception whatever of inferiority complexes.

"Mac's been yelping all over the place for you," said Boss. "He's like a cow that's lost her calf. Lousy lot of fresh this year."

"There's always a lousy lot of fresh," said Steady.

"That sounds," said Boss, "like a wise crack, but I'll bet it was just a dependable observation from a mind that never wavers from the truth. There's Mac bawling for you on the stairs."

The door burst open and the coach stood in the doorway with eyes that suddenly lighted. He sighed with relief.

"You're here," he said as if a tremendous load had been taken from his mind. "Whew!"

"Embrace! Embrace and give vent to your pent-up affection," said Boss.

"You clear out, Shrimp," said Mac. "A couple of grown-ups have important things to talk about."

"And don't want any brains in the room when they do it," said Boss, making for the door.

"How's everything?" Mac asked when the door closed again.

"Slick," said Steady, who never used two words when one would do as well.

"BOY, if anything had happened and you hadn't shown up, I'd have bought a rope and gone looking for a tree. Now listen. Let's get right down to cases. We've got a team, and nothing has improved it since spring. It's a team that has the habit of getting licked. It fights, but it hasn't any kick. It works through the preliminary games and gets trimmed in the big one. It doesn't know the feeling of victory. That's what we've got to work with."

"Tough," said Steady.

"We've got to get their tails up and keep them up—and nobody can do it but you. That crowd depends on you like a baby does on its nurse. If you had left school or busted a leg they would lie down and let themselves get walked on. Not that they're quitters. Good kids, but all gummed up with the habit of defeat. Somehow they've got the idea you can pull them through."

"Never got picked for the All-America," said Steady.

"You aren't a hell of a football player, but you're good—good enough. The thing is you got them eating out of your hand. There's something about you. The reason you got named Steady, I guess. Anyhow, the whole show is on your shoulders—and the alumni are barking at my heels."

"Tell the alumni," said Steady, "to raise some football players. That's their job. The business of an alumnus is to get married and have kids that weigh a hundred and ninety and can play like Willie Heston."

Mac blinked. "You're getting verbose," he said.

"The alumni," said Steady, "give me a pain."

"Boy," said Mac, "they sure did rough you in that last game."

"Must 'a' looked silly in that intermission after the third quarter," said Steady. "They had me goofy."

"Goofy! You stayed there in the middle of the field alone and ran through half a dozen plays all by yourself before I caught on."

"Don't remember a thing. Don't remember any of the last half."

"Never saw a man take such a pounding," said Mac. "It was enough to make Jack Dempsey quit." Mac shook his head. "Son, I'm plenty glad I got you this year. What I need is the gamest boy that ever played for Old Hickory, and, b'gad, I got him."

Steady had not been conscious of being especially game and now Mac's praise embarrassed him. He didn't like compliments—they made him feel absurd because, as he would have said, he knew they were just the bunk.

Now as he stood, steadying himself physically and mentally to signal for the ball, those words of Mac's seemed like the quintessence of bunk to him, who had been referred to in the newspapers as the "yellow captain."

Things had gone along as well as could be hoped for for a couple of weeks. A recruit from last year's freshman team was turning out to be something quite choice, and the temper of the team was good—even optimistic. It was queer how they seemed to rely on him; how they seemed to believe he could pull them through the season. And then it happened.

It was not in scrimmage, not the result of a wrench or a blow, but merely of turning quickly to watch a long punt. Again the world went blue with flashes of fire through it and cold sweat stood on his forehead. That knee! Somehow he was conscious of dismay rather than of pain.

He stood very still and erect and bent his will to the control of his face. The team mustn't know this. It would be bad for the team. So he clenched his fists and stood there hoping he would not fall down. He could not have moved, could not have taken a step to save his life. It seemed as if an hour passed and then a harsh whisper behind him asked, "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," said Steady.

"What's the matter?" repeated Mac.

"Shut up. They'll hear. Knee! Be all right in a minute."

"Come over here to the bench."

"CAN'T move," said Steady through his teeth. "Stay here and talk so I won't have to."

"This 'ud happen," said Mac bitterly, mentioning certain pagan deities of his acquaintance. "Things were going too swell." Despair was in his voice, for he had had experience with knees in his specialized life.

"I think I can walk now," said Steady.

"You stand there like your feet were dug in," said Mac, "until you can move without limping. If you limp a limp I'll tear your heart out."

That was that. In the evening a secret conclave was held over that knee by Mac and the trainer and a couple of specialists who seemed to derive pleasure from twisting and prodding and taking X-ray pictures. It was not encouraging, nor were the pictures of such a nature as to cause optimism when they were examined next day. The specialists pronounced their verdict.

"We'll have to go in there and straighten things out," they said.

"How long?" asked Mac.

"He couldn't play this season—ought never to play again," and they pointed out what things might happen to cause Steady to go through life with a stiff leg or worse. Mac sat with bowed head and Steady, feeling terribly guilty, went to him and laid a hand on his shoulder. "I'm gosh-awful sorry, Mac," he apologized. "I wouldn't have thrown you down like this, not for gold and precious stones. . . . Listen, Mac, we'll take a chance, eh? Maybe the darn thing'll hold out."

"Lemme think," said Mac, but he had smiled at Steady—the sort of a smile a man remembers. Then, turning to the others he said savagely: "Clamp your jaws on this. If a word of it gets out it'll be from one of you and I'll drop in of an evening for a little brutality. Come along, Steady. To my rooms."

In the coach's quarters they sat down glumly. "Here's the situation," Mac said, "and see if you can solve it: You can't play, and you can't quit. What's the answer?"

Steady shook his head.

"We've got the team on its toes. It swears by you. (*Continued on page 26*)

The fragrance seemed so very real that he opened his eyes to see if he could see it, and he did. "Just no imagination," said Ann

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Mid-irons and Palaces

There isn't a day laborer who works as hard as some unhappy millionaire who has sworn to break a hundred. Not for him the calm joy of sweet restful evenin's surrounded by wife an' children—he's busy playin' spoon shots out of the fern jars in the conservatory

Uncle Henry

18,000 divorces because husbands practiced chip shots in the parlor

"THERE doesn't seem to be any particular excitement over the approachin' session of Congress," remarked Mr. Stubbs.

"Why should there be?" Uncle Henry answered morosely. "Far more important matters claim popular interest an' consideration. From all over the country come reports that the slice is worse than ever this year, an' that golf clubs in every section are bein' ravaged by the deadly hookworm. There's a regular epidemic of heel blisters, an' Red Cross nurses are worked to death carin' for cases of sand itch contracted in traps.

"I don't want to be an alarmist, 'Lonzo, but America is in a mighty bad way. Accordin' to statistics recently compiled by the League for the Study of Insanity, only two people in a hundred are able to keep the head down, an' nine hundred out of every thousand make a practice of droppin' the right shoulder.

"Eight in ten come back too quick, forty-seven out of fifty bend the left wrist, an' practically 99 per cent are in the habit of pressin'.

"For the futile year endin' June 30, 1928, a total of 15,000,000 golf balls were lost, an' 17,134 sets of golf sticks were thrown into lakes, ravines or ash cans. Some 18,000 divorces were granted because husbands insisted upon practicin' chip shots in the parlor or puttin' peas at table, an' 400 wives were killed for expressin' surprise that their mates played no better in view of the time they spent on the game.

"Nothin' can be expected from President Coolidge, of course, for he's not a golfer. However, it's his misfortune rather than his fault, for he's physically unfit. The bottom of a sand trap, filled with heel prints, is no place for any man with an ingrown speech. Consider his plight when he looked up on an easy pitch shot to the green? What if he happened to be playin' one under fives right up to the eighth hole an' then took a snappy twelve?

"As a matter of fact, there's not a leader in either political party shows any understandin' or sympathy. You don't see McNary an' Haugen introducin' a golf relief bill, do you? Yet as opposed to the 3,000,000 farmers in the United States there are more than 25,000,000 people who make a business of golf. Almost as many work at the game as watch buildin's bein' torn down or stand gazin' at a construction gang diggin' holes in the ground.

"An' if you ask me, 'Lonzo, what relief does a farmer need? When he fares forth of a mornin' to tear up the virgin sod, at least he has a *spade*, an' isn't forced to rely entirely upon a mashie or a mid-iron. What does it matter if he looks up from his plow or fails to follow through with the hoe? It's easy for him to make a drive of ten or fifteen miles, an' he runs no risk of losin' a horse or a mule in a water hole.

"What does tax reduction mean to a man who's spent the best years of his life tryin' to break a hundred? Low taxes are good enough in their way, but Americans are more interested in the low nineties. Secretary Kellogg's proposed treaties for world peace are simply a waste of time. How on earth can he expect to take hate an' bitterness out of the heart of humanity as long as there is a stretch of rough in front of every tee?

Fill Up the Sand Traps

"A golf relief bill! That's what the country needs. MORE AN' WIDER FAIRWAYS! It's a slogan that would thrill every man an' woman, an' I'm surprised that the politicians haven't had the wit to see it.

"Drain the water holes or else roof 'em over with concrete so that the ball can get a bounce. Fill up the sand traps, or, if that isn't practical, fit 'em up with easy chairs an' escalators. As it is now, a man has to play with a miner's lamp on his cap, an' take pemmican, a rope ladder an' a portable radio when he goes down into those yawnin' abysses that disfigure fair landscapes.

"Encourage the tourist population to jump over fences an' pick wild flowers. Urge 'em to tear the darned things up by the roots! Also trees an' shrubs! All this talk about the deep tangled wildwood sounds well in books, but after a man has sliced into one for the fifth time, he's ready to let out a cry for more an' better vandals. When you find your ball coyly imbedded in a violet cluster, or shyly hidin' beneath a clump of flowerin' vines, the less said about nature the better.

"For another thing, there ought to be a law prescribin' severe penalties for newspapers that print these pieces by famous golfers. Or else make 'em *agree* on somethin'. Every blamed one tells you a different way to hold your hands, plant your feet, keep your head an' pivot the body. After you've spent an hour tryin' to follow instructions, your only hope is that some friend will lead you away to a home for the feeble-minded an' see that you get a room with southern exposure.

"You know how I've always praised Bobby Jones? Why, there was a time when I wanted the local Sunday school to teach from his book on iron shots. But did you see his statement the other day? Gave it as his opinion that the game had gotten too easy, an' he wants it stiffened up! Well, let's hope I never meet him now. Never yet have I been up for homicide, but if young Jones an' I came face to face, I don't think I could restrain myself.

"Too easy indeed! Let him stand at the gate of a golf course, when darkness brings an end to the sweat an' toil of the day, an' watch the stream of wretched, broken men that pour out of thicket, stream, trap an' ravine. Let him study those haggard faces, bent backs an' anguished eyes—the stigmata of drudgery—an' then let's see if he has the hardihood to repeat his infamous suggestion that the game of golf ought to be made *harder*.

"Another thing that infuriates me is all this sneerin', jeerin' talk about the Idle Rich. *Idle!* Why, 'Lonzo, there isn't a day laborer in the whole wide world who works half as hard as some unhappy millionaire who has sworn to break a hundred. In the burnin' heat of summer, while humble toilers rest an' enjoy the comfort of cool sewers or gossip in the shade, or when winter's cold tears at the vitals, the money master is out in the weather moanin' an' cursin', perhaps, but unrestin'.

The Daily Soul Struggle

"Even on days when he's compelled to stay in his office there is no respite, for between conferences he tries mashie shots into the ink well, an' practices niblicks out of the wastebasket. An' not for him the calm joy of sweet, restful evenin's, surrounded by wife an' children. Either he's busy takin' a course in psychoanalysis, tryin' to get rid of mental hazards, or he's playin' spoon shots out of fern jars in the conservatory.

"Don't ever get the idea that golf is jes' a game, 'Lonzo. It's a life work, callin' for courage, devotion an' sacrifice, with death the only release. Patience an' persistence are the paths that one must tread.

"Every inch of the golfer's way is *thick with agony of spirit* as well as body. Think of the inner conflict that tears a man when he plunges into a jungle an' discovers his ball tucked away under a bowlder. One little kick of the foot will save him three or four strokes, *an' not a soul is near to see.* Yet every day, in every part of the country, soul struggles like that are takin' place an' bein' won.

"Golf, however, has its national values, 'Lonzo. Before we got it from the Scotch there was grave fear that democracy might perish from the face of the earth. Great captains of industry were stealin' power from the people an' slowly subvertin' free institutions. Golf has changed all that, for today political power means nothin' to the average millionaire. His chief aim—his *one* aim, in fact—is to keep his ball on the course.

"The old class hatred has been done away with entirely, an' the poor are no longer eaten up by their mean envies of the rich. As the humble artisans sit in the shade, comfortably gossipin' until the noonday whistle blows, an' watch money masters toilin' over hill an' dale, choppin', swingin' an' gougin', it's no longer envy that the poor man feels. No indeed, 'Lonzo. It's *pity*."

"If it's a Scotch game," said Mr. Stubbs, "why is it that Scotchmen don't win more championships?"

"They don't play it enough," answered Uncle Henry. "On most Scotch links you're allowed a year to find a lost ball."

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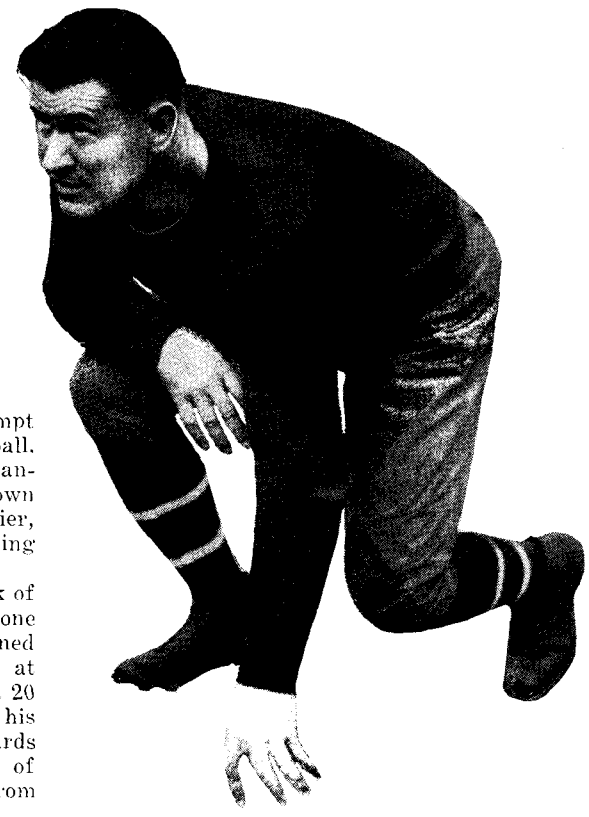
Touchdown! Sometimes it's the result of a laborious march down the field. Sometimes it's a brilliant freak play. Here Mr. Rice describes some of the better freaks.

Thrill Makers

By Grantland Rice



Jim Thorpe, one of Carlisle's greatest, believed in surprising even his own team

TWENTY-NINE years have slipped by, one way or another, since Arthur Poe stood facing the crossbars back of the Yale team with just 35 seconds left to play.

Yale was leading and almost certain of victory when the Blue fumbled, and Bill Roper, now Princeton's head coach, dived for the ball and covered it with his quivering frame. Here was Princeton's chance, but the Tiger had no educated toe for the drop-kick until Arthur Poe decided to give his toe one of the quickest educations ever known.

The uneducated drop-kick cleared the crossbar as neatly as if Charlie Brickley or Walter Eckersall had directed the job.

All this happened back in 1899, several years before most of the present undergraduates were born. But when Princeton men gather before a big game they still talk of Arthur Poe and Sam White. It has been 17 years since Sam White beat both Harvard and Yale on successive Saturdays by recovering loose balls and taking them on down the field to leave the Crimson and the Blue on the short side of the winning score. It doesn't seem that long but you can't laugh off the calendar.

These waning November days are still full of football memories. I recall a Notre Dame invasion of West Point. We had heard vague rumors about the all-around ability of a young man known as George Gipp.

Early in the game Notre Dame fumbled on her own five-yard line. Gipp dropped back to punt out of trouble. This was the time to see how well he could kick under heavy pressure, with the Army all set to rush and block or to hurry the kick. Gipp stood three or four yards back of his own goal. But he didn't kick. He threw a pass that carried about 50 yards down the field and one of his fast ends took the ball near mid-field. A play or two later Gipp kicked out of bounds on the Army's eight-yard line.

All that afternoon Gipp kicked and passed and bucked and ran. He got loose in broken fields and he slashed his way off tackle for one touchdown after another. There was nothing he couldn't do with a football.

George Gipp, according to one coach, wasn't a football player. He was a runaway mustang

After the game I asked John McEwan, one of the Army coaches, what he thought of Gipp as a football player.

"Gipp isn't any football player," McEwan said. "He's a runaway mustang."

That about explains Gipp. A lot of football players have come along since that day, but not so many George Gipps.

There is still the memory of an old Sewanee football player by the name of Aubrey Lanier. He played his first big game against Vanderbilt in a traditional rivalry dating back to 1892 when he was a freshman. Word had spread that Lanier was a back to be watched.

Lanier, although a halfback, played back to handle the kicking. Early in this game of 30 years ago Vanderbilt punted deep into Sewanee territory. The kick was high and long. Lanier, playing deep, made no attempt to run up and cover the ball. He stood where he was. Vanderbilt tacklers, rushing down the field, swerved for Lanier, thinking that he was waiting for the ball.

But Lanier was well back of the ball's flight and no one knew just what had happened until he suddenly started at top speed, came up at least 20 yards, took the ball in his stride and ran over 60 yards before he was thrown out of bounds about eight yards from the goal.

All that afternoon Lanier handled punts in the same fashion, waiting back and then coming on to take the ball at the top of his pace, frequently jumping into the air to clear any tacklers who might be diving at him as the ball reached his arms. Walter Eckersall had the same knack and so did De Saulles of Yale. But no quarterback is allowed to take any such chance today, or there may be no quarterback with the same dazzling skill, the ability to wait back and take a punt out of the air while traveling like a 10-second sprinter.

It isn't always the individual who brings on the big thrill of the day. It may be the coach and the team combined. Few who saw the Illinois-Minnesota game of 1916 can forget the excitement that took place early in that battle. Minnesota that day, with Baston, Wyman and other giant stars, had been picked to win by 50 points. Minnesota had crushed every rival Conference team under an avalanche of points—anywhere from 47 to 67 to 0. Illinois had been beaten by a team Minnesota had slaughtered.

It was before this game that Zuppke made his famous pre-game address to his apparently doomed outfit:

"I am Louis the Fourteenth and you are my court. After us the deluge."

To the astonishment of the big crowd Illinois held the giant Minnesota team in the first offensive and soon took over the ball. Then on attack the Illinois squad scattered out across the field. They were lined up something after the manner of a team on the kick-off. The Minnesota defense was puzzled.

The Greatest Upset in Football History

Someone from the stand yelled out, "Illinois doesn't know it has the ball."

But it happened that Illinois did. The intimate details of the play that followed have now grown hazy, but on the first rush from this weird and startling formation the 145-pound quarterback arrayed in Orange and Blue ran half the length of the field for a touchdown, and Illinois finally finished in front after what is still listed as the greatest upset in football history.

Out on the Pacific Coast, where football material comes in shoals and where the football average is extremely high year after year, they still wait and watch to see what Pop Warner has for an emergency. They may take one of Pop Warner's teams early in the year, but when it comes to the one big game he is the hardest of all coaches to surround and capture.

Pittsburgh's and Stanford's opponents have found that out. Harvard and others discovered it when Pop led his Redmen into action. Harvard hasn't yet forgotten the day a Carlisle sprinter hid the football under his jersey and ran for a touchdown.

An All-Around Surprise

Pop Warner's teams are never totally surrounded. Coast teams in the big November games discovered that some time back when Stanford looked to be inhaling hostile dust as the afternoon wore on.

Yet there was one game against the Army in which Jim Thorpe surprised even Pop. In fact Jim surprised everyone on the field with the exception of one official.

Carlisle had the ball on its own seven- or eight-yard line. The signal was given to punt and Thorpe dropped back with an official near by.

The Army was looking for a kick and so was Carlisle.

"They all think," Jim whispered to the near-by official, "that I'm gonna kick. But I ain't."

As the ball came to him Thorpe tucked it under one arm and ran through two surprised teams for 80 yards before he was finally nailed.

One of the weirdest plays I ever saw came in one of the old Princeton-Dartmouth struggles. Something always seemed to happen to Dartmouth in these battles. The Tiger bore about six charmed lives.

In this game DeWitt, the Princeton fullback, tried an almost hopeless field goal with the score 0-0. The kick was rushed and the ball skidded along the ground. It continued to skid and flop and bound just above the slashed-up turf until it got within a few yards of the goal. Here it struck some obstacle, rose lazily into the air, and fell across the bar for another Dartmouth defeat.

The ghosts of these old episodes are among the reasons for all the hundreds of thousands waiting to see the closing acts of the season carried out, where at almost any given moment the human pulse will be torn loose from its moorings and the human heart turned into an old-fashioned churn.

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The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

THE Forrests and Lundeens have always been enemies. The Lundeens, formerly very poor, are now very rich, Mr. Lundeen having, by various crooked methods succeeded in acquiring the Forrest wealth and home, Cottonwoods.

Young Clifton Forrest, back very ill from the war, and Virginia Lundeen, not at all in sympathy with her father, are falling in love though Cliff doesn't realize it, or will not admit it.

Virginia's father is determined to have her marry Malpass, a half-breed who has control of Mr. Lundeen's property. She refuses.

One day, Virginia, Ethel Wayne and Helen Andrews and a party of Virginia's guests visit Cliff's little general store and Virginia provokes Malpass into buying the entire stock. Then, because Malpass is annoyed at Virginia's friendliness with Cliff, he knocks Cliff down. Virginia is enraged. Later she finds that Malpass is responsible for a fire which destroys Cliff's store and its new stock. She also finds that Malpass is determined to marry her or will ruin her father. She decides that the only way out is to marry Cliff. She arranges a secret meeting with him and when he realizes the difficulties Virginia is in he gladly agrees to marry her, thinking that he is not long for this world. When they are married she is happier than she dares admit.

VI

CLIFTON secured work at Watrous, in the Landis General Merchandise store, which, during the heyday of the cattle industry, had done a large business, but now had fallen into the hands of a creditor who was hard put to it to make ends meet.

His job as accountant was a trying one for Clifton. He did not shine at figures, and to be chained to a desk indoors seemed almost unendurable. But he had to work, and was grateful for anything.

The very first day at Watrous, at the noon hour of which Clifton took advantage to get out into the open air, he saw Virginia and her cowboys driving a bunch of beautiful horses through town on the way to Cottonwoods. Virginia certainly did her share of the driving. She looked and rode like a cowgirl. Clifton watched her out of sight, and deep within him his secret glowed. She was his wife, and he wanted to cry it out to the range.

No doubt that secret was the spring of the persistence with which he kept at his task. In his store at San Luis he could rest and sleep and dream the hours away, and thereby he had very gradually gained strength. But this was a different kind of job. The books were behind and in a state that engaged his energy to the limit. At the end of a week he was on the down grade, and knew it. He was not, however, in the least discouraged. He would stick it out as long as he could.

August passed. He did not see Virginia again nor hear from her, both of which circumstances apparently indicated a favorable condition. At first Clifton had feared that the news of their marriage would leak out, and he both dreaded it and gloried in it. But no hint of its being suspected ever came to him. The condition of his father and mother had gradually improved; and though happiness held aloof, it did not seem that this would be so forever. Clay Forrest brooded less and harvested the garden he had planted. And he stayed away from Las Vegas. This was a most welcome fact to Clifton. In town Forrest drank and harangued with other old cattlemen who had seen better days, and when he came home he was dark and moody.

Clifton feared he would not be able to carry on much longer. In the mornings he would feel fresh and equal to several hours' work, but by noon he was working on his will power, and by night he was "shot to pieces," as he described it. Still he refused to give up, and began his second month at Watrous.

One morning, during his second month at Watrous, as Clifton bent over his desk he heard Mr. Hartwell, his employer, enter the office with someone whom he very volubly made welcome. They passed close to Clifton, who, without raising his eyes, caught a glimpse of shiny high-top boots and tight, immaculate riding breeches that gave him a sharp start. It was not necessary to look up to recognize Malpass, even before the suave voice, a moment later, made him sure of the visitor's identity.

Cliff watched her out of sight and deep within him his secret glowed

"It's a particular job, Hartwell," Malpass was saying, and he slapped his boot tops with his whip. "Expect to be married to my partner's daughter soon, and spend the winter in the South. I'd want to start building here upon my return in early spring. You will have ample time to get all the material here. I'm giving you this large order because, as I expect to live in Watrous, I want to patronize men who'll be my neighbors."

"I appreciate it, Mr. Malpass," replied Hartwell deferentially, almost with gratitude. "I'll go over these orders very carefully an' guarantee delivery in time at lower figures than you could get in Las Vegas."

"Later I'll mail you orders for lumber to build barns, corrals and—"

Malpass ceased abruptly.

"Who is that?" he spoke up in a lower changed voice. "There—at the desk."

"That's my bookkeeper," replied Hartwell. "Fine young man. Shot up bad in France. Name's Forrest."

"Aha, I thought so. Used to live at Cottonwoods."

"I don't know. You see, I'm a newcomer here. His father is Clay Forrest."

"Well, you can fire him right now, or consider my order canceled," returned Malpass peremptorily.

"Why—Mr. Malpass! Do you know anything to his discredit?"

"I do."

"Indeed. I'm very sorry. We get along fine. But, of course, I'll discharge him. I wish to serve you, an' I wouldn't keep any help you disapproved of."

"If Lundeen should happen to come in here and see you employed a Forrest he'd walk out and never enter your place again. He's in town too. Rode over with me. You'd better get rid of this wounded soldier here."

"Reckon I will, at once," replied Hartwell hurriedly. Clifton leaped up with a bursting gush of hot blood.

"Save your breath, Mr. Hartwell. I quit," he declared passionately.

"I'm sorry, Forrest. I'd have had to let you go. Mr. Malpass assures me he knows somethin' to your discredit, an' I—"

"He's a damned liar," interrupted Clifton, stalking to the rack for his hat and coat. "And you will live to regret the day you listened to him."

Malpass carried off his part exceedingly well. Manifestly his last encounter

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Like a black snake the whip curled around Malpass' neck, and hurled him to his knees

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

with Clifton was uppermost in his mind, and he looked cool, contemptuous. There shone, however, a deep hot gleam in his sloe-black eyes.

"Forrest, if you weren't a poor empty sack of a soldier, I'd slap your face," he said, and he spoke loudly, not averse to being heard by listening clerks and customers.

But for this Clifton might have controlled his fury in time and got out.

"It'd be a sorry slap for you, Señor Malpass. . . . Of all the rotten tricks I ever heard of, this is the rottenest. To have me thrown out of a two-bit job! It wasn't enough for you to hire one of your greasers to burn up my store at San Luis. You've got to hound me here and put Hartwell against me."

"Ha! Hartwell, you can easily see what the war did to Forrest," laughed Malpass. "He's gone mentally too."

HARTWELL came slowly forward, plainly perturbed. Clifton had got outside of the office rail, into the store proper.

"Young man, you're making a plumb wild statement," said Hartwell.

"Not so wild, when you know Señor Malpass. He's a liar, and I'm not. That's all, and I'll live to prove it."

Then Clifton realized he was in for battle. Remembering Malpass' reaction in their former encounter, he saw that he did not intend to let this pass unless Clifton fled. That, indeed, was the last thing Clifton would think of. He backed against a counter littered with leather accouterments for horsemen, and his quick eye caught sight of a long black whip, the kind used by teamsters. Clifton would far rather have had a gun within reach, but this weapon would serve.

"You take that back, you white-faced beggar!" ordered Malpass. He snarled, but he did not give way to undue anger. His play was to impress the bystanders, and, whatever he intended to do, he showed confidence.

"Make me take it back, you yellow-faced greaser millionaire," retorted Clifton, feeling the surge of released restraint. "You burned up my little store—all I had to make a living. Now you bully Hartwell to fire me! You'd like to see me and my poor old robbed father and mother starve. I said *robbed*. Do you get that? I said it, and you know it. What's more, Virginia Lundeen—"

"Shut up!" hissed Malpass, and he struck Clifton across the mouth. "I beat you once. . . . I'll do it again if you dare speak my sweetheart's name."

The blow made Clifton cold and steady, with a realization that something terrible was about to happen.

"Sweetheart?" he laughed jeeringly. "You poor conceited ass! Money has gone to your head. . . . Virginia Lundeen despises you. How could she be your sweetheart, you damned half-breed—how, I say, when she's my *wife?*"

Malpass was lunging when the word, more astonishing and stunning than a blow, suddenly halted him.

"Wife!" he choked out.

"Yes, my wife."

"You're crazy."

Clifton, appalled at what passion had led him to, realized he was driven to prove his statement. With a sense of fatality—a feeling that he was betraying Virginia—he whipped out his marriage certificate, and shoved it under Malpass' nose.

"Forgery!" gasped Malpass, his lips white.

"Who wrote that? . . . Don't you recognize the handwriting? . . . Virginia Lundeen!"

Malpass indeed read his defeat in that quivering paper. He seemed staggered by an incredible, insupportable catastrophe. His eyes of black fire followed the certificate as Clifton folded it and replaced it in his pocket. Then they blazed at Clifton. And suddenly the rest of his features kept pace with the hell in his eyes. Calling Virginia a vile name, he cut Clifton across the face with his riding crop.

Clifton had his right hand behind him, gripping the handle of the teamster's whip. With all his might he swung it. Like a pistol report it cracked and like a black snake it curled round Malpass' neck. The man let out a strangled yell. Clifton jerked so hard on the whip that he threw Malpass to his knees. Up he sprang nimbly, to ply his crop upon Clifton's head, in short, hard strokes, the last of which knocked Clifton flat, and also broke the bone handle of the crop.

Panting and malignant, Malpass put his right hand to his hip pocket. Hartwell shouted in affright. The other onlookers, exclaiming incoherently, scattered from behind Clifton, who again swung the whip viciously. It streaked out, snakelike, to crack across Malpass' face. As if by magic a red stripe leaped out. Malpass screamed, true to the stronger half of his blood.

"Shoot, you greaser!" yelled Clifton. There was a fierce joy in this encounter. It liberated passion that must otherwise have been slowly dammed up. He began to dance around Malpass, suddenly to attack with his whip.

MALPASS drew a small automatic and hurriedly shot. Clifton ducked at the flash. The bullet hit a man behind, who fell yelling: "I'm shot! Help! Help!"

Instead of going to his assistance the others broke pell-mell and ran. Hartwell dodged behind a counter. None of them could escape from the store at the moment because Clifton was dodging back and forth across the doorway that led into the street. The place was in an uproar. Men came running from outside.

Clifton spoiled Malpass' aim by swift blows with his whip. But Malpass kept on shooting, breaking windows, scattering bullets into the wall. His eyes protruded, horrible with murderous intent. Then another slash of the whip appeared to obliterate those eyes, as if a purple band had crossed them, Malpass was momentarily blinded. He screamed maledictions in Spanish, and shot again. Clifton felt a light shock, as from a puff of air.

The long blacksnake whip darted out, and the end curled round Malpass' extended hand that held the gun. It held fast as if it had been knotted. Malpass was shooting at random. Clifton pulled with both hands on the whip, swinging Malpass helplessly, to stumble over an obstruction and fall heavily. The gun flew out of his grip. Clifton got the whip loose, and swung it aloft with both hands, and brought it down hissing hot. Malpass shrieked, and flopped over on his face, to huddle against the floor.

Clifton beat him until the whip dropped from his spent hands. Then he staggered out of the store to the sidewalk. Men and boys, whom he saw but indistinctly, spread before him. Someone, whose voice he recognized, took his arm and steadied him along the street a few rods to where his car was parked. Clifton stumbled in and hung over the wheel.

BUT he did not lose consciousness, though his sight was dim and his hearing imperfect. Still it became obvious to him that a crowd was collecting, and this goaded his fainting spirit. With shuddering, desperate effort he wiped away the blood that flowed from a cut on his forehead into his eyes, and then started the car. He became aware of painful welts upon his face and his right hand and wrist, where Malpass' crop had fallen. His shirt was wet, and at first he thought it came from sweat. But it was blood. Malpass had shot him, after all.

It was about all he could do to hang to the wheel. But for its support he would have fallen over.

Upon reaching San Luis, he stopped at the hut of an old Indian whom he knew, and who was a medicine man of local note.

Clifton's wound was a deep furrow in the shoulder muscle, and not serious. When bandaged with a soothing ointment he forgot it. The stripes on his face, however, were brands that could not be concealed. Nevertheless, with the blood washed off, and his coat well buttoned over his shirt, he did not, at least, present a frightful appearance.

He wanted to get home if possible without encountering his father, and to get in without distressing his mother. Luck was with him, so far as those two were concerned, for he reached the house and got in unobserved. He was lying down in the shaded living-room when his mother came in. Her anxiety was easy to allay. But his father presented a different proposition, and Clifton welcomed a delay in the meeting between them. He rested until the betraying faintness of his voice had gone.

Toward sundown, when his mother went out to prepare supper, his father came in, evidently having been informed that Clifton was home early and that all was not so well with him as it might have been.

"Howdy, son, an' what ails you?" queried Forrest, gruffly, as his big eyes ran curiously over Clifton lying quietly on the couch.

There seemed to be little use trying to deceive him, especially as the gossip of his encounter would spread like wildfire in dry prairie grass.

"Dad," said Clifton, "let's keep all we can from Mother."

"Shore."

"Well, to begin with, I've lost my job. Hartwell fired me."

"What for?"

"Because my name happened to be Forrest. . . . (*Continued on page 45*)

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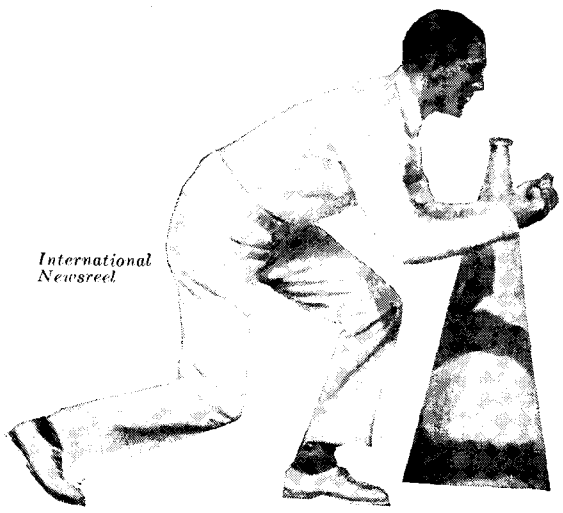
We want a Touchdown!

All the heavy work isn't done on the gridiron itself. There's lots of active little details outside of the sidelines



International Newsreel

"Team! Team! Team!" One of those uniforms that won't be so soiled when the final whistle blows. But don't think its wearer isn't going to work during the afternoon that's ahead of us. As a matter of fact the players themselves are in action a total of only one hour but the poor cheer leaders—phew!

Wide World

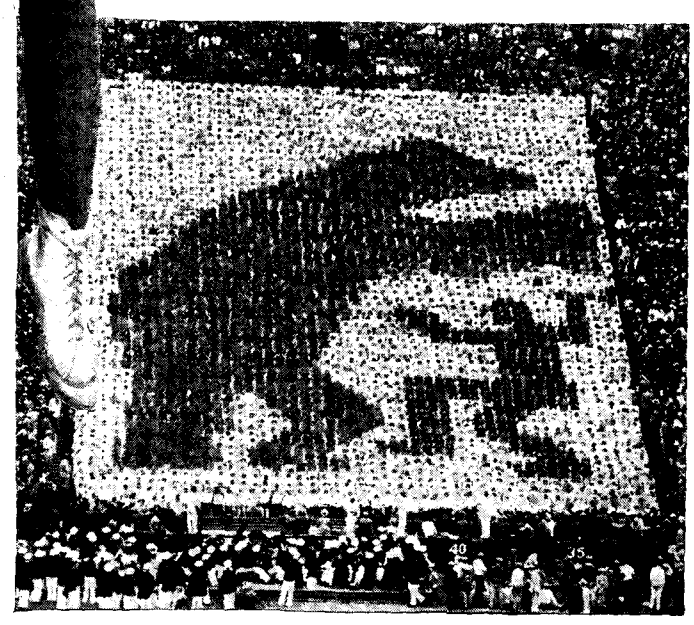
Nor is the energetic profession, or whatever you call it, of stirring 'em up restricted to males. Here's a pair of feminine cheer leaders who can produce the most incredible pandemonium in the stands just by raising their little fingers. Not that they're content to stop at that!

Just looking 'em over and sizing 'em up. There's a glare in the eyes of the Princeton tiger that bodes ill for any invaders

International Newsreel

International Newsreel

Penn State's mascot, so diverted for the moment by a play that he's forgotten to be fee-rocious. But when the opposing team walks on to the field he remembers his jungle hates and traits and you should see him then



A living poster in blue, gold, red, white, black and brown. The Southern California bear overwhelms the Stanford "brave"

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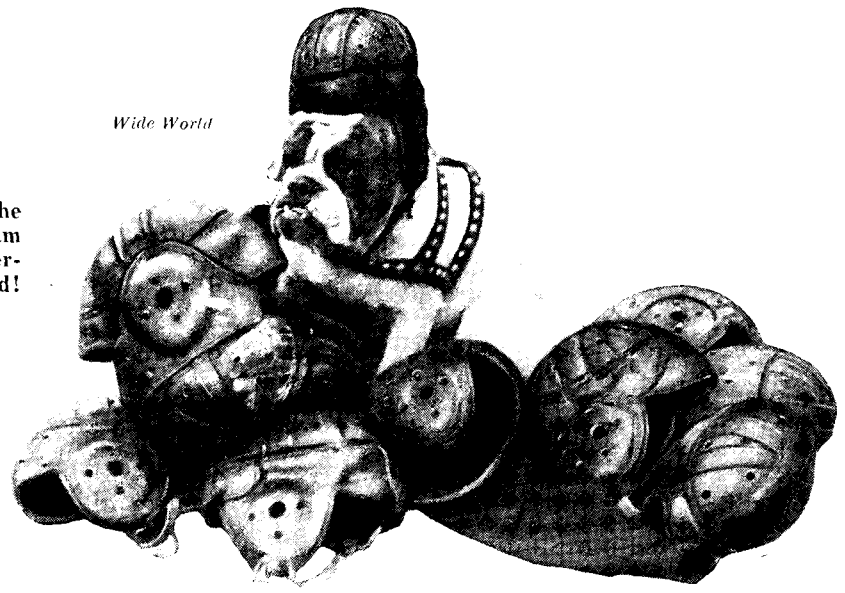
Wide World



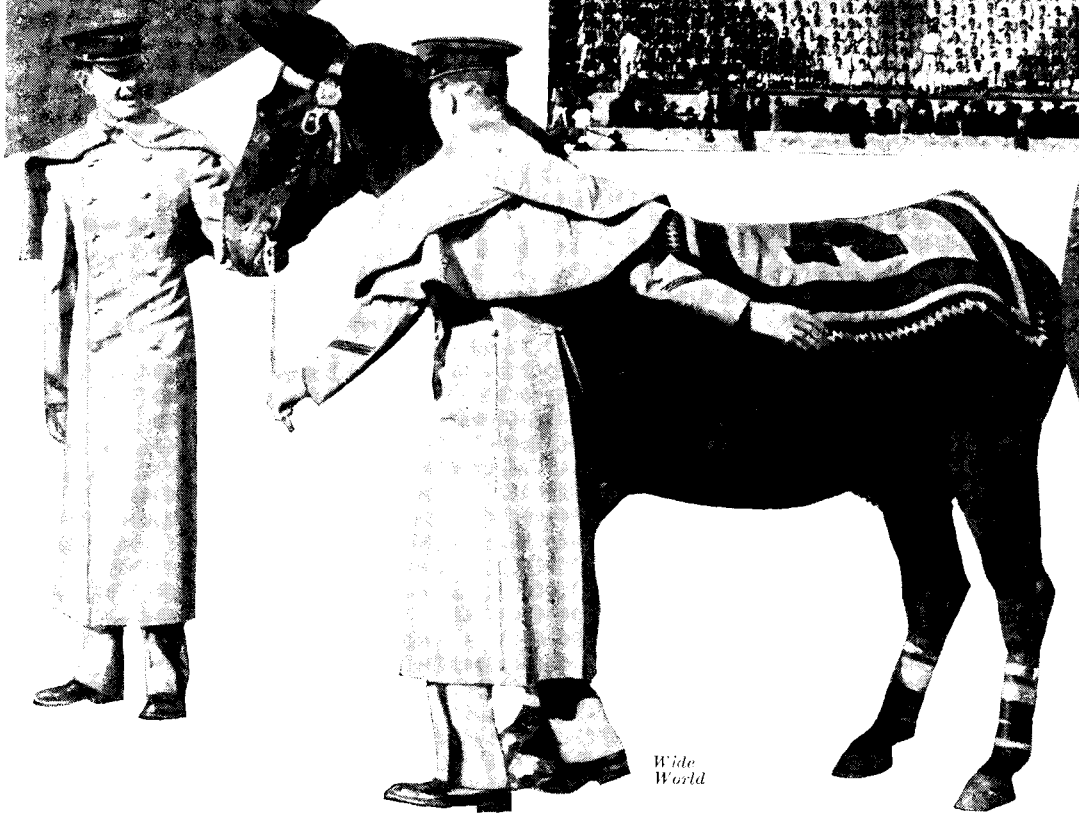
Let any pilferer cast eyes upon the helmets of the U. S. Marines team when their mascot, the late Sergeant Major Jiggs, was on guard!

Wide World

A good way to raise a football player. In the megaphone, scarcely but undoubtedly visible, is William Young, youthful son of Coach Young of the U. P. team. You'd be surprised how good a view of the game you can get from that spot

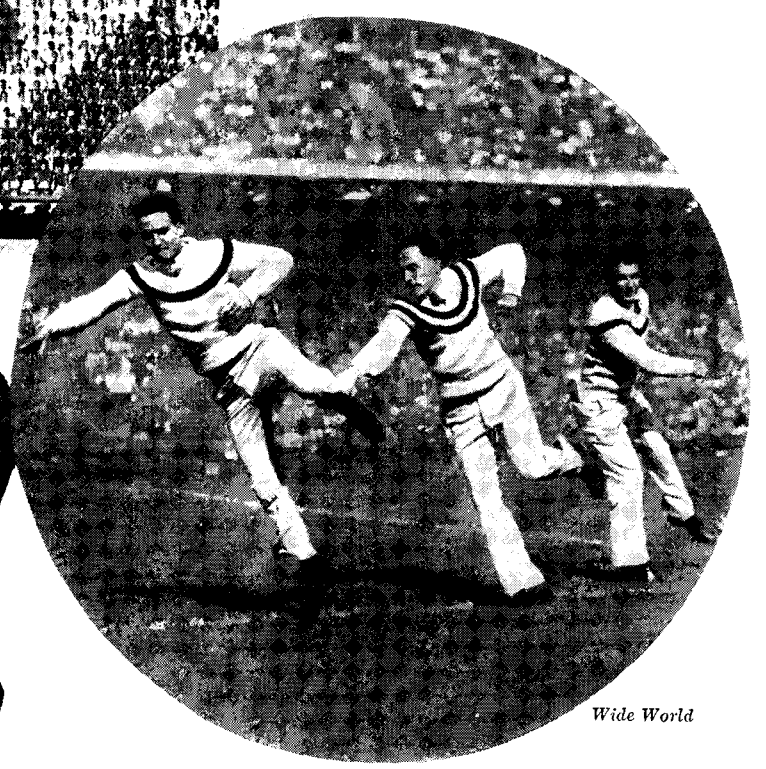
Aw, it's all done with cards. (As you can see by studying the photograph.) When University of Southern California played Notre Dame, their cheering section worked out a shamrock by way of a compliment to the Fighting Irish visitors

J. B. Ward



Wide World

The Army mule in all the glory of its elegant blanket is led out before the game



Wide World

Well, here's the last quarter and the favorites are one touchdown behind. Hot diggety! These boys are going to earn their supper tonight

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Writer's Cramp

By George S. Brooks

Believe it or not, the life of Riley was just one dull riot after another

Illustrated by Marshall Frantz

CHIEF ENGINEER MART RILEY sat in his cabin on the freighter Maxwelton. Sitting was the only thing he could do when the folding writing desk was let down from the cabin bulkhead. Riley himself said his cabin measured "two by nothing," and every night he faced the difficulty of stowing away inside it exactly 183 pounds of fighting Irishman, 6 feet 3 inches long.

The smallness of chief engineers' cabins was a sore subject with Riley. He had discussed it in every port of the known world.

"So you want to know what's wrong with th' merchant marine, do you? I c'n tell you what's wrong. It's short bunks. Why, it's gettin' so that nobody but sawed-offs, woppies, spiggoties an' such can sleep in th' bunks they give us. Make Congress pass a law givin' us seven-foot bunks an' mattresses an' sheets an' blankets, and us Americans'll take to th' sea again."

There was a Spartan simplicity about Riley's cabin to which the engineer officer did not object. His complaint was only on the subject of size. The room contained the writing desk, which could be folded into the wall; one chair; two lockers, one for "short clothes" and the other for dungarees; the short bunk on which Riley had to fold himself, jackknifewise, and the wash stand.

In front of the desk Riley now sat. In his right fist he clutched a pencil stub, except now and then when he stuck it into his mouth. On the desk lay a blank sheet of note paper and a stamped, unaddressed envelope. Riley was perspiring and unhappy.

The companionway door was unscreened and open. So were the four portholes. Now and then Riley would lay the pencil stub down and slap viciously at his neck and bare arms. The freighter was anchored in the North River, off Hoboken. It was a sultry July morning. Countless Jersey mosquitoes had discovered that the Maxwelton was within easy commuting distance.

Riley was not exactly a tidbit for any skeeter. His leathery skin, tanned alike by boiler-room fires and tropical suns, stretched over his spare frame like a hide. Muscles bulged and rippled beneath this mahogany-colored coating. His hair, once brick-red, but now bleached by fire and weather, remained unruly, except when plastered down with salt water and comb.

"HEY, Mart. What'ch doin'?" Joe Ciazzo, chief steward of the Maxwelton, whose cabin adjoined Riley's, stood in the doorway. Unlike the engineer, Ciazzo was adapted to short berths and darkened only the lower portion of the door.

"Writin'," returned Riley morosely, without looking up.

Joe advanced one step, which placed him in the middle of the cabin. He glanced over the writer's shoulder. "You ain't writ nothin' down on the paper yet, that I can see."

Riley did not resent this surveillance. "I'm just beginnin' to write."

"Who to?"

"Me old lady. Me mudder."

"Hmmmm." Joe leaned his fat body against the back of the engineer's chair. He considered the problem. "Where's she live?" he asked.

Hirshfield, with the agility of a snail, put down ten dollars

"In California. Wid Pat, me brudder that's th' traffic cop. They got a bungaloo. Th' old lady raises chickens and hell with the neighbors. Their dogs chase her chickens."

"Hmmmm. Well, go ahead. You oughta write home. You oughta write to your mother, regular."

"I do, don't I?"

Joe, having delivered his dictum on filial duty, breathed heavily, and mentally phrased another thought appropriate for the occasion. "Your mother is your best friend," Joe added. "You know she ain't goin' to live forever. You oughta write to her while you got th' chanct."

"I know it," Riley agreed. "Nobody lives forever."

There was a long silence as both men thought deeply. The effort at concentration made Joe breathe heavily and in snorts, like a sea lion. Riley put down his pencil, wriggled in his chair and slapped two mosquitoes.

"Whereabouts in California does your old lady live?"

"Berkeley. Well, it's outside of Berkeley. You have to go through Berkeley to get there, unless you go the other way."

"Berkeley's across from Frisco, ain't it?"

Riley nodded.

"Say. You don't have t' write. We'll put into Frisco, on our way back from Adelaide and Melbourne. You c'n talk it all to her. Save a stamp."

"That'll be March," objected Riley. "It ain't only July now."

"Well, *that's so too.*"

"And," Riley continued virtuously, "I always write her regular. Always have. Always write her every Fourth of July an' Christmas. Never missed yet, except when we was takin' in cargo, fuelin' or at sea, or somethin' like that."

Another silence ensued.

"Why don't you write it, then?"

"I *dunno* how to begin. That's th' trouble with writin'."

"Date it, why don't you?"

"Yeah," Riley was grateful for the suggestion. "I'll date it."

So, at the top of his paper, in a childishly cramped and uneven hand, he wrote—"Steamship Maxwelton, Duff Bros., Liverpool, Owners. Port of New York, in Ballast for Liverpool. 3 July."

"It's Duff Bros., Ltd." Joe pointed a fat forefinger at the error.

"She wouldn't know the diff."

With this as a running start, Riley was able to continue. "My dear ma," he set down and paused.

"What else would you write, Joe?"

"Write her th' news."

"News? She can read th' papers for herself, can't she?"

"Aw. I mean what you been doin'."

Riley digested this idea and, beneath the "My dear ma" line added, "I found a seepage in the shaft alley, under No. 3 hold. I think it's the plate rivets that's the trouble, but it might be that the bulkhead post is sprung. We had heavy weather our last trip through the Canal."

"THAT'S th' God's own truth," Joe affirmed, reading the paragraph aloud, word by word, as Riley wrote it. "That night our wireless went outa commission, when we was standin' by the wreck off Hatteras, I thought we was done. So help me."

"Well, I told her about the seepage. What else can I write?"

"Nothin' much has happened, has there?" Joe scratched his head. "You might tell her that th' ice machine has leaked ammonia gas ever since that explosion. We can't seem to get it fixed."

"She wouldn't care nothin' about ice machines," Riley returned scornfully.

There was a patter of feet on the steel deck plates outside. A gangling mess boy appeared.

"Mr. Riley."

"Huh?"

"Th' skipper wants you. He's up in th' wheelhouse, sortin' charts."

Riley rose, grumbling, but not ill-pleased with the interruption. "Th' old man don't give you a minute to yourself. Not even to write to your old lady."

"Maybe you'll think of somethin' more to write by th' time you get back," suggested the steward, backing out of the cabin so Riley would have room to stand.

Riley made his way forward over the sizzling deck and climbed to the wheelhouse. He climbed like a sailor or, more

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He was not aware that their privacy had been invaded until a rough voice said, "Look at 'em." Celeste screamed, "My gosh! My husband!"

remotely, like an ape, half-raising himself on each rung with his arms instead of lifting his whole weight with his long, boomlike legs.

"Aye, aye," was his guttural salute to Captain Jensen.

"Thankee, Mr. Riley," returned the captain. "I been thinkin' ye might take a walk on the beach for me."

"Now?" demanded Riley.

"At your convenience, Mr. Riley."

The captain's consideration slightly upset the chief engineer, who had intended giving fifty reasons why he could not quit the ship before noon.

"I'd rather go now," said Riley, true to his inborn principle of contrariness.

"As you prefer, Mr. Riley. I'd of gone myself, but th' underwriters' man is coming aboard to renew our papers. I want you should go to the bank for me. I'm payin' off t'morrow, before th' hands go ashore. You'll take this draft, and your license papers for identification and bring me back th' currency it calls for."

The captain handed Riley a bank draft for $3,000. It was drawn to "Bearer."

"You'll want me to come right back, I suppose."

"Don't hurry. Cruise about a bit, if you're so inclined. But get to th' bank before it closes. Tomorrow's a holiday."

"Aye, aye. I know th' day it is."

Riley left the wheelhouse. The captain, mildly amused, smiled after him. Riley was, he knew, as dependable as a Swiss chronometer and as cranky as a ship's cook.

SO IT followed that, shortly after noon, Riley stood in the line before the A to D paying teller's window. In his right paw was a slip of blue paper, the second vice president's endorsement and signature still moist on the back of it.

Riley looked much less ferocious, even presentable, in his shore-going clothes. His blue serge suit had a proper nautical cut to it. His cap was merchant officer's gear and his cheek was shaved down to the second layer of tanned skin.

He gazed about the bank with the air of perpetual wonder with which he always regarded landsmen and their ways, overlooking in his preoccupation a rat-faced man of forty, with cold steel-blue eyes who stepped into the line behind him. This man wore a gray summer suit, fancifully tailored, and a loud-banded, soft-straw hat. Riley's disregard for him was scarcely mutual. The rat-faced one had watched Riley narrowly ever since the sailor had been directed to the vice president's desk.

The line was a long one. Messengers were waiting for pay rolls to be made up. The delay seemed interminable.

The rat-faced man, too obviously immersed in the financial section of a newspaper, managed to steal a glance at the draft Riley held. As he saw the four figures on the face of it he covertly nodded to a second man standing at the stock ticker. The second man went out.

The line moved slowly forward to the paying teller's cage.

"Pardon me,"

"Yeah?" Riley turned as the other touched his elbow and for the first time noticed the individual behind him.

The man in the gray suit was looking at his watch.

"I'm tied up here. . . . I'm late, Mr. ah . . . ah—"

"Riley. Mart Riley."

"Mr. Riley. I'm Max Hirshfield, in business just around the corner. Everybody knows where my store is. I got to get back to my store before my partner leaves. I wonder if you'd do me a favor."

"Sure."

Hirshfield dug down into his pocket and produced two $100 bills, which he handed to Riley. "Mind askin' the teller to change these into fives and tens? I think I can get back before you get to the window. If not, I'll be in my store, almost next door here. On Broadway."

"All right," Riley accepted the bills. Hirshfield left, hurrying toward the Broadway entrance.

It did not then occur to Riley to wonder why Hirshfield was standing in the long A to D line when there was no line at all at the H to L window, and certainly the name Hirshfield began with an H. Riley, traveling under the alias of "Bearer," was in the right place. Hirshfield was not.

RILEY was considering, as he finally neared the window, if he would have trouble finding Hirshfield's store. But, to his great relief, the man returned in time to watch him receive the change for the two century bills. Then, having delivered this money to its rightful owner, Riley put in the draft for $3,000 and received for it a sizable package of fives, tens and twenties, which he put in the inside pocket of his double-breasted coat.

"Thanks a lot, Mr. Riley. Just caught my partner in time. Going out this way?"

Riley had no prejudice against using the Broadway entrance, and permitted Hirshfield to pilot him to that door.

"There's my place," announced Hirshfield proudly, pointing to a "gents' furnishings" store beneath a gaudy "Hirshfield and Ziegler, Inc.," sign. "Well, much obliged to you again. Oh, by the way, ever touch anything?"

"What you talkin' about?"

"Ever take a drink?"

"Sure. Always." Riley thought it a silly question.

"Come along with me, Mr. Riley. I'll buy one. I know a good place. I don't never drink in my store. It sets a bad habit for my clerks."

"What's yours?" asked Hirshfield, a moment later.

"A little liquor."

"Make mine beer," Hirshfield added quickly. "Well, here's luck."

"Luck," echoed Riley.

"Good whisky, isn't it?" Hirshfield insinuated as he sipped his beer.

"Well, I tasted worse . . . once."

Hirshfield slapped another dollar bill on the table. "What'll it be?"

"Same."

"Same here." Riley tossed off the second glass, waving away the chaser of water.

"Let's go again." Hirshfield pushed a third bill toward the bartender. "Another beer and whisky."

At three o'clock Riley suggested he was hungry. He beckoned to the chef and ordered a modest lunch of lamb chops, fried potatoes, summer squash, a side dish of baked beans, finishing it off with two pieces of pie, cheese and coffee. He put whisky in his coffee. Hirshfield, none too secure on his feet after drinking uncounted glasses of needled beer, had little appetite for food.

"Do you always drink like this?" Hirshfield inquired solicitously.

"Naw. Just when I come ashore," Riley returned. "Let's have another."

Hirshfield emitted a mental groan. Each round of drinks cost him a dollar; seventy-five cents for the ounce glass of cut whisky and a quarter for the beer which he drank himself. Hirshfield was stingy, even when playing for a $3,000 stake. In his rôle of affluent merchant he had insisted that the party was "his." Now, to his disgust, he was learning that there are thirty-two drinks in a quart of watered whisky, which meant an investment of $32. And a quart of whisky, spread over an afternoon's drinking, was a minor matter in Riley's life.

As for the chief engineer of the Maxwelton, he had never before encountered so agreeable a philanthropist who insisted upon playing tunes upon the cash register. Riley (*Continued on page 51*)

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The inimitable Mitzi in the specially fitted automobile dressing-room she uses on tours

Road Star

By Hugh Leamy

"Broadway isn't everything," Mitzi's manager said. She never forgot it. Her friends and admirers remote from New York have always had her loyalty. Perhaps that's why she's a Broadway headliner too

HER name is really Mizzi Hajos. It was the late Henry W. Savage who reasoned that as long as it was pronounced Mitzi it might as well be billed that way, and as long as only one half of one per cent of the American adult population could pronounce the Hajos properly, that part of it might as well be dropped entirely. Perhaps too—for he was a foresighted gentleman—he had in mind the future saving in electric-light bills when he plucked Mitzi from vaudeville almost 15 years ago.

Mitzi is just four feet ten inches in what I suppose you would call height. Though you wouldn't believe that if you saw her almost lost in the great double-high living-room of her duplex apartment home. She has the bluest eyes you ever saw in your life and an accent just as pronounced as ever you've heard it when she was before the footlights. An accent, by the way, no traces of which you're going to find beyond this point in this interview—and that's a promise.

She came here from Budapest when she was about 14. She came here to make Broadway, after a rigorous apprenticeship, first in special dramatic schools and later in the theaters of her native land. Well, she made Broadway, all right. But in doing so she discovered a vaster, no less important region west of the Mazda Meadows.

"Broadway isn't everything, remember," Mr. Savage told her when first he took her under his managerial wing.

"And Broadway *isn't* everything, I remembered," she told me the other afternoon as we chatted in her apartment. She remembered it more keenly perhaps than any other player who has achieved stardom, for surely no one has been more loyal to the audiences of the fast-disappearing "road" houses. For the reason that she has toured from coast to coast herself with every production in which she has ever appeared on Broadway and with the original production as intact as possible; for the reason that in 5,000 performances she has missed only one, she has a stout and friendly following all over the land and is as well known—perhaps a little more so—outside New York as she is on Broadway.

An Eye for Business

I have never talked with an artiste—and any sophisticate who wants to go around cracking that Mitzi isn't an artiste gets a poke in the eye and his driver's license suspended for one year—I have never, I say, talked with an artiste who had a keener or more impersonal sense of loyalty to her public. Hers is more the attitude of a manufacturer of some article that is in measured demand.

"The customers want my stuff. It's my business and to my interest to give it to them and to give them the best I can." Thus the manufacturer. And thus Mitzi.

The lads whose rapid world is limited by the somewhat elastic boundaries of New York's white-light district will raise their eyebrows and tell you, "Ah, but Mitzi's just for the family trade."

Well, they're not so darn' original, at that. That's just what Mr. Savage decided she was going to be 15 years ago. That's why he schooled her in the ways of the road—not that Broadway hasn't its share of the family trade, though they'd never admit it: neither Broadway nor the trade!

"Don't get the New York idea that only New York counts," Mr. Savage said. "More people have ruined their pocketbooks even while they made their Broadway reputations than ever lost money on coast-to-coast trips. Besides, if I'm going to put $50,000 or more into a show, you're going to play it and play it till there isn't anything left to play."

So she started out in Sari and played it till there wasn't anything left to play. She was a peasant girl in that. People say there is a formula for all Mitzi plays. Mitzi says there isn't; her rôles have always been different.

"For instance," she says, "after Sari came Pom Pom, in which I played an actress. Then I was an immigrant acrobat in Head Over Heels, then a street urchin in The Magic Ring, and then more recently in The Madcap I was a movie extra."

Yes, but there is a formula, and people know it and that's what makes them stick. Migosh, look at the Alger books!

"I won't play any rôle in which I don't like the character I'm playing," said Mitzi. Which must be pretty tough nowadays when most of the important characters in the dramas seem to be peculiarly undesirable persons.

"So long as the character isn't not nice, I like to play anything they want me to play. Oh, I likes dat." (My goodness, there we go!)

It must be a relief to theatrical managers to handle a star as businesslike and unspoiled by temperament as Mitzi. During her long association with Mr. Savage they had only one quarrel—well, one serious quarrel. They were like father and daughter, this beloved producer and the youngster he had nursed along to stardom. He taught her showmanship and loyalty; much of which was trying but all of which was good for her, she admits. And when her father was killed during the war, Mr. Savage telegraphed her:

"Don't cry, Baby. You have me for a father."

The only serious argument that marked eleven seasons of association, until Mr. Savage virtually stopped producing and Mitzi went with the Shuberts, came about during the early days of Pom Pom.

They'd opened in Hartford, swung to Springfield, and were due for Boston the following Monday. That was to be the big opening night. When they hit Boston for Sunday rehearsals they found a most disappointing set for the third act. It was one that had been used in a previous Savage production.

Little Things that Count

"Mr. Savage was not stingy," Mitzi told me, "but he was—well, just a little bit careful. So he'd had what was once a library set made over into the set for an act that was supposed to be played in a boudoir. But it still looked like a library set: it never could look like anything but a library set. My, I was angry and disappointed, for, let me tell you, scenery is a very, very important part of any production, talent and music and everything else considered.

"Well, we rehearsed all day and were called back again for rehearsals in the evening. At the close of the afternoon I was so worked up that I walked off the stage and ran to my dressing-room and toppled over against the table and cried and cried and *cried*. They must have heard me on the stage.

"Anyway, Mr. Savage came down, and he took a great big bandanna handkerchief like he often wore around his neck during rehearsals, and he wiped away my tears, threatened to spank me and then promised me that everything would be all right. By that night, he assured me, the matter of the offending set would be straightened out. It was.

"When we got to the theater that evening he met me triumphantly. 'Your Uncle Dudley's fixed everything fine,' he told me. 'You needn't worry any more about that set for the third act. We're not going to have any third act.' I protested that it couldn't be done, but Mr. Savage was firm. He was always firm.

"So we opened Pom Pom with only two acts and played it for two years and a half. But" (and there was a gleam of satisfaction in those remarkable eyes) "after it closed Mr. Savage came to me and said: 'You were right, after all. If we'd kept the third act, we could have played it *five* years.'"

Mitzi was the first of her family to go on the stage. Her father held a government post in Budapest. She always showed a talent for theatricals and was dancing and reciting at charity affairs before she was ten. Then, as the talent persisted, she was enrolled in a national school of the theater.

"Going on the stage in Europe was not the casual affair that it is here," she said, "I got my foundation in two years that were devoted entirely to attending the training. We over there don't start in the chorus and work up as so many have done in America. At least at that time, we didn't. Of course, since the war it's changed a lot."

It was William Morris, the vaudeville booking (*Continued on page 50*)

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Master of Sinister House

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

MARTIN HEWS, born a cripple, is an unscrupulous collector of art treasures. To aid him he has Isaacs, a famous art dealer; Donkin, a London gang leader; and Major Owston. He lives in a huge mansion on the Breezeley marshes with his niece, Beatrice Essiter.

Jim Donkin and Owston are engaged in hunting Joseph, master criminal, and Hews' greatest enemy, in the East End and West End, respectively. Donkin steals Joseph's girl, Rachel, and flees with her to Breezeley. Hews keeps the girl and Donkin leaves England.

Owston and Beatrice Essiter dine at Claridge's, before Lady Bonofar's reception, and at another table is a strange person who stares at Beatrice. Owston inquires his name and is told that he is Mr. X.

After the reception they go with Lady Bonofar's brother, Mr. Leopold, to the Blue Skies night club. Owston, in the office of the club, is drugged and Beatrice abducted. The general belief is that Owston was drunk.

Owston realizes that Leopold is in league with Joseph but can prove nothing. He also knows, from an impudent note, that Joseph has taken Beatrice. Martin Hews, with cruel cunning, shows this letter to Rachel, and releases her.

Soon after, Owston, with Inspector Bloor of Scotland Yard, visits the office of the Blue Skies, but finds nothing helpful.

Returning to Owston's flat the two men are horrified to find Rachel bound to a chair with all her hair cut off and her legs mutilated. She, driven by jealousy, had threatened Joseph. She gives Joseph's address but when the police arrive the house is blown up by a bomb.

The next day Hews gives Owston instructions for purchasing a jade Buddha for half a million pounds.

I looked down for an instant on one of the most astonishing spectacles I had ever witnessed

XI

I FOUND a car waiting outside my rooms and Bloor, as nearly excited as I had ever seen him, in my easy-chair.

"Good evening, Major," he greeted me. "I had a few minutes to spare, and I thought I'd look in and tell you the news. We're for it tonight."

"The raid?"

He nodded.

"Information has been coming in fast and furious," he confided. "Let me tell you this first, though. We are out of one of our troubles. We got the Cheapside burglars at luncheon time. A fair catch it was too."

"Good work!" I exclaimed heartily. "Whereabouts?"

"We got them in a restaurant down by Liverpool Street. No signs of a squeal from them, but one of our men caught Rogers—that's the ringleader of the three—trying to swallow a piece of paper. It was a note the waiter had just brought in. Evidently one of their places of call. Can't tell you what was in the note, but it means that things are moving. Then the men I planted down Shoreditch way have been sending messages up one by one. They are all agreed the gang's full strength is concentrated in a cramped radius of a few hundred yards."

"But what about Joseph?" I asked anxiously.

"It's no good waiting forever," Bloor pointed out. "When Joseph left Eldon Street he left the neighborhood altogether, and we haven't a line on him yet. All the same, if we can break the gang he'll never again be the man he was. Just cast your eye on this plan."

He spread it out upon the table, and I looked over his shoulder.

"It's a nasty district," he explained, "and the danger is that directly we're known to be there they'll slip away from the further houses and either get us on the flanks if they want to fight, or creep away one by one to the lodging houses by the river, which are the very devil to search. We'll have to take our chances. Here's the river, you see, and along there are the wharves. We've got the firm that owns the big yards to close their iron gates, so there's no getting past those, and we've a couple of police boats patrolling the river. This row of houses here is called Tanner's Cottages, and in No. 3 we know that Clooney is hiding, the man who's wanted for that bank business. That will give us something to start on.

"WE SHALL open up there, looking for him, and down behind, in this corner, Patt Risewell was seen yesterday sneaking out after dark to the pub there. We want him pretty badly too. The road on the other side is Fellmonger's Lane—nearly the worst spot in London. We're going to comb that out, house by house, with picked men who are used to handling a gun. We could have stirred things up there before, but we decided to wait until we could make the big noise, and I'm glad we did. Getting the Cheapside burglars has set our hands free. The chief doesn't mind so much now what we do."

"What time is the line-up?" I inquired.

"Not too early. I am sending my men down two or three at a time, all scattered around, and they are closing in as the clock strikes twelve. I don't want the slightest sign of anything unusual until then."

I drew a sigh of relief. By midnight, if all went well, I should probably be a free man.

"I'm in it, of course?" I asked.

Bloor appeared doubtful.

"You're a bit of a marked man, you know," he reminded me. "You made yourself very conspicuous and obnoxious to the gang down at Breezeley. Then, if by any chance Joseph gets to know of the fighting and comes down to help, he'll take jolly good care that you're put out of the way."

"If there was any chance of Joseph's being there," I told him savagely, "it would take all Scotland Yard to keep me away. I'll be frank with you, Bloor. I've got another job on first, but the moment that's over I'm for the East End. I know where to find you, and I hope I'll hear the guns popping when I come."

"You'll stick to me, then," he stipulated. "I don't want any of my fellows to throw their lives away tonight, and I certainly don't want anything to happen to you. Besides the men I've told you about, I'm taking a hundred constables off the streets as special reserves. Frankly, I'd rather they closed in and made a siege of it. We can wait, whereas they can't. Of course, if they come out into the open, then it must be a fight. We're not afraid of that, but I hate to sacrifice good men for such scum."

"Bloor," I said, "this is a big show that you have taken on tonight."

"It was always going to be a big show that finished Joseph," he remarked grimly.

"I wonder! You'll think I'm a dunderhead, I know, Bloor, and I dare say I am in many ways but I've got a queer feeling about this evening."

"Out with it," he begged. "I've rather a sympathy for presentiments."

"DON'T you think," I suggested, "that Joseph has made it a little too easy for you? Remember, he's never brought his whole gang together before. You've come across fragments of it in Kensington, fragments in Bermondsey, fragments in Camberwell, or at Tufnell

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Hill, some in the Bethnal Green Road, and others in Kentish Town. Why do you think he's brought them all together like this? Not for you just to pounce upon and destroy. I don't understand it, and that's a fact."

Bloor smoked on stolidly for a moment or two.

"I see your point of view," he admitted, "but look here, Major. The lads are there, and we want them. I don't see how he can trap us."

"Well, here's good luck to both of us," I said as he prepared to take his leave. "And, Bloor, I don't mind having a small bet with you."

"What's that?" he inquired, looking back from the door.

"I bet you a bottle of the best," I told him, "that I see Joseph before you do."

"Easy drinking," he laughed, "I'm on!"

I FOUND Mr. Isaacs waiting for me outside his establishment in Grafton Street, a strange, gaunt figure in his unusually sober clothes and black slouch hat. He was carrying a brown paper parcel under his arm, which I rightly guessed to be the iron coffer.

"Well, young man," he said, eying me approvingly, "you are sent for my protection. You look strong, though your habits may be bad. Will you begin by carrying this coffer? You will find it heavy."

I took it from him, and a moment later his motor car arrived.

"As to those bad habits of mine," I begged, as we took our seats, "don't believe all you read in the papers. Are we up against Joseph, do you think, in this little enterprise of ours? Shall we get the One-eyed Buddha, or do you imagine he has been before us?"

Isaacs chuckled.

"I do not worry. The statuette, even though it is the world's wonder, has not the value which Joseph wants. I think we buy that statuette all right. How much money have you?"

"More than I usually carry about with me," I admitted. "I have a draft for five hundred thousand pounds."

"I buy for less than that," he declared contemptuously. "I told our friend already over the telephone that I knew of another One-eyed Buddha."

"What did he say?" I inquired.

"The telephone girl she cut him off," Isaacs confided. "He spoke bad words. Never mind; it will do him good."

We arrived at the Milan punctually at eleven o'clock, but we were not allowed to ascend at once to Mr. Tul-kak's apartment. The concierge invited us to take seats in the little lounge while he sent a special messenger upstairs. Some impulse—I am not naturally a curious person—prompted me to leave my comfortable easy-chair and look through the glass partition to the grillroom. Within a few yards of me, at a table alone, apparently at the commencement of his meal, sat Mr. X. . . .

He might almost have been expecting me, so unruffled was his composure, so easy that faint, sardonic smile. I set myself passionately to the task of scrutinizing the man with all the intentness of which I was capable. I called into being all my powers of perception. His smoothly brushed black-gray hair looked natural enough. I traced the wrinkles on his high forehead. I took note of the small ears, thinly cut nose, lips straight and hard, yet wonderfully mobile. I traced that upward line of his mouth, which I honestly believe was the only natural one upon his face, and I appreciated to the full the square, firm chin. From a sculptor's point of view, tabulating his features one by one, the man should have been good-looking.

Studying him as I studied him then, in what I believe was almost a moment of revelation, it seemed to me that there was a curious lack of vital qualities, even in his best features. It was like the sculptor's plaster cast of a face rather than the face itself, but more than ever, as I stood there looking, the obstinate conviction gathered strength in my mind that I was indeed looking into the face of my enemy.

I turned away and strolled over to where Isaacs was sitting. My fingers, as I tried to light a cigarette, were shaking. My voice was scarcely steady.

"Tell me, Mr. Isaacs," I asked, "have you ever seen Joseph?"

He looked at me earnestly from under his great bushy eyebrows.

"Why that question at this moment?"

"Because the man whom I believe to be Joseph is seated in the grillroom just inside there, two tables from the glass partition."

ISAACS rose from his chair and walked toward the place which I had vacated. He stood there, a tall, patriarchal figure, looking into the room with no effort at casual observation, steadily, almost severely. When he came back, his eyes seemed to have sunk a little farther into his head. He had lost something of his fine poise.

Isaacs turned and fled with great lumbering strides, leaving me engaged in a fierce struggle with the three

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

I had no time then, however, to ask him a single question. A tall and solemn Chinaman, having the air of an ambassador, was approaching us. He bowed to each in turn.

"Mr. Tul-kak very glad to see you," he announced. "Please come this way."

We mounted in the elevator to the fourth floor, traversed the long corridor, and paused before the door of the end suite of rooms. Outside another Chinaman was standing, less ceremoniously dressed, a most ferocious-looking fellow. The door was opened in response to our ring by an Englishman who looked very like a police sergeant in mufti.

"This way, gentlemen," he invited, throwing open the door of the sitting-room.

Mr. Tul-kak, who had been standing with his back to the window, bowed formally and advanced. He was a small, sallow-faced man, carefully dressed in European clothes. He waved us to chairs.

"I am Tul-kak," he said, as soon as we had disposed of ourselves and our guide had taken up a position facing the door. "I have with me the treasure. With which of you do I talk?"

"I am the dealer," Isaacs replied. "Let me see your treasure."

Tul-kak moved to the sideboard, upon which was standing what I had thought at first sight to be an ebony tea caddy, but which I now saw was a very wonderful Oriental casket. There were three locks to it, each one of which Tul-kak opened with a separate key. Inside was a lining of deep violet plush, and in the middle of it, reclining there with its one eye fixed upon the ceiling, was the statuette. Tul-kak went down on his knees for a moment and bowed his head. Then he rose up, took the statuette reverently from its place, laid it in the palm of his hand, and brought it over to Isaacs.

"Two thousand years," he confided, in a voice which trembled slightly, "have passed, and no man's hands, save the priests of the Inner Order, have touched it. Millions of worshippers have bent the knee at a distance and passed on. Now the days of faith are finished. If curses could kill, I am a dead man already, and as it is the knives of thousands are sharpened for my life. But I, Tul-kak, am a plain merchant, although my forefathers were priests. Take the One-eyed Buddha into your hands, Isaacs, the dealer, and buy or return."

Isaac's long fingers traveled over the statuette, not with the loving joy of his master's, perhaps, but with the keen, close touch of the connoisseur. He passed it to me, and, strangely enough, I felt a touch of almost the same reverence as had inspired Tul-kak. Yet, as I looked at it, I felt a queer sense of trouble. The sightless eye met mine for a minute. It seemed to me there was almost a threat in its cold stare and in the curve of the mouth. I handed it back.

"It is wonderful," I murmured.

"You buy?" Tul-kak asked Isaacs.

"I buy for my master if between us we can afford."

"I do not know that word," was the frigid rejoinder. "It is strange to me. You buy—you pay me five hundred thousand pounds."

ISAACS' shudder was a very real one. I think that the bare idea of anyone parting with such a sum terrified him. He made a motion to take up his hat. Tul-kak turned to the man who had received us downstairs.

"You will telephone," he directed, "to No. —"

Then I, in my great stupidity, made one of the worst of breaks. I was afraid that I saw the statuette slipping away, and I interrupted, without waiting to hear the number.

"Mr. Isaacs forgets," I said eagerly, "that our friend does not bargain. Neither in this instance does Mr. Martin Hews. Here is a draft upon the Bank of England for five hundred thousand pounds."

I laid it upon the table. Isaacs rocked backward and forward, seemingly on the point of bursting into tears. It was business upon a scale altogether beyond him.

"The statue is sold," Tul-kak announced calmly as he picked up the draft and thrust it into his pocket. "There must be no writing pass. You have brought a coffer?"

I tore the brown paper from the iron box. The statuette was placed first in its own cabinet, then inside the coffer and secured.

"Where do you go with that?" its vender asked. "No longer is mine the care, but the buyer of the Buddha buys danger with it. How far do you travel tonight?"

"Nowhere," I confided. "Martin Hews' instructions are that we deposit it in the safe of the hotel until tomorrow. After then it is no longer any concern of ours."

He bowed (*Continued on page 32*)

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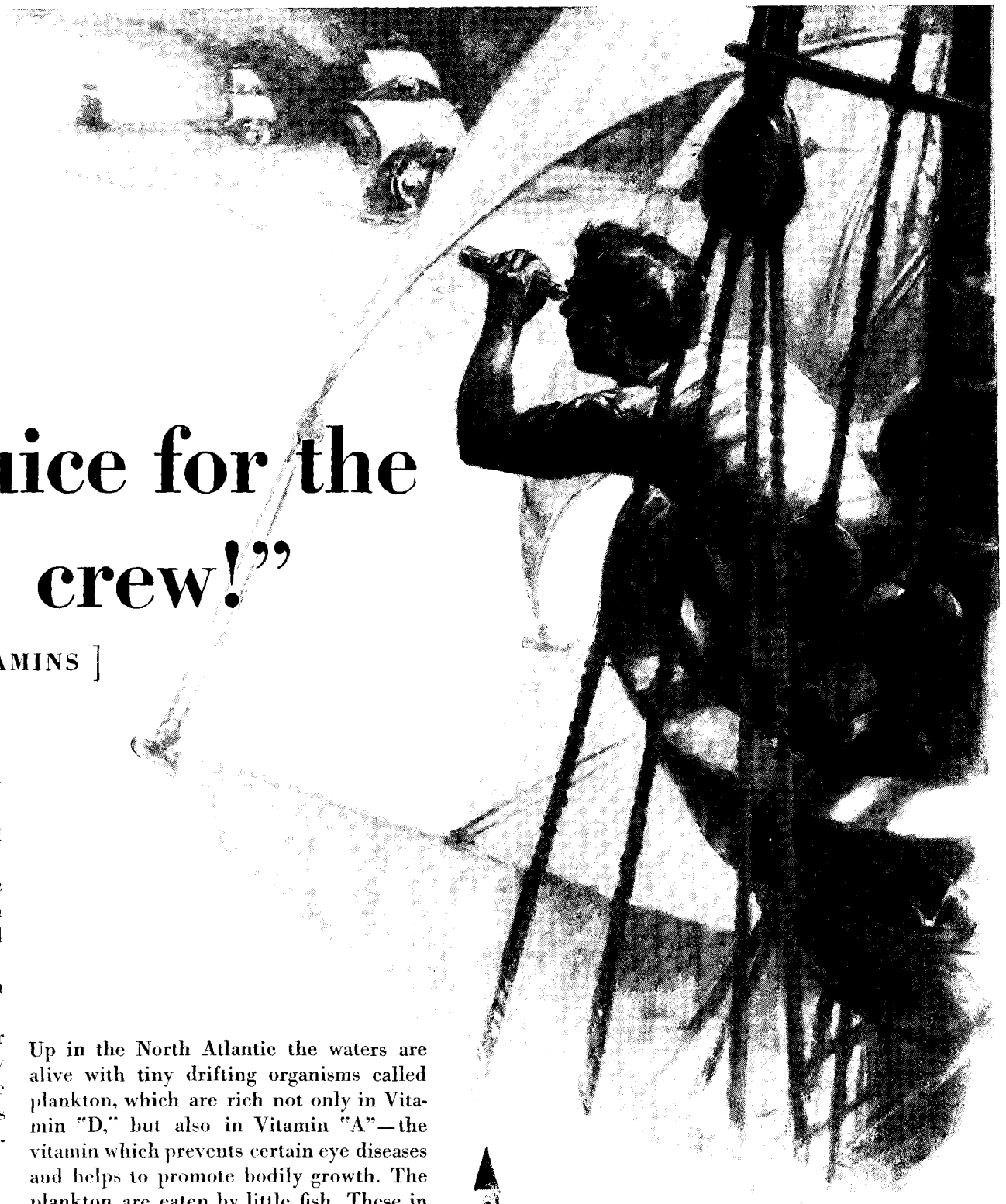
BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



"Lemon juice for the *Dragon's* crew!"

[A STORY ABOUT VITAMINS]

One calm August day in the reign of good Queen Bess, four stately East Indiamen glided into the blue waters of Saldanha Bay at the bottom of Africa.

At three of the four mastheads fluttered the flag of distress.

The *Hector*, the *Susan*, and the *Ascension* were scurvy-ridden. A quarter of their men were dead; the weakened survivors could scarcely lower the anchor over the side.

The fourth ship, the *Dragon*, carried a healthy crew.

Why? No one knew. Rations on all four ships were alike—except for one seemingly insignificant item. Captain Lancaster of the *Dragon* had ordered "Three teaspoonfuls of lemon juice every morning for each seaman."

Vitamins guard your health

Medical knowledge traveled slowly in the old days, and nearly two centuries passed before ships regularly carried lemon or lime juice as protection against scurvy on long voyages. And still another hundred years elapsed before it was found why these juices prevented scurvy.

Then Medical Science discovered the vitamins. Experiments proved that lack of these mysterious elements in our food causes malnutrition and disease.

Scurvy, for example, results from lack of Vitamin "C" found in many fruits and vegetables — including the lemon juice that saved the crew of the *Dragon*.

Rickets is another such "deficiency disease." Millions of healthy, chubby youngsters now growing up owe their health—even their lives—to our new knowledge of the rickets-preventing Vitamin "D."

Up in the North Atlantic the waters are alive with tiny drifting organisms called plankton, which are rich not only in Vitamin "D," but also in Vitamin "A"—the vitamin which prevents certain eye diseases and helps to promote bodily growth. The plankton are eaten by little fish. These in their turn are devoured by bigger fish, and the cod preys on them all.

Cod-liver Oil is rich in vitamins

From the finest codfish obtainable is made Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil. Doctors have long recognized its value in building healthy bones and sound white teeth and in preventing rickets. Customary Parke-Davis expert knowledge and skill assure physicians of a pure, vitamin-rich oil, which is distinguished by being as pleasant to take as the purest olive oil.

Scientific workers have perfected methods for determining the quantity of vitamins in cod-liver oil. In every fluid ounce of Parke-Davis Standardized Cod-liver Oil there is a minimum of 13,500 units of Vitamin "A," and a minimum of 3,000 units of Vitamin "D."

A PERSONAL NOTE—Here are a few Parke-Davis preparations for your daily home use, for sale by your pharmacist—made with the same exacting care as Parke-Davis medicines:

Parke-Davis Shaving Cream—Two fine white soaps are scientifically combined to produce this soothing and effective cream. Soap No. 1 makes the lather quick and voluminous; Soap No. 2 adds the richness and fine texture which hold the water against the base of the beard to keep it soft throughout the shave. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Orygene Mouth Wash—This deliciously flavored astringent tends to promote firm gums and healthy mouth tissues. It helps to prevent the bleeding of gums after hard brushing. It is effective in refreshing the mouth and alleviating impure breath when caused by mouth conditions. (No mouth wash can affect breath impurity which arises from other causes.) "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Neko (*Germicidal Soap*)—The odorless lather of this pure soap *removes* body odors—it does not substitute one odor for another. This is the soap that physicians and nurses have used for years to keep their hands hygienically clean and thus guard against infection. Thousands of families use Neko regularly for hands, bath, and shampooing the hair. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

Parke-Davis Hydrogen Peroxide — Distinguished among peroxides because it retains its strength for many months. Its purity makes it dependable in emergencies caused by cuts or abrasions of the skin, before medical attention can be obtained. When used for this purpose, or as a gargle, its antiseptic oxygen content is quickly released in a foam of bubbles. "*A Parke-Davis Product.*"

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SOLD!

By Denver Lindley

A SHORT SHORT STORY

BENEATH the three ponderous gold balls which marked the entrance to his small, dark shop, Gottlieb Krumbeiner sat in the sun. The bustle and hum of Sixth Avenue traffic came faintly to his ears, serving only to accentuate the quiet of his own territory, Cornelius Street.

In this placid backwater, disturbed only by an occasional shooting or knifing episode among the Italians, Gottlieb had lived and moved and had his being for fifty years. He had made a substantial fortune there and had watched his sons and nephews and cousins rise until they controlled the pawnbroking business of the city. And Gottlieb was content. He liked the musty smell of his shop, he liked the litter of useless objects that had accumulated there through half a century, he liked the treasures in his safe and most of all he liked to watch the people who came to his doors in a varying stream.

For with advancing years Gottlieb had grown philosophic and, occasionally, mildly philanthropic. He had, he considered, the best possible vantage point for observing human nature and when his sons laughed at him for "sticking in a rat hole" he chuckled and said nothing.

He watched young rakes wending their way to ruin, he watched the desperate struggles of small-time actors and the extravagances of the extremely poor. He had his string of clerks and office workers who brought him their golf clubs every Monday for the five-dollar loan which would be repaid on Saturday when they could spend another day on the links. To him, too, came veiled ladies, avoiding the shops in more fashionable districts. They brought jewels in their handbags and spoke haughtily in an attempt to control the quaver in their voices. It was from one of these that he got the carnelian. He recognized it at once as of Greek workmanship. The figure cut into its surface was perfect in every detail. "Fifty dollars," he said.

And then he locked it away with his statuettes and ivories and the gems that he liked to run through his fingers. He guessed that it would never be called for—and he was right.

But the thing gave him no satisfaction. The more he admired its workmanship, the more keenly did he hate the firm roundness of the figure's carved limbs. It was as though an age-old racial antagonism prevented him from enjoying this treasure.

Then it was that the thought of Mrs. Friedman occurred to him. A pathetic love for beautiful things had drawn him to her from her first visit. She had taste, *she* would appreciate the carnelian.

She turned the small stone to the light with a gasp of appreciation

SHE often came to his shop—sometimes to leave her wrist watch for a few days, sometimes just to look around. Once or twice she had bought a majolica figurine or other graceful trifle. One day he showed her the carnelian. She turned the small stone to the light with a gasp of appreciation.

"It is old and it is worth much," he said. "But I want that you should have it. For you it is fifty dollars."

"But I haven't fifty cents, Mr. Krumbeiner," she said regretfully.

"I keep it for you. When you have fifty dollars you take it. Now it is yours already."

From that time the Carnelian entered the dreams of Stella Friedman. The figure of Hermes with wings poised for flight appeared before her eyes as she went about her household tasks. Her father had often talked to her of ancient Greece when she was a child, and there remained in her mind an indistinct picture of a people who lived in perpetual sunshine, the men running races and throwing the discus, the women moving to the stately measure of a choral dance. The opposite of all the squalor and noise that had surrounded her since birth. The sunlit abode of excellence and peace.

She liked to think of the Greeks: it rested her. She used to read occasionally in her father's copy of Homer, but since she had married Calvin she'd had no time for reading. Now she felt that if she owned the carnelian it would give her access to that peaceful countryside whenever she looked at it.

And so she began to save. Meat appeared less frequently on their table. She made her dresses last longer. Occasionally she trimmed a hat for some neighbor in the apartment house, and frequently she went to look at the carnelian and dream of the sparkling Adriatic below the mountain where Hermes stood.

At the end of four months she had saved thirty dollars. Then one day Calvin asked her to go with him to Krumbeiner's. He wanted to show her a brooch. It was an elaborate Russian piece made up of enamel and paste jewels. Stella thought that it would do very well for a shield if she were an Amazon. But she was very far from being an Amazon. Tomorrow would be her birthday and, unless she did something about it quickly, Calvin would give her this monstrosity for a present. She could read his intention in his face.

"Mr. Krumbeiner," she said, "show my husband the carnelian."

Calvin looked at the stone, asked the price and grunted with surprise at the answer.

When they left the shop he turned to his wife. "Gee, kid," he said, "I wish I could get you that red stone. It don't mean much to me, but your eyes get sort of shiny when you look at it. But, golly day, with the installment on the davenport coming due next week I'll only have twenty-five bucks."

"Please, Calvin," she said, "stop in tomorrow night on your way home. Maybe Mr. Krumbeiner would let you have it for less."

"Sure, kid. Anything to please the little woman." Calvin sounded disappointed.

The next morning she stopped in at Krumbeiner's. "My husband's coming in tonight," she said. "I want you to let him have the carnelian for twenty dollars. Here's the rest of the money. And don't tell him anything about it. Let him beat you down."

GOTTLIEB KRUMBEINER nodded and winked behind the thick lenses of his spectacles.

Then Stella went home and busied herself with housework. But she couldn't keep her mind on it. She was excited. Her hands trembled, and the figure of Hermes swam before her eyes. This plan was better than anything she'd ever dreamt of. Now the thing she most wanted would come to her from Calvin. There had been a time just after she had married Calvin when he seemed to her a little like that figure of Hermes. Perhaps he would be so again.

At six-thirty Calvin hadn't returned. Stella wasn't impatient: it was fun waiting like this. Mr. Krumbeiner must be making quite a game out of the sale.

Finally she heard Calvin bounding up the stairs. A moment later the door opened and he stood before her, his face flushed with excitement. She hadn't been mistaken: he *did* look like Hermes.

Calvin took a package from behind his back and held it above her outstretched arms.

"Oh, Calvin!" she cried. And then her heart sank. The package was too big. But perhaps Mr. Krumbeiner hadn't had a small box.

"Easy, kid, easy does it. Wait till I show you what a bright guy you've got for a husband. I jewed old Krumbeiner down to twenty bucks for the red stone. And then I showed it to Eddie Finkelstein that runs the shop over on the Avenue. And Eddie says 'I don't know much about them kind of things, Cal, but I'll give you forty for it.' So I bought you the brooch. Gee, it will look swell on you, kid. Besides, it cost more money—it cost twenty-five bucks."

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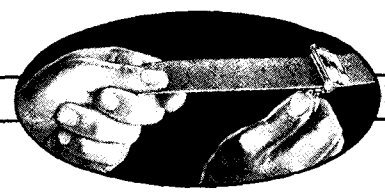
STROPPING IS ESSENTIAL TO  THE PERFECT SHAVE

a Million *barbers can't be* WRONG!

Stropping a razor blade can't be foolish— surely a *super-keen* blade must be preferable

YOU must know that after the first shave the cutting edge of the finest blade that can be made is a row of tiny jagged hooks—until it is stropped. Stropping smooths out and re-aligns these minute points. That's why barbers everywhere always strop before each shave. They've done it for 2,000 years.

And that's why shavers everywhere are eagerly adopting the famous new Valet AutoStrop Razor. Its automatic self-stropping device guarantees a perfect blade for each morning's shave. No trouble. A flip of the thumb—a few swift strokes—and the edge is as keen as can be. No need to remove blade to strop or clean it.

What's more, 21 years of research and the expenditure of a million dollars have made this famous razor the most perfect shaving device ever offered. Recently introduced, the Million Dollar Valet AutoStrop Razor is already a nation-wide sensation. Even if you thought that the original Valet AutoStrop Razor could not be improved, get one of the new Million Dollar models today. Try it with the new Valetite-processed blades. Judge its betterments for yourself.

You'll say this Million Dollar Razor is worth all it cost to make—yet it costs you so little that you can't afford to be without it.

• • •

Beautifully finished models complete with blades and an improved strop in handsome cases at $1.00 to $25.00.

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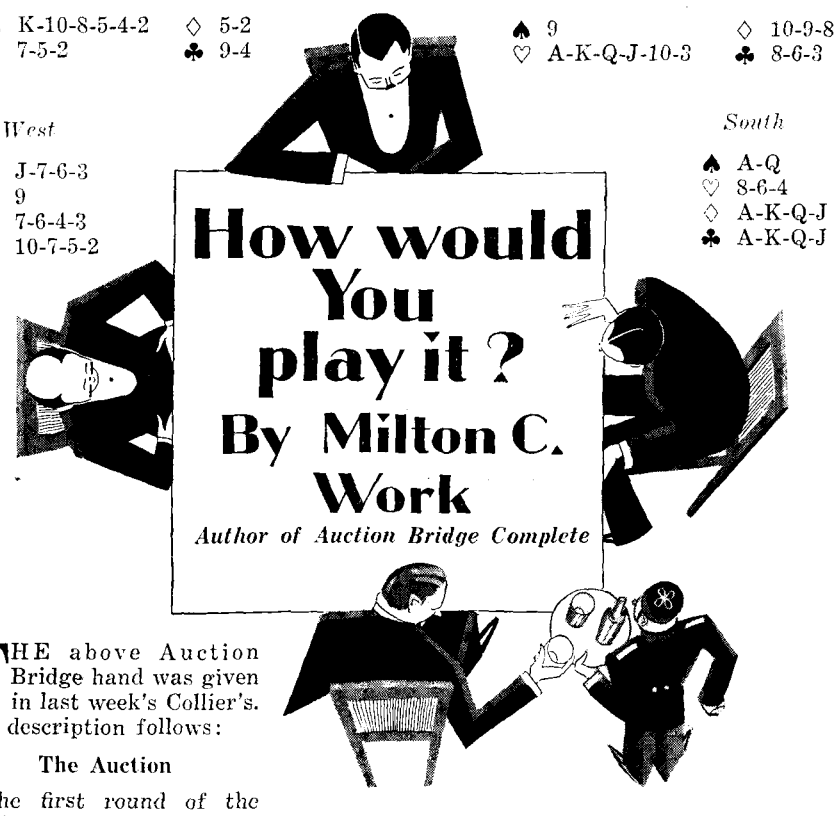

North
♠ K-10-8-5-4-2 ♢ 5-2
♡ 7-5-2 ♣ 9-4

East
♠ 9 ♢ 10-9-8
♡ A-K-Q-J-10-3 ♣ 8-6-3

West
♠ J-7-6-3
♡ 9
♢ 7-6-4-3
♣ 10-7-5-2

South
♠ A-Q
♡ 8-6-4
♢ A-K-Q-J
♣ A-K-Q-J

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's. The description follows:

The Auction

The first round of the auction furnishes little material for comment. South bid an obvious No Trump, West passed, North bid two Spades and East three Hearts. A *six*-card Major headed by King-Ten and wholly lacking in side strength, when facing a No Trump bid, presents too good a chance for game at that Major and too many No Trump risks to make a pass advisable. East, with 100 honors in Hearts, could not meekly pass.

On the second round South raised North to Three Spades. He might have hesitated about raising because he had only two Spades, but those two were the Ace and Queen. Furthermore, his Minor strength was much greater than his one No Trump had advertised, so his three Spades was not overbidding. West, of course, passed again, and North had nothing to say.

The real second-round problem was left for East. There was a grave chance that four Hearts would be set four tricks, although to bid probably would not prove that expensive as West was apt to furnish some assistance. But the 100 Heart honors would reduce the loss, whatever it might be; and saving the game was an important factor, so the bid—a clear case of justified "flag-flying"—was made.

On the third round South made a free, and apparently a most promising, double of East's four Hearts. North must have at least the King of Spades; and South, with the Ace and Queen of Spades and such enormous strength in the Minors, knew that East would have to take ten tricks in the Heart suit to fulfill his contract. South figured that East was "out on the limb" and could be dropped for a whale of a penalty.

North, however, was not in a position to permit South's business double to stand. Against a Heart contract his hand would be trickless. Consequently North bid four Spades, not knowing that West's hand was worthless at Hearts; and South's double would have produced 400 less 100 honors. But as North made his game and rubber, his bid—which was sound in view of the conditions—justified itself.

The Play

West opened by leading Hearts and, as both Closed Hand and Dummy had three, the first three tricks were won by the adversaries, which meant that the Declarer would have to take every remaining trick. Concerning his ability to do this North had little question; unless the five adverse Spades were abnormally divided, it would be a showdown after the second lead of trumps.

To trick 4, East led the Ten of Diamonds, that seeming to be best; West had shown weakness in both Minors by his discards on tricks 2 and 3, so leading from the sequence seemed sound. Dummy of course won the trick, and then led two rounds of Spades. The Declarer's shock occurred when (trick 6) East failed to follow to the second Spade, which marked West with the Jack and one small Spade. Closed Hand was left with four trumps and three small cards in the Minors; if Dummy continued to lead his winning high cards, Closed Hand (North) would have to trump trick 10 and lead trumps up to the guarded Jack of Spades in West's hand, which of course would cost game. West surely would not trump even if short of the suit led, because a ruff by him, overruffed by North, would sacrifice the all-important trump trick which he will make if he hugs his trumps and forces a trump lead from North. Nothing but a double grand coup would save Declarer's game. West had two trumps left; North had four. North's only hope of game is to reduce his trumps to the same number that West held; viz., two. Having appreciated this, Declarer's play was simple.

Tricks 7 and 8, winning Diamonds were led from South, the second trumped by Closed Hand, reducing Closed Hand's trumps to three.

Trick 9, a Club won in Dummy; trick 10, a winning Diamond from Dummy and a second ruff by Closed Hand, reducing Closed Hand's trumps to the necessary number; and then a Club from Closed Hand, won in Dummy.

Trick 12, it mattered not what Dummy led; it was through West's Jack-Seven, toward North's King-Ten.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. Q-J-3-2	S. A-6
H. Q-10-5-2	H. 9-7-6-4-3
D. 5-2	D. Q-J-6
C. A-Q-4	C. 10-5-3
West	*South*
S. 10-8-4	S. K-9-7-5
H. K	H. A-J-8
D. K-9-8-4-3	D. A-10-7
C. J-8-7-2	C. K-9-6

Two Minutes to Play

Continued from page 11

Now if we have to come out with the announcement that you're wrecked and out of the game for the year, why, we'll get walked on by all hands."

"I'll play," said Steady.

"No, you won't!" said Mac.

"All right, how's this, then? I won't play but I'll stick around. Keep out of things and tell the men I'm giving Winters experience." Winters was the promising freshman. "I'll just throw a kind of a bluff, and hang around the edge, and pretty soon they'll get used to the idea. Eh? How's that?"

"But when it comes to the important games—what?"

"Tell 'em Winters has beaten me out for the job."

"They'll know he hasn't—and couldn't. Um. . . ." The coach was seeing a way, but it was an unpleasant way. "Men'll play as hard sometimes for hate as they will for love," he said tentatively.

"Yeah?"

"Look here, boy, it's too much to ask of anybody for any purpose. That's out."

"Not if it'll work, whatever it is."

"Suppose," said Mac, "they were ashamed of you? Suppose the whole world got the idea you were yellow—see? And the team 'ud be so ashamed it 'ud want to tear everything apart. Can you imagine a team that felt it was disgraced by its captain, eh? And how they'd feel, and how savage they'd fight?"

"You mean Green and Wilmot and Carney and Jones and Big Wilmot and Boss Wheeler would think I was a quitter—and hate me?"

"Yes," said Mac.

"It's my team," said Steady, "and I got to do my best for it."

"You mean you'll stand the gaff? Remember, nobody must know, not even the home folks. Nobody."

The home folks! Ann Wharton! That was bad. If Ann thought he was yellow that would be pretty bad, because nobody as fine as Ann could bear to have a quitter in the same room with her. He considered that point silently and then heaved a sigh.

"I got to stand the gaff," he said.

"Realizing what it'll mean?"

"Better," said Steady, thinking still of Ann, "than you do, Mac."

The coach walked to the window and looked out at the dark campus; he looked a long time and when he turned around to speak his voice did not sound like Mac's voice, but sort of queer and strangled.

"Kid," he said, "I've known a lot of men, fellow, but, by gad! I'm glad I've seen the likes of you. Git out of here and go to bed."

FOR a couple of weeks the thing was not difficult; but when the opening game came along and Steady sent Winters into the line-up there was some questioning; the thing was talked over, whispered about. It was now remarked that Steady had not gotten into scrimmage practice, that he had not done this or that.

Steady was conscious of the whispering. Then, as day followed day, he became aware of something more disagreeable than whispers—of little knots which gathered and broke up at his approach, of averted looks, of a sort of withdrawal of good fellowship which grew to be a definite coldness.

Boss Wheeler brought the thing to a head one evening in their room; he hurled his book to the floor and turned to Steady.

"Listen, fellow," he said, "what's up?"

"Nothing."

"Why haven't you been in the game?"

"Winters needs seasoning."

"Oh, prunes!" said Boss. "There's talk."

"What talk?"

"Mean talk. There are a few fellows in this joint who would like to see you land on your ear. There's always that sort."

"And they're saying?"

"That you've bust. They're saying that pounding you took in the last game did your business. In short, Dear One, the story goes that you've turned saffron."

"Do you think I'm yellow, Boss?" Steady asked.

"I got brains," said Boss. "If you're yellow a silk purse is in a sow's ear. And that's that. But, for cat's sake, do something about it."

STEADY had done something about it, or had omitted to do something about it. He had omitted to reply to Ann Wharton's last letter, and intended to keep on omitting to reply. It would save her embarrassment, he thought, if he withdrew. No girl so—well, so everything as Ann—would care to have her name linked with his now. And he didn't want his name linked with hers. He wasn't that sort of bird at all. Also about this time he heard how Reck Beggs had been driving over to the home town once a week to see her. He was not altogether happy.

The evening after the second game he was standing in his window looking down at the campus when a crowd of fellows came along. He recognized Big Loomis and Wilmot and Jones and Boss Wheeler, and they stopped just before the house.

"We ought to hold a meeting," said Big Loomis.

"Why?"

"Well, something's got to be done, hasn't it? He's quit on us. Hasn't he the guts to resign? If he hasn't we ought to boot him out."

"Boot him out!" said Boss Wheeler softly. "And why? Why, Jumbo? Why?"

"Because he's yellow! Because he's lost his nerve because he got roughed around a little."

"Hippo," said Boss, still very softly, "did I understand you to say Steady was yellow?"

"You did, Shrimp."

Boss mounted two steps so that his head was almost on a level with Big Loomis'. "Step over here a sec, Mastadon," he said gently.

"Eh?"

"That's it. Right there. Now, Whale, lemme say to you that no two hundred and ten pounds of blubber animated by a mental vacuum can call Steady yellow and get away with it. You big, brainless, bloated *bum!*" Boss' voice grew a bit shrill at the end, just before he put every ounce of his hundred and sixteen pounds behind a wallop to Big Loomis' jaw.

The huge center shook his head and backed away, and then he grinned.

"Shrimp," he said, "I'm going to let you live. I—doggone if I don't kind of respect your motives. But he ain't worth sticking up for, Peewee."

In ten days Steady was accustomed to seeing himself referred to in the sporting news as the "Non-playing Captain." One writer reported baldly the story of his battering in that final game, and, more or less sympathetically, informed his readers that this, undoubtedly, had broken Steady's nerve. He

(*Continued on page 30*)

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Where working together is everything

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

It is the aim of the Bell System that anyone anywhere in the country can pick up a telephone and talk to anyone anywhere else clearly and without delay. That is the meaning of universal service. To provide it, the means of telephoning must be uniformly good. Each of the 24 operating companies of the Bell System has full access to all the improvements and methods that are continually being made.

There are 5000 workers on the staffs of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Bell Laboratories whose sole occupation is to develop constantly improving methods and equipment for the 350,000 employees of the Bell System to use in serving the public. The results of the efforts are evident, not only in the extension of telephone service across the Atlantic, but in the constantly improving local and long distance service at home.

The very nature of the telephone business necessitates a single interconnected system. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company accepts its responsibility for a nation-wide telephone service as a public trust.

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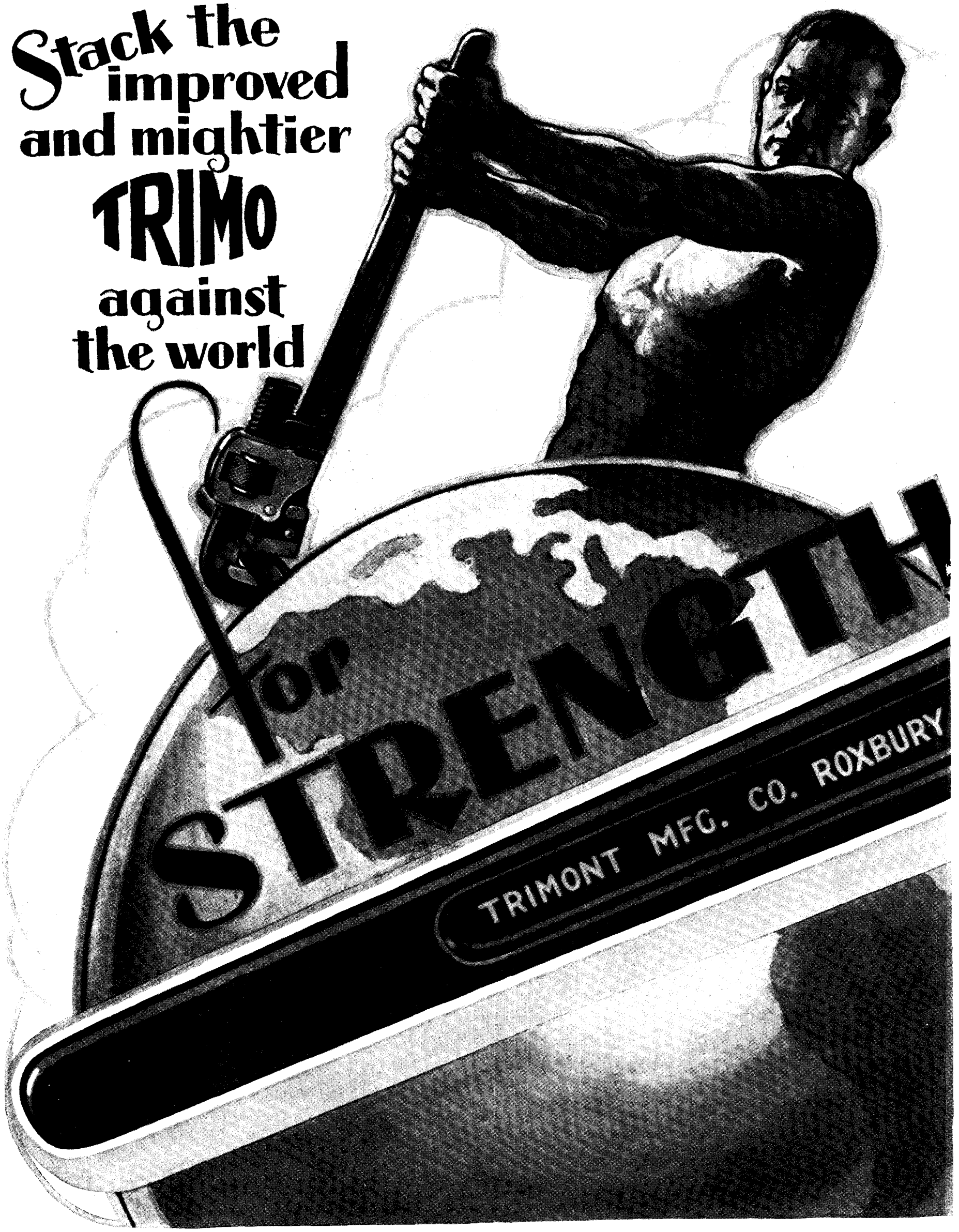
Stack the improved and mightier TRIMO against the world



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Around the house you will find TRIMO a handy tool. It makes quick work of obstinate bolts and nuts as well as pipes. When a TRIMO grips any square or round object, turning is easy.

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Now an improved and mightier TRIMO goes out into the world of work to make new records. A scientific heat treatment of the handle—a strengthened frame construction—with other important improved features make possible even mightier feats of strength.

With no change in design, the old exclusive TRIMO features known to every wrench user are still there—projecting nut-guard, all steel construction, replaceable insert jaws. Every single part of a TRIMO is replaceable including the hard biting shark-tooth jaws.

Watch the improved and mightier TRIMO go to work and watch pipe work grow easier. For forty years TRIMO has maintained a standard of quality and supported a reputation which assures strength, safety, economy and service. Here is old TRIMO quality and long wear with an added capacity for strenuous, gruelling work.

TRIMONT MFG. CO., Inc.
Roxbury (BOSTON) Mass.

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Two Minutes to Play

Continued from page 26

was very psychological about it and as kind as he could be, but the fact was there. Steady was yellow.

Those were dark days. If only he could have resigned, quit college, hidden away! But he had his job to do and Mac was depending on him. So he put on his uniform daily and went out on the field—to be a red rag before his teammates' eyes.

EVERY day he spent at the far end of the field pretending to drop-kick. Kick, kick, kick—but very gently and cautiously, with knee held rigid to prevent any wrenching or twisting. Hours of this sort of footless thing. Kicking a ball in loneliness and bitterness over the bar from the ten-yard line, or, sometimes, from the twenty-yard line.

"Look him over," he heard Wilmot say. "He don't even dare take a healthy kick at the ball!"

At any rate the thing was working. Mac gave him that consolation in one of their rare talks—for Mac had seemed to withdraw from him, too.

"They're fighting like tigers, boy," said the coach. "They're full of mad. It's working out fine."

"Seems to be," said Steady, and went on kicking futile twenty-yard drop-kicks.

He had endured it now since early October and it was now late November—the final game. The last occasion upon which he would ever wear Old Hickory's sweater in a game! And he was in there—with two minutes to play.

"Come in to earn your letter?" hissed Green.

Steady's face was grim, immobile. He had sat there hunched on the bench through three quarters of scoreless play waiting, hoping, *demanding* the coming of that break in the game which would bring victory. But the break never came.

He had been conscious, bitterly conscious, of the thousands of people in the stands. It seemed to him every one of them was looking at him, pointing to him, sneering at him. All of them! And one of the multitude was Ann Wharton.

Ann had written him once again after his long silence, a dignified little note, friendly, self-contained but solicitous, to ask if he were ill. To this he had replied briefly:

"Dear Ann: I am not ill. I have not written because you will have seen the papers and wouldn't want me to." He had signed his name in full, not just "Steady" as he would otherwise have done. And after that there was silence until a week ago when he had received a wire from her asking if he had forgotten about his invitation to the final game.

This hurt and disappointed him. It seemed impossible Ann could do such a thing—could make believe to overlook it all for a day just to get a couple of tickets to a game of football. That, he thought, was pretty small. He had sent the tickets and had delegated Boss Wheeler to meet Ann and take care of her during the day. But he had remained invisible.

Then, in that fourth quarter, Old Hickory had recovered a fumble on their enemy's twenty-yard line. It was the break—the break in the game.

Winters, playing his place at quarter, had sent a play into the line. Bad judgment. He had tried a pass. Incomplete. He had sent a play off tackle, which showed a complete upsetting of balance mentally. And the ball remained on the twenty-yard line, fourth down, ten to go, and two minutes to play. The opportunity—if there ever had been an opportunity, was lost. They hadn't a kicker. Carney, the best they had to offer, had gone out of the game in the third quarter with a wrenched shoulder.

There was the situation. And all he had endured for these months past would have gone for nothing!

It was then his bonds of repression burst. He was going in there, knee or no knee. To hell with knees.

"You're a fool," Mac had bellowed at him, and then snatched at him to hold him back. But he had struck down the coach's hand and trotted out on the field. There was one kick in that leg, anyhow. It couldn't give or break until he had kicked. And one kick was all he would ask of it—if the kick went true!

He stood now, hands at side, crouching a very little, taking his time. He motioned Green a little to the left, surveyed his line calculatingly and very coolly. He was not astonished at his coolness, for he had no time to think of it or of anything else but those goal posts and that ball.

"Steady, now," he said in that voice which had held them steady so many times before. "Keep 'em off me. Steady!"

HE RUBBED his hands together, extended his arms and signaled for the ball. It came a bit high, but his hands closed over it and it seemed to him it was hours before he had it in position to drop. Dimly he was conscious of rushing, thudding figures surging toward him, but his eyes were only on the ball, his mind on those goal posts.

He dropped the pigskin, watched it fall and fall and fall as if it were dropping miles through space, and then, with all the strength and precision and care and steadiness of his powerful young body, he kicked. He felt toe meet ball, saw a figure leap with upflung arms, and then came the pain. Ripping, grinding pain such as he had never dreamed could come to man. Then, the rush to block the kick, which could not stop itself, hurled him to the ground—and that was the end of it!

Matters became vaguely perceptible to him again when he was lying on a stretcher in the locker house and someone was annoying him most devilishly by doing things to his knee.

"Bad?" asked a voice that he indistinctly recognized as Mac's.

"It must have darn near killed him—the pain of that. We'll have to go in there and straighten things out—and then a cast for a couple of months. Maybe we can fix it so it'll flex—but maybe she'll be stiff for good."

"He knew it," said Mac. "He knew he'd kick it to glory when he went in there."

"Hello, Mac," said Steady. "How—about it? Did they block that kick?"

"Listen, boy," Mac said very gently, "does that sound like a blocked kick?"

From outside in the stadium rolled a gigantic babel of hysterically joyous voices, bellowing, of the band playing, of—he shook his head to clear it—of the sounds of victory!

"We kicked the goal?" he asked.

"You kicked the goal," said Mac.

"Then," said Steady, "everything's all right."

Steady was quite contented, though not comfortable as to his knee, and when they had him in a room at the infirmary he lay and grinned up at the ceiling and said nothing at all to anybody. Outside he could hear the continued sounds of celebration, and then, because the doctor had given him something to stop the pain, he dozed away.

He could not have slept long, for it was still going on when he awoke—the noise of joyous victory. And it sounded even louder and nearer than before.

"Hello, fellow. Awake?" asked Mac.

"Sure."

"Feel how?"

"Slick."

"Visitors?"

Steady's face sobered. "Guess not, Mac."

"Huh." Mac grunted savagely and went to the door. Big Loomis came in first, and behind him were Wilmot and Winters and Jones and Green and Carney—and all the rest of them. The huge center walked to the bed and then he sat down suddenly on the edge of it so that it creaked and threatened to give away—and tears were running down Big Loomis' face. He opened his mouth and closed it again, and then in a choking kind of way he began to mention isolated, unrelated cuss words, such as hell and damn and one thing and another. Just a list of words, and some easy ones repeated two or three times. The effect was grotesque.

"What Jumbo means," said Green, "is—blank, blankety-blank, blank, blank, blank."

Just isolated, jumbled, unrelated cuss words from the usually eloquent Green!

"I've drawn a map for them," explained Mac.

"Oh," said Steady. Somehow he never had expected that. He had sort of looked forward to wearing the stigma all his life. And then things became indescribably noisy in the room. It seemed as if a million voices were bellowing in unison: "We—want—Steady! We—want—Steady!"

"They'll tear down the place," said Mac sourly.

"Git a-hold," said Big Loomis.

WHEREUPON he and the two huge guards and the slightly less enormous tackles picked up the bed bodily and carried it to the window—and Steady looked out and down upon that sea of faces which he could not see very well, and waved his hand. So that the crash of voices was multiplied and three or four thousand young men went mad.

They put the bed back and Mac shooed them out, and Steady closed his eyes and felt as if someone had just bathed his soul in fragrant unguents—and the odor of that fragrance seemed to be on the air. It seemed so very real that he opened his eyes to see if he could see it, and he did.

"Just no imagination," said Ann.

"No?" asked Steady rather vaguely.

"Not dumb, exactly," said Ann, shaking her head, "but terribly one-track."

"Yeah?" asked Steady.

"You—" she said, pointing at him distinctly with her finger, "thought that I would think what other folks were thinking?"

"Sure," said Steady.

"I never," she said, returning to the idiom of their childhood. "I never, never, never, never!"

"Oh," said Steady. "You never!"

"Not for a second." She cocked her head with a pert and lovely burlesque of vanity. "I've imagination," she said.

Steady was rapidly assuming command of his faculties, and it must be admitted he seemed now to have gotten on a fairly firm foundation. At least his next question indicated clear thinking and sanity.

"Enough for you and me?" he asked.

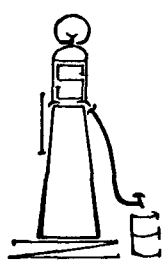
"Plenty," said Ann.

Nameographs

We pay $5 each for acceptable Nameographs. Send yours to Nameograph Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

For $1.35 you can get from your bookseller or Reilly & Lee, Chicago, a fascinating book of hitherto unpublished Nameographs and suggestions for Nameograph parties.

"Chaplin," by Ken Ezuka, Oike Sakai-Machi, Kyoto, Japan



"Gasoline," by Aden Petty, Clarksville, Tex.

"Dutch Girl," by Marian Mahnken, 744 2d, E., Twin Falls, Ida.

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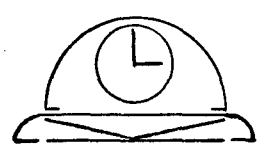
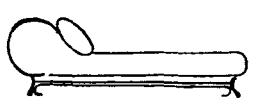
"Eagle," by E. C. Massenburg, Navasota, Tex.



"Clock," by Louis T. Kestner, 862 N. 12th St., Reading, Pa.



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Living Gifts
that go on living

Once in a blue moon of Christmases a gift of gifts is placed under the big tree in your home.

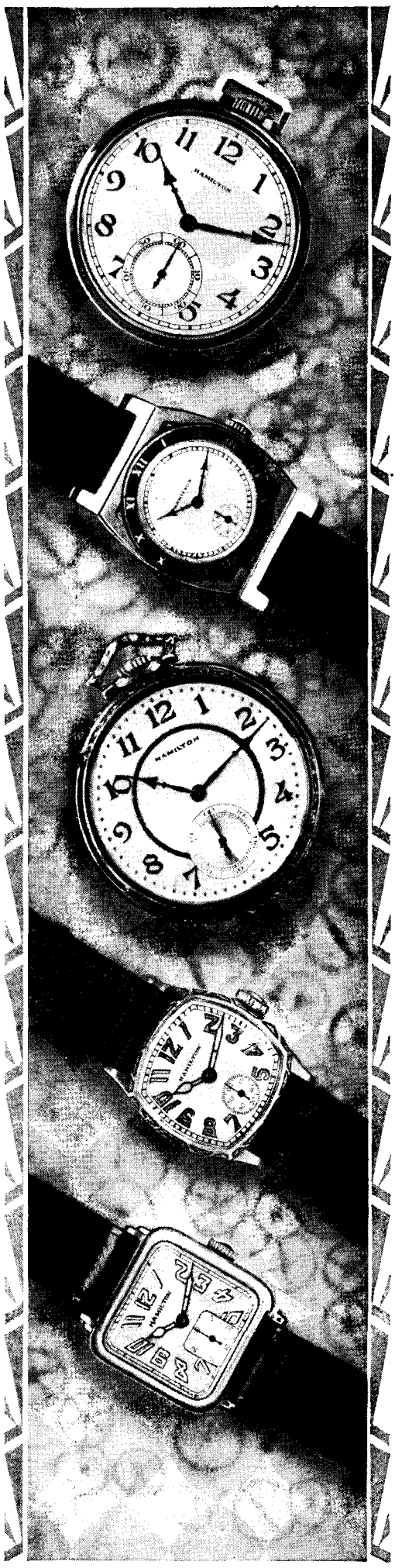
That Christmas forever after is remembered as the Christmas when Father or Brother or Bob or Jim got his Hamilton.

For a fine watch like the Hamilton is really a living gift that goes on living. Year after year it ticks confidently away, marking the passage of time with almost uncanny accuracy.

The longer you carry a Hamilton, the more you regard it as something greater than a mere miracle of workmanship. A human meaning—an affection—attaches itself to this gift.

Here is a companion to consult many times every day of your life, a companion ready to serve you with such tireless constancy that you may accept its word as you do an old friend's.

Your Hamilton, in fine, *is* a friend. A living, beautiful friend that will go *on* living just as long as you gently impart strength to its tiny ticking heart.



Top . . . "The Ramsay"—With Romanesque numerals and octagonal bow combines a dash of modernity with exquisite simplicity. In 14k yellow or white gold, $100, $140, and $160, depending upon movement.

Upper Center . . . The "Piping Rock"—An ultra-modern strap watch. The numerals of gold, set in enamel, are a part of the case—not the dial. Available only in 14k yellow or white gold, with 19-jewel Hamilton movement, $125.

Center . . . The "Brunswick"—Designed with an eye to tomorrow—but not at all ornate. In 14k green or white gold engraved, with dial shown, $117 to $172.

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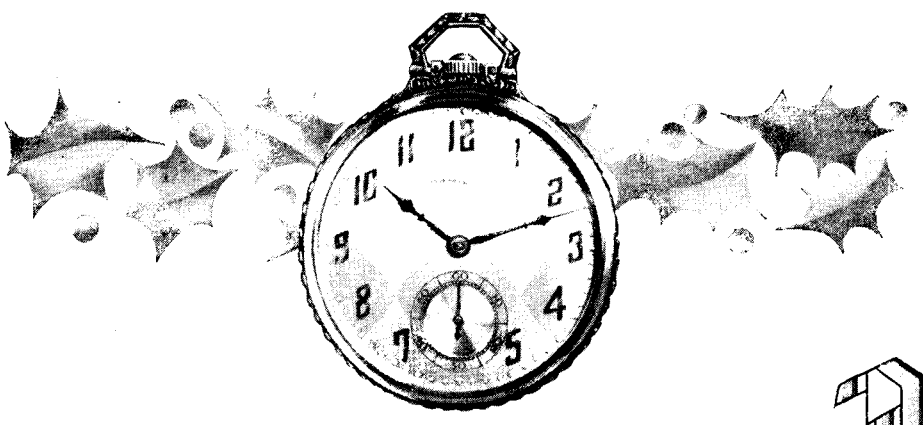

Simple, dignified, rich in appearance—this most beautiful Hamilton is the "Masterpiece," in platinum, $685

Hamilton

THE WATCH of Railroad Accuracy

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Continuous Performance

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

CHAIRMAN JOHN J. RASKOB, it is said, means to devote himself during the next four years to organizing the Democratic party in a big way. That is a worthy ambition for a man with means, time, energy and interest in politics. And it is not one impossible of accomplishment. The time is ripe for doing it, and if Mr. Raskob has the will to do it, there is not a doubt in the world that he can!

There are no organized parties to amount to anything in this country because, first, the Democratic party has not offered effective enough opposition to the Republican party to force the latter to keep itself in fighting trim all the time, and, second, the Democratic party has never recovered sufficiently from the blight of the Civil War and later from the blight of Bryanism to be worth anyone's while to make it into a militant organization.

One could easily mention several states which the Democrats might have carried this year in addition to those they did carry if there had been any Democratic organization in them. As a matter of fact, the Democratic party has virtually no organization west of the Mississippi River, practically none in the rural parts of the Middle West, and not much in the East outside of some of the big cities. And in the South the Democrats have generally had so little opposition from the Republican party as to have no need to organize. There are personal organizations in the South, but hardly party organizations.

The Republicans, so far as organization is concerned, are not much better off. In most parts of the country there haven't been enough Democrats to force the Republicans to organize. And in the South there aren't enough Republicans to organize anyway.

The Potentialities of Radio

Take one thing alone that will make the organization of parties more possible in the future than it has been in the past, the radio. This campaign that has just ended has demonstrated that there is an enormous appetite for political speeches if they are good, and a considerable appetite for political speeches even if they are bad. A thousand times, perhaps ten thousand times, more people were talked to in this campaign than were ever talked to in any campaign in the history of the country. And they liked it. People said to each other: "Did you hear Smith over the radio last night?" "Did you hear Borah over the radio last night?" just as they would say, "Did you see the new show at the Lyceum?"

The radio, with the nation-wide hook-up, converted these 48 states extending from ocean to ocean into one big village. You can organize a village. You can organize a city; in fact democracies had their origin in cities. The drama of this campaign went on right before your eyes. You touched elbows with the man in Denver who shouted "Give it to 'em, Al." You laughed with the crowd at the speaker's sallies. The contagion of the crowd was upon you sitting in your own living-room. And a lively interest in politics depends upon the contagion of the crowd.

A Great New Opportunity

Why should the nation-wide hook-up of the radio—of political talking—end with election day? If Mr. Raskob is going to build a real Democratic party he should include nation-wide political campaigning at reasonable intervals all the year round in his program; not too frequent speeches, but enough of them to make partisanship dramatic. There aren't enough good speakers. The demand for them will create them. The opportunity offered will find men to rise to it. People listening in will feel that they are participating in the game. Out of the listeners will be developed persons who will participate in the business of organization.

Mr. Raskob has a ready-made interest in politics. No other national chairman has had such an opportunity as he has had. The closing of this campaign leaves a gap in the emotional life of the country. The curtain is rung down on a drama which has held the attention of the nation over many weeks. Mr. Raskob should not let it be rung down.

The essential thing to revitalize parties is an interest in politics. We are a great nation of joiners and only the politicians are stupid enough not to know how to make us join. People will organize to get liquor, or to keep their brothers from getting liquor. They will organize to assert their rights to high office which other people would deny them. They will organize if they are touching elbows with all the others who participate in the drama of politics, if it is kept a drama, and not left to become an occasional duty, like going to church on Sunday. Money will be required? Money is the easiest thing in the world to get when a real need for it exists, as Mr. Raskob well knows.

Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 22

us away from the door. We started down the corridor, Isaacs and I side by side, I carrying the coffer, the Chinaman, who had been custodian of the door, in front, the Englishman behind. So we reached the first bend. Five seconds later I was engaged upon one of the shortest but one of the fiercest struggles of my life.

They must have been crouching against the wall, for they came at us as we turned the corner—three of them only, but vicious-looking fellows, and—what I hated more than anything else in fighting—they carried knives. We were walking stealthily but they still had the advantage of the surprise, and there was no time to draw a gun. Isaacs—as was natural enough, for he was an old man and a man of peace—turned and fled with great lumbering strides, making for the room from which we had come, and both the Chinaman and I were successful in evading the first rush. Our English guide, however, was not so lucky.

I FOUND afterwards that he had been supplied through some agency, and though he probably would have been ready enough to fight in an ordinary way, his attitude toward the statuette and our precautions was that it was all bunk. He was, in fact, actually looking behind him when we turned the corner. He paid for his temerity with many months in a hospital, for the first man to spring out left his knife quivering in his shoulder, and the Chinaman and I were faced with the three of them.

I narrowly escaped putting my assailant out of action with my first blow. He half ducked, however, and my fist, which should have got him on the jaw, slithered along the side of his face. He went reeling back, but I had no time to follow up my advantage, for I had to drop the coffer to defend myself against the second man, whose left arm I was just in time to grip. The Chinaman had leaped out of the way for a moment, only to spring forward with a knife of his own, which he had drawn from some hidden place in his cumbrous attire, and he was such a ferocious-looking fellow as he hurled himself upon his assailant that the latter lost his nerve and gave way.

For a second, then, I thought that it was all over, for the third man had not yet succeeded in wresting his knife back from the Englishman's quivering body, and my own immediate opponent was still dazed by the blow I had got in. I tugged at my automatic, and to my joy got it free. I could have ended the whole thing then and there by shooting my man—a thing I should have been perfectly justified in doing, as he had attacked me with his knife, but I shouted instead to give him a chance. His hands went hesitatingly over his head.

"Throw down your knife," I ordered.

He obeyed. The Chinaman had come to close grips with his assailant, and they went over and over and down the short flight of stairs leading to the floor below, the Chinaman on top. At that moment it was practically over. I took a step forward to possess myself of the knife, which lay on the carpet between me and my special opponent, and then, with a thrill of horror, I remembered the third man, who had disappeared.

Almost as I swung around to look for him, I felt arms encircling my neck, a blow upon my wrist which sent my revolver clattering to the ground, and the fingers of a long, cruel hand searching for my windpipe. I struggled like a madman, but in the midst of my agonized efforts I saw the man who had been at my mercy run forward with a yell of triumph, pick up his knife and move toward me.

I was holding my own against the fierce grip of that unfortunately forgotten third man, but I could do no more than that for the moment. I was helpless against the uplifted knife of the man hovering over me. That single second's forgetfulness seemed to have brought me death. My last effort, made with all the strength I possessed, practically freed me from the strangling grip of the man behind, but left me powerless against that knife glittering within a few feet of my chest.

Death seemed very close indeed at that moment, and death it must have been save for what certainly was a most amazing happening. I felt a scorching on the cheek, a flick of the air, the warm blood rolling down my neck, but a miracle had occurred. The man in front, in the act of striking, his knife poised, the lust of murder in his eyes, went backward like a log, and where he fell he lay, with a small hole in his forehead, until they carried him to the mortuary.

I staggered around. Mr. Tul-kak was standing behind me, one barrel of his ponderous old-fashioned revolver smoking. He was calmly pointing it at the man who had been holding me from behind, as though uncertain whether or not to deal with him in the same manner. But I stayed his arm, with the help of which brief respite the man took a flying leap down the stairs and disappeared.

"You saved my life, sir," I told Tul-kak. "You don't want to shoot that man like a rabbit. He'll be hanged some day—a much better end for him. There'll be trouble enough as it is."

"I am happy to have been of service," Tul-kak said politely. "A bullet would have been well placed in the body of that ruffian, but I obey your wishes. Take my advice now. Isaacs the dealer waits for you impatiently by the elevator. He has gone the other way round. Place the coffer in the safe of the hotel. Your august friend has paid me for my Buddha the price of a prince in the manner of a prince, and I desire him to have it."

I FOUND Mr. Isaacs upon the seat of the elevator, muttering excitedly to himself, and the pale-faced attendant peering through the grille and listening to the sounds below.

"You have held the treasure, young man?" Mr. Isaacs gasped.

I patted the coffer.

"I have held it all right. Why the devil don't we start?"

"There has been bloodshed!" Isaacs groaned.

"Lots of it," I answered, "and there will be more if we don't get away from here. What the mischief's wrong down below?" I asked the attendant.

"I don't know, sir," he admitted, his teeth chattering with fear. "There's some sort of a riot, but what it's all about I don't know."

"We've got to go down, anyway," I insisted. "Come on! Start her off!"

"You stop up here, sir," he begged. "What's the good of running into bloodshed?"

"There's been a trifle up on this floor, if you want to see any," I told him grimly. "Start the elevator and take me down at once."

(*Continued on page 34*)

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LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

"Bust in the Door, boys!

Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers by George Brehm

. . . I'm not bluffed by Constitutional Rights!"

JUSTICES of the peace from remote counties of a western state were raiding city homes. They issued search warrants signed in blank. Their men hammered and crashed their way into private houses on anonymous information.

Citizens were denied jury trials. They paid heavy fines, which the justices pocketed. Wets and Drys alike protested.

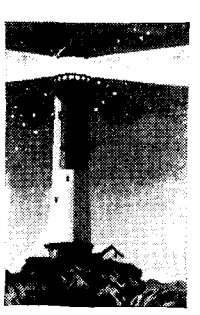
The local SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper fought the raiders from the start. Other Scripps-Howard papers in the state chimed in. More than 100 men were sent to jail. And the State Legislature combined with the Supreme Court to curb the roving justices forever.

Residents of this state will never forget the part played by the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers in plugging this legal loophole. From beginning to end they followed every angle of this case, collected and produced evidence, and led a state-wide fight for civil liberty.

To gather and print the news . . . all the news . . . is the primary job of a newspaper. How completely and brilliantly this is done may be seen in today's issue of any SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper.

But the Scripps-Howard pattern is not stamped on the surface of the news. It is woven into the fabric of our courts and churches, of our homes, our businesses, our pleasures. And the advertisements, like the editorials, do not skim. They penetrate.

NEW YORK . . *Telegram* SAN FRANCISCO . *News* DENVER *Rocky Mt. News*
CLEVELAND . . . *Press* WASHINGTON . . *News* DENVER . . *Evening News*
BALTIMORE . . . *Post* CINCINNATI . . . *Post* TOLEDO . . . *News-Bee*
PITTSBURGH . . . *Press* INDIANAPOLIS . . *Times* COLUMBUS . . . *Citizen*
COVINGTON . . *Kentucky Post—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post*



AKRON . . . *Times-Press* YOUNGSTOWN . *Telegram* KNOXVILLE *News-Sentinel*
BIRMINGHAM . . . *Post* FORT WORTH . . *Press* EL PASO . . . . . *Post*
MEMPHIS . *Press-Scimitar* OKLAHOMA CITY . *News* SAN DIEGO . . . . *Sun*
HOUSTON . . . . *Press* EVANSVILLE . . . *Press* TERRE HAUTE . . *Post*
ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS
MEMBERS OF THE AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEMBERS OF THE UNITED PRESS

NATIONAL ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, *William S. Cady*, DIRECTOR, 250 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK
CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO · DETROIT · LOS ANGELES · ATLANTA · PHILADELPHIA

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Don't think you have to make love to a college girl by degrees.

✦

Advertising pays in the long run. Look how grapefruit juice has got into the public eye.

✦

If you want to be a successful poker player, cultivate a winning personality.

✦

The man submitted gracefully, with a light laugh, to being stripped, bound and gagged by a band of hold-up men. He was an American citizen who had just returned from Europe and gone through the custom house.

✦

Outline of modern literature: He, she, and "it."

✦

Things move fast. A good egg can get hard-boiled in ten minutes.

✦

Latest reports from the astronomical circles is that the earth is shrinking—but not from modesty.

✦

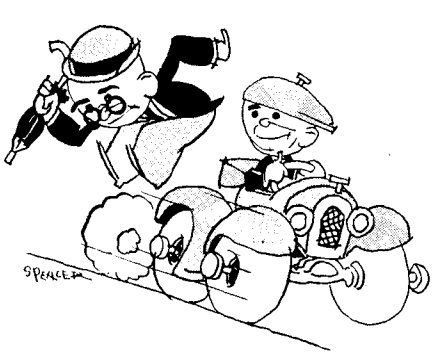
There is still plenty of parking space on Easy Street.

✦

America leads the world in speed. Look at the laws we pass.

✦

What we need are more men of vision—who can jump out of the way quick enough.



Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 32

He obeyed reluctantly, and at the second floor I stopped him. There was a tremendous clamor of voices in the courtyard below, and, although I had not the faintest idea of what was happening, I realized that to attempt to pass through the grillroom, or to cross the paved entrance into the hotel carrying the coffer, would be at best a risky proceeding.

"Wait here until I've finished," I ordered the attendant, who was almost in a state of collapse. "I'll tell you when to start again."

I OPENED the coffer and took out the casket. This also, with some difficulty, I unlocked, and the Buddha almost slipped into my hands. I thrust him into my trousers pocket and buttoned my dinner jacket. Then I relocked the coffer and hid the keys under the seat.

"You get as far as you can up toward the Strand with the box," I directed Isaacs. "If there's anyone watching, he will be put off the scent, anyway. It will take them some time to get it open, and by then the Buddha will be in safety. If no one stops you, just get into a taxi and go home."

"They will kill me if they see me with the coffer," he groaned.

"Not they," I assured him. "You need not put up any sort of a fight. Let them have it right away. You will have gone before they have time to open it."

He consented to bear his part in the scheme with resignation but without enthusiasm. The attendant started the elevator again, and we glided down almost to the ground floor. He looked out carefully through the bars, descended another few inches, and opened the doors.

"Hurry up, sir," he begged.

We stepped out, and the elevator shot up again, probably to the attic! In the little hall there were scant traces of the struggle which had taken place, except for Peters lying upon his back, very white and still, an overturned chair, and the telephone receivers from the two boxes wrenched from their places and thrown upon the ground.

Outside, however, pandemonium reigned. Police whistles and motor horns were all going at the same time. There was still a stream of taxicabs driving as near as they could to the restaurant and disgorging little parties of six men from each vehicle, who, notwithstanding their dinner jackets, were certainly not ordinary visitors. I looked around in amazement. The top of the glass door leading to the hairdresser's shop was smashed, and although the small lounge outside seemed to be quiet there was a commotion of some sort in the grillroom, to judge by the raised voices and the crashing of crockery.

I pushed Isaacs out on to the pavement, and found one of the porters, half scared to death and cowering against the wall. The commissionaire, a fine-looking fellow, who had attempted to deal with the first cabful of raiders, was lying upon the pavement, stone dead.

"Don't go down toward the restaurant, sir," the porter begged me. "They're driving the people in there like sheep. There's murder going on. Look at poor Charles! It's these bloody Communists. Get up on the top floor somewhere, sir, and out on the roof if you can. I'll show you the way if only Jim will bring the elevator down."

"Are there no police here?" I asked.

"I've seen barely half a dozen, sir, and there ain't one of them alive, I should think. They seem all off the streets. A gentleman who just came in said he hadn't set eyes on a single one all the way from Charing Cross. Besides, what's the good of them in twos and threes? There's hundreds of these fellows here, and they've all got guns."

"Can't we find a telephone anywhere in the place?" I suggested.

"They went for them directly they came, sir," the man replied, "and smashed the lot. That's where Peters got his."

"Why don't you try to get a taxicab to Scotland Yard?"

"They wouldn't let me pass the corner of the street, sir," he declared. "There's a dozen of them watching everyone who comes out. There's Jim coming down with the elevator. Hi, you! Stop it! Stop there!"

He bolted inside. I took Isaacs by the arm and turned him toward the Strand.

"They won't hurt you," I said reassuringly. "It's only the people coming into the restaurant they're after. Good-by and good luck to you!"

He started off with more courage than I had expected. I turned round and stepped into the vortex.

The utter confusion of the scene was beyond description. The courtyard was completely blocked with taxicabs and cars filled with men and women in evening dress who had dined, or were meaning to sup, shrieking to the drivers of their vehicles to back out, to get away at any cost. Along the pavements the raiders were still streaming, some of them making direct for the hotel, others flinging open the doors of cars and taxicabs indiscriminately, dragging out the occupants, and forcing them to enter or reënter the restaurant. There was a great deal of shouting, and half a dozen small fights going on, but in a general way it was recognized that resistance was useless, and men and women together were being herded into the entrance hall like sheep.

I JOINED one of the parties who had decided that discretion was the better part of valor, but directly I had passed through the swing doors I realized how difficult my task was to be. The system of the raid was clear. The guests as they arrived, and those who had already arrived, were being bullied and driven down into the main restaurant, where, so far as I could tell, there seemed to be at least a hundred and fifty raiders. Along the dancing floor were rows of brown leather bags, and into these fell a constant stream of glittering gems, torn from the wrists and necks of shrieking women, and an occasional morocco pocketbook. As soon as one bag was full it was picked up and carried off to the Embankment entrance and an empty one brought in its stead. I permitted myself only a few seconds in which to watch this amazing spectacle—then I turned my attention to my own difficulties. I had to reach the private offices, but between me and them were the open reception desks, where there were evidences of a very fierce fight.

Upon the floor space all around were at least a score of prostrate bodies—one of them of a clerk whom I had known, but mostly, apparently, of marauders. Here, as it seemed to me then, and as I afterward found to be a fact, the most gallant and unexpected resistance had been encountered from the small company of suave-looking, well-dressed young men, mostly foreigners, who were responsible for the coming and going of the visitors. Behind the solid mahogany desks, seven or eight of them, including the bookstall man and the theater agent, were crouching, the tops of their heads and the gleam of their guns, or whatever weapon they had been able to get hold of, all that was visible.

Even as I stood there, wondering how to join them, a score of newly arrived marauders came dashing through the smashed windows by the side of the swing doors and, apparently by arrangement, flung themselves into the fray. Their leader stopped abruptly, seemed almost to lean upon the little stab of red flame, and spun round, shot dead from the cashier's desk.

The second man followed him, but the third and fourth, advancing from my end, almost reached their destination. I managed to dispose of both of them, however, chiefly owing to the unexpectedness of my attack, and, taking my chance from the defenders, vaulted the desk which had been in danger and came down amongst them.

"IT'S all right," I called out. "I'm Owston. Message for Mr. Bretzgel."

A bullet flicked my already wounded ear, and I dropped on to my knees just in time to escape another. For a moment I hesitated. I was aching to make my rush for the office, through the glass doors of which I could see Bretzgel, the manager, standing with an automatic in his hand, but it seemed to me that the situation here was too dangerous to leave.

One of the clerks who had risen indiscreetly had just been shot through the shoulder, and three or four of the marauders were perilously near. I took the place of the wounded man, but action of any sort was difficult, as only a few yards behind the raiders was a screaming phalanx of guests struggling to escape. All the time the marauders were creeping closer, and one of them, half feinting at the next desk, made a sudden leap forward at mine.

I hesitated to shoot at such close quarters, and in that second of indecision he struck the gun from my hand with his blackjack, and had his knee upon the counter. He slipped a little, however, upon the smooth surface, and I sent him smashing to the floor.

The man who had been preparing to take his place apparently thought better of it and took shelter behind a pillar, from which he fired a wicked but ineffective shot at me. Afterward there was a moment's lull.

I crept nearer the office, and found myself next to a young man whom I remembered as one of the suavest and most polite of the young reception clerks in the daily execution of his duties—his face blood-stained, his eyes on fire, his gun, which he held like one utterly unused to firearms, clenched in his hand.

"Where do they come from?" he asked me breathlessly. "Is it a revolution?"

"A gang from the East End," I told him. "There's a very strong force of police out, looking for them. They can't be long. Listen—it's quiet here now—you can do without me for a time. I must get to the safe."

I crept on my hands and knees along those last few yards to the office door. Mr. Bretzgel, who was there on guard, with half a dozen of the staff around him, drew the bolts and let me in. I stood up and drew a little breath of relief. Half of my task was now accomplished. In a general way, this

(*Continued on page 36*)

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"Reach for a Lucky when you crave something sweet

That's the easiest way I know to keep from getting fat"

Florenz Ziegfeld

Florenz Ziegfeld,
Famous Producer
of
Musical Comedy

LIGHT a Lucky Strike when you are tempted to eat between meals—they satisfy the craving for sweets and rich pastries. That's why thousands now reducing smoke them constantly.

A year ago 20,679 physicians put themselves on record in confirmation of the fact that Toasting makes Lucky Strike less irritating to the throat than other cigarettes. That's because Toasting removes impurities. Toasting also improves the flavor of the finest tobaccos. That's why the delicious toasted flavor of Luckies makes them a delightful alternative for things that make you fat. Avoid harmful methods to reduce. This way is merely common sense.

Men who keep fit have long employed it. They don't believe in tiresome, expensive ways. They do believe that Luckies do not hurt the wind or impair the physical condition—facts upheld by prominent athletes, who are in a position to know the truth.

When you are offered a sweet . . . when it comes time for pies and pastries . . . pass them by and take a Lucky. Then you'll never miss sweets.

Florenz Ziegfeld,
"Glorifier of the American Girl," and Jean Ackerman and Gladys Glad of Mr. Ziegfeld's new success, "Whoopee."

Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet.

"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation
No Cough.

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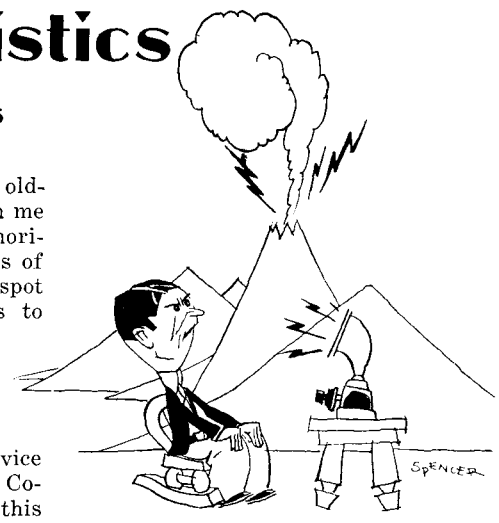
Static Statistics

By Jack Binns



JAMES L. BARTTRO, one of the old-timers in radio, takes issue with me on the item I wrote citing authorities to the effect that the mountains of Central America were the breeding spot of most of the static that comes to plague us in the good old summer time. The venerable James writes me thus:

"An experience of over one hundred thousand miles of travel, exclusively spent in the coastal service from Halifax to Para, and British Columbia to Panama, does not bear this out in any considerable degree. Mountains, as such, can scarcely be said to cause thunderstorms, although they may be the major cause of rainfall. Else, why no thunderstorms, to speak of, in rainy San Francisco, sunny Los Angeles, or that mist-laiden, mountain-ringed Puget Sound?

"Mountains, as static originators, fall down in this same section of the country, which I believe is more than a coincidence for this reason: I spent eleven months as a radio operator in the Amazon Valley for the Brazilian Government. During this time I had to cope with static beyond the dreams of a local listener. I was located at Porto Velho, Amazonas, about seven hundred miles south on the Rio Madeira. Low jungle country but only three or four hundred kilometers from the Andes, south or west. We carried on a good deal of experimental work there, although that is not the point I am going to make. During the dry season static was practically nil during most of the daytime, making, however, a moderate peak in the late afternoon, and often followed by moderately clear evenings. The wet season followed a similar curve, excepting that the intensity went up. That is, the major portion of the year had clear mornings.

"But—when thunderstorms came up it was a different matter. The static took on a minor roar twelve to twenty-four hours before the storm reached us. But here is the point: The storms came from the ocean side over a thousand miles of absolutely flat jungle. It was the conclusion of all concerned there that the roaring static was always associated with electrical storms. With South America, situated as it is, considerably to the eastward of North America, and directly south of the Caribbean, what is more logical than to trace Central American static to the home of the thunderstorms—the Amazon Valley? In an airline it is not very far from the northern reaches of the Amazon to the Caribbean.

"Furthermore, from observations of the amazing transmission records made daily by stations located in the heart of the Andes, Lima and Quito I believe that mountain atmospheric conditions were superior."

Well, Jimmy! There is nothing I can say in answer to that because my tropical experience was very spasmodic. As far as my recollection goes, however, I must have been down there every time one of those thunderstorms was raging.

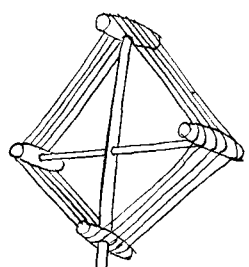
Let's Try It Here

The city fathers of Bordeaux, France, are not so dumb. When the peace of their beloved town was threatened by the continuous wrangling of boastful citizens over the distance-getting ability of their respective radios, the Solomon-like aldermen threw open the city park and erected a community antenna. Each citizen afflicted with a superiority complex was then invited to bring his pet perplexodyne, hitch it up to the city antenna and then show the other citizens what it would do inside the two minutes allowed each contestant.

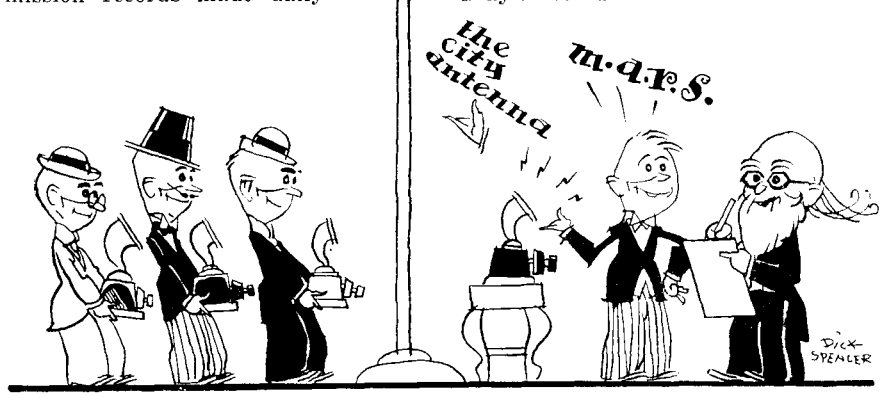
All one hears now in Bordeaux is an occasional alibi, and since explanation does not generally lead to altercation, an air of normalcy is returning to the vine-scented atmosphere of Mèdoc.

Marathon Shimmying

Every broadcast station has a volume indicator. This is an electric meter with a needle that shimmies back and forth during the transmission of a program. The control operator's job is to watch this needle and cut down the volume whenever a singer is carried too far crescendo by overenthusiastic devotion to art. Otherwise costly vacuum tubes might pass out under the strain.



Now Lyman Packard is one of those gents whose interest in life turns mainly to figures—that is, of the Arabic type. After much thought and plenty of observation he states that the needle at his own station travels approximately 2,419 miles a year as a result of its wiggles back and forth. If they increase the hours of operation at KFI that needle may have a chance to catch up to Gilda Gray's record.



Master of Sinister House

Continued from page 34

office was one of the most orderly I have ever entered, but at this moment it presented an amazing spectacle. The manager, with his two deputies, was entrenched behind an overturned rosewood desk. Three firemen were there with a hose in their hands and the light of battle in their eyes. There were also a moderate company of valets, porters, commissionaires and maîtres d'hôtel, each with some sort of weapon, prepared to defend the safes.

"You had word from Mr. Hews that I was coming," I said to Bretzgel. "I've just got through from the court. You know what I want."

Bretzgel nodded, and turned to one of his assistants, who rose slowly from his knees.

"Where did all this riffraff come from?" Mr. Bretzgel gasped. "And where the devil are the police? We've sent messages in every direction."

"Joseph's gang from the East End," I told him briefly. "Most dangerous lot of criminals London has ever harbored. The police are out after them, three hundred strong. They'll be here any minute now. What about the safe?"

I WAS let into the secrets of the room. The ordinary safe stood there, to all appearances unassailable. The assistant manager, however, had lifted a magnificent rug behind where he had been kneeling, pressed a button which released a slat of wood, turned a key, and pulled back what I saw now was a long strip of revolving metal, which opened and disclosed a small vault.

"No time for receipts," he said. "Drop your treasure in. We know all about it."

I leaned down, and I laid the Buddha upon his back amongst great rolls of notes and cases of jewelry. Once again I could have sworn that that single wide-open eye flickered, that there was something like a malicious grin upon the steadfast lips. Then the roll of flexible metal went back into place, the slat of wood covered it, the key was turned. The Buddha was safe!

I stood up, and suddenly I felt the great urge of battle upon me. I was freed of my responsibility, and even from the comparative seclusion of the office I could hear the calling of women.

"Got any cartridges, sir, for a No. 4 automatic?" I asked.

"Better stay here," Bretzgel advised as he gave me some clips. "We shall probably need you badly enough."

"You won't," I assured him. "I know something about this gang. They're planning to make off by the Embankment, and it's my belief that they're edging that way already. Your fellows at the desks are holding their own, and you'll have the place full of police soon. I'm for the restaurant."

They let me stealthily out of the office, and after lurking for a few moments behind the end counter, I crept into the hall and made a run for the front stairs. Nobody took any notice of me, and I descended. I went down the first flight without meeting a single raider. In the little space outside the cloakrooms, where one drinks cocktails before descending to take one's table, it was obvious that there had been a desperate struggle. A dozen wounded men were lying about—one an old brother officer of mine, with a bullet in his leg.

"Anything I can do for you, Hargrave?" I asked. "Are you badly hurt?"

"Not I," was the reply, "but they've got me on my sound leg, the devils."

I passed on, and looked down for a second or two upon the most astonishing spectacle I had ever witnessed. For some reason or other the struggle here seemed to have taken place in the shape of a hundred small fights around the different tables, some of which were still in progress. In the far distance the raiders were passing the brown bags from one to another, and the end man was disappearing toward the Embankment entrance.

Here and there at the tables were fainting women; here and there a wounded man. There was an occasional shot, but a good deal more hand-to-hand fighting of a one-sided character, for even the raiders, who made no use of their revolvers, carried blackjacks. At one of the tables near the entrance a girl was screaming in the clutch of a man who was stripping her fingers. Her escort was already prostrate upon the ground.

I made a start there, took the marauder unawares, as I frankly admit, and sent him crashing among the broken furniture at the next table. His companion, who had been receiving the spoils and throwing them into the bag, came for me like a wildcat, and for a minute or two we fought, while he struggled all the time to reach his hip pocket. I made no effort to use my own gun, for he was only a weakly gutter-snipe, and in a very few seconds he was lying across his fellow. The girl by this time was in absolute hysterics. I had never seen her before, but she threw her arms around my neck, sobbing, praying to me to take her out.

A strange wave of brutality seemed to have dried up all my ordinary instincts. I scarcely answered her, and pushed her to one side when she caught at my arm. I stood there, hesitating for a moment, at the top of the room, wondering in which direction my help was most needed, and it was in those few seconds that I received the greatest shock of my life.

For some reason or other a large company of guests were being driven from the Embankment entrance and new extension to the dancing floor, and a certain section of them were making some show of resistance.

One man in particular I saw fighting furiously to cover the retreat of a small group of women. Two of the raiders, who had snatched at a necklace hanging from the neck of one of them, he shot deliberately. A third sprang forward only to receive apparently a bullet in his heart, for he spun round and fell, a crumpled-up heap upon the edge of the floor.

I TOOK a quick step forward, meaning to go to his assistance. One of the raiders had closed in upon him. There was a brief struggle, and this man too joined the others upon the floor. I shouted encouragement, and started across the room.

The man who had been fighting so gallantly swung round toward me. His face and shirt front were blood-stained, his collar and tie were hanging loose. The automatic in his hand was smoking. He was standing a little free from the others, pausing apparently for breath—the protecting genius of a little line of hysterical women.

For the hero of a drawing-room battle he was a wild enough looking object, yet for all that I recognized him—recognized him with the greatest thrill of surprise I had ever felt. The man who was fighting the raiders so gallantly was Mr. X!

(*To be continued next week*)

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200,000,000 germs die in 15 seconds

that's why

LISTERINE

full strength is effective against

SORE THROAT

Have you tried the new LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM?

Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterwards. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

Prevent a cold this way? Certainly!

Millions of ordinary colds start when germs carried by the hands to the mouth on food attack the mucous membrane. Being very delicate it allows germs foothold where they develop quickly unless steps are taken to render them harmless.

You can accomplish this by rinsing your hands with Listerine, as many physicians do, before each meal. Listerine, as shown above, is powerful against germs.

Use only a little Listerine for this purpose—and let it dry on the hands.

This simple act may spare you a nasty siege with a mean cold.

It is particularly important that mothers preparing food for children remember this precaution.

LISTERINE'S success against ordinary sore throat and colds is based entirely on the germicidal action of a formula unchanged in 47 years.

You may find it hard to believe that Listerine with its pleasant flavor, its gentle action, its healing effect used full strength is so amazingly powerful against germs. Nevertheless, it is true. Countless tests prove it.

Witness its destruction of germs used by the United States Government to test antiseptics.

The stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) germ, for example. Listerine, full strength, destroys 200,000,000 of them in 15 seconds. Think of it. And the obnoxious M. Aureus (pus) germ is rendered harmless in the same time.

Recognizing Listerine's power against germs, you can readily understand why it checks colds and sore throat which are caused by germs.

At the first sign of either, gargle with Listerine full strength. Keep this treatment up. Remember it is safe to use this way in any body cavity. You will be delighted to find how quickly you get relief. In case you do not, consult your physician, as your trouble may be a symptom of a more deep-seated disease requiring expert attention. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

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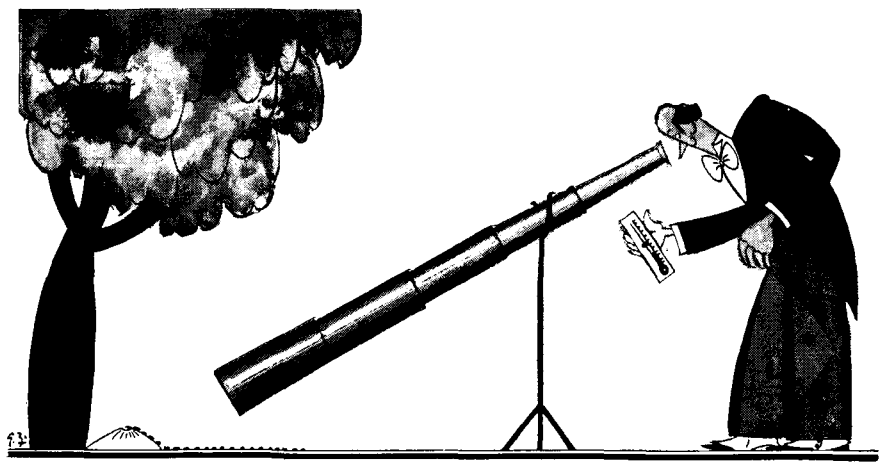


Ant Thermometers

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

DID you ever on some summer day watch a trail of ants streaming over the ground increasingly? You must have, yet I warrant you did not watch them as closely as has Harlow Shapley in the summers he spent on Mount Wilson, Cal.

Dr. Shapley is an astronomer, yet he does turn his eyes toward the ground in his spare moments, and he found that these minute insects were almost as regular in their movements as the stars he observed at night.

He counted them, weighed them and timed their speed with a stop watch. From one nest 70,000 of these foraging ants went out and returned in four orderly files every day.

Such trails have been known to keep up day and night over the same route for years and years, a steady flow of animal energy pouring out of the hole in the ground, like steam out of a boiler valve, the quantity governed by the food supply, the speed governed by the temperature.

The warmer the day the faster the march. When the thermometer registers 50 degrees Fahrenheit the ants run at the rate of 52 feet an hour. When it rises to 100 degrees the ants speed up to 780 feet an hour, 15 times as fast.

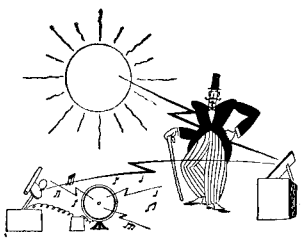
The speed increases so regularly that after Dr. Shapley had once drawn his curve he could tell within five per cent how fast the ants were traveling at the moment by simply looking at the thermometer. Or on the other hand he could tell how warm the weather was within one degree by timing the march of the ants.

What is more remarkable, the insects were more sensitive to changes of temperature than the mercury. If he shaded a section of the marching column with a cardboard screen the ants showed the cooling effect by slackening their pace before the quicksilver column in the thermometer beside them began to fall.

140,000 to a Pound

The rule that regulates the activity of the ants is the same rule that the chemist uses to control the materials he combines.

To speed up their action he heats up his retort. So, as you see, these ants obey mechanically the laws of physics and chemistry. Yet it is such simple little creatures—it takes 140,000 of them to weigh a pound—which were the first to form organized societies, with division of labor in industry and complete cooperation in the affairs of life; states without king or constitution, yet as large as our largest cities and so stable as to have endured for millions of years.



Radio by Sun Power

An ingenious Frenchman, Dr. Felix Pasteur, has contrived a means of getting the electric current to run a radio direct from the sun. He collects and concentrates the sunshine by a reflector of aluminum, 21 inches in diameter and 10 inches deep, mounted in a wooden box and swung on supports so that it can be turned in any direction of the compass and inclined at any angle so that it can be set to face the sun at all hours of the day.

The rays of the sun are focused at the center on a copper bar, enclosed in a tight glass tube, extending through the reflector, which is covered with a pane of glass. The solar rays pass through the glass and, striking the copper, are converted into heat kept in by the surrounding vacuum.

The copper bar extending from the back of the reflector passes between a series of thermo-electric couples which converts its heat into electricity. By using 140 thermal elements the sun at the latitude of Paris will afford a continuous current of 4½ volts, of sufficient power, Dr. Pasteur says, to run an eight-tube radio receiving set.

But how about running our radios at night and on rainy days when we want them most? We could, of course, use the electricity from the sun to fill up our storage batteries, but considering the cost of setting up the apparatus and keeping it turned like a sunflower always toward the sun, by hand or clockwork, it seems to me that we must remain slaves to the public utility company.

But even if not yet usable for radios the apparatus may serve the purpose for which it was primarily designed; that is, providing steam and distilled water in the Sahara Desert.

By substituting a tube of heavy oil for the copper bar and thermo-couples, the solar heater can be used for cooking without fuel.

A better form of fireless cooker has been set up on Mt. Hamilton, California, by Dr. C. G. Abbot, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. This consists essentially of a black iron pipe lying along the middle of a large tin trough acting as a reflector. A slow current of cylinder oil passes up the pipe where it becomes heated, and then is piped into the house and around the cooking ovens.

The Price of Liquor

Continued from page 9

Shadis, a Lithuanian widow who ran a saloon on the corner of Fifth and Master streets, on the fringe of the Kensington district, was paying for protection. And once this thread was picked up it fled to its astonishing ends like a flame along a trench of gasoline.

Monaghan struck instantly. An hour before midnight he dispatched the county detectives after the woman and had her brought before him. Monaghan is a smallish, shy man with freckles on his high forehead and a gentle twinkle in the eyes that look at you over the top of his spectacles. Yet how was a deluded Lithuanian woman to know that!

"Sure," she confided in answer to his mild, friendly questions, "I run a saloon and sell booze."

"Don't the police know it?"

"Sure."

"Then why don't they arrest you?"

"They can't, mister."

The District Attorney readjusted his spectacles: "They—they—*what?*"

"They can't. Don't I pay $25 a week so they can't?"

"To whom do you pay this?"

"Well, the first week I was running I give it to a saloonkeeper. He's the collector. But I never seen him again. He told me to give it to my bartender every week. That's what I been doing."

The Lithuanian woman revealed, without hesitation, the names and addresses of the bartender and the saloonkeeper. In three shakes Chief McKewen's net had dropped over the pair and fetched them to Monaghan's office. The bartender was brought in first. He did not know the saloonkeeper was outside.

"What did you do with the $25 a week this woman gave you?" the judge asked.

The bartender sullenly denied he ever got any money from her, over and above his regular pay. Finally, however, he admitted that he got it—and kept it.

The saloonkeeper was ushered in to face him. The judge leveled a finger at the bartender.

"Did this man pay you $25 a week?"

Again sullenness, denial, hesitation—and, finally, admission. It was a formula with which the judge was to become quite familiar.

"To whom did *you* pay it?"

"The special officer of the ward, along with $25 I collected from each of 19 other saloonkeepers in the district."

In the Grand Jury Room

In Philadelphia wards the "special officer" is a plain-clothes cop on the intimate staff of the Captain of Police. The special officer in this Kensington ward was summoned. He denied it all, flatly and indignantly. Then: "Oh, hell, yeah, I got it all right. I paid it to the Captain."

Captain Knoell, of that ward, was on vacation. Monaghan sent after him and stood him up before the Grand Jury that Judge E. O. Lewis had convened and was holding at the service of the District Attorney in his investigation.

Captain Knoell, the lies of his promise of cooperation still on his lips, now faced Monaghan's persistent pecking with dour denials. Monaghan suddenly swerved from his direct attack.

"Captain, are you a married man?" he asked softly.

"My wife died twelve years ago."

"Have you"—still more softly—"a sweetheart?"

"Ye-e-ss."

Reluctantly and wonderingly the Captain told who she was, where she lived. Chief McKewen slipped away. In swift order Captain Knoell was facing his sweetheart, in front of the Grand Jury, and $5,000 in cash which she said he had given to her to keep for him.

Knoell tried to bluster that this represented honest savings. But there was no withstanding the corroding questions of this little man who seemed so gentle, and yet could lash and cut like a whip. The Captain admitted that the $5,000 was graft. He was indicted, tried, convicted. Monaghan has the $5,000 in custody; it was the first deposit in what was destined to be a sizable account.

This Knoell affair was the beginning. In a little while another of Mayor Mackey's helpful and cooperating police captains was squirming under the eyes of the Grand Jury and the tongue of John Monaghan. He was Captain Schoenleber. And now the whole system had come to light. Throughout the entire Philadelphia metropolitan district the 1,185 regular saloons had been told off into groups of 20 each. One saloonkeeper of each 20 was designated collector. He could take $25 a week from each of his colleagues, and turn the pot over—together with his own $25, minus, perhaps, some little bit for the work he had done—either to some lawyer for payment to the police, or directly to some police official.

Practicing Lawyer Received Graft

The 13,000 speakeasies paid tribute in much the same way, except that for them there existed no stated price; the "protectors" wrung from each as much as the location and the opportunity for business warranted.

When one saloonkeeper collector mentioned a practicing lawyer as the man to whom he paid the graft, for passing higher up, the District Attorney could hardly credit his hearing. "That's straight," the saloonkeeper insisted—and gave the lawyer's name.

Monaghan summoned him; the man of his own cloth. He had not yet brought himself to believe it. And if it were true he expected at least shame and embarrassment. On the contrary the lawyer was quite matter-of-fact: he readily admitted his part; gave in fact, an itemized accounting. He had received from the saloonkeeper $12,195 in all. He had disbursed it as follows:

$7,440 paid to the ward captain of police.

$251 paid for two railroad tickets for the ward political leader and his alternate as delegates to the Republican Convention at Kansas City.

$1,500 deposited in one bank.

$1,000 given to his brother for deposit in a second bank.

The cash balance deposited in a third bank.

The lawyer readily wrote out checks in the District Attorney's favor for the undistributed graft. Not to be outdone, the saloonkeeper who had snitched, and who had eagerly listened to the lawyer's story, suddenly dug into his pocket, as if in the burst of an afterthought:

"Oh, say, Judge—wait a minute, I almost forgot. Here's 550 bucks I just collected and ain't turned over yet." The District Attorney's bank account in custody was growing.

Well, to return to Captain Schoenleber. The muddy trail, in his case, splashed higher. It soiled Matthew Patterson, Esquire, member of the State Legislature and political leader of the 19th ward. Schoenleber and the Honorable Patterson were indicted, tried, and convicted of bribery and extortion. Monaghan was getting results: but the

(*Continued on page 40*)

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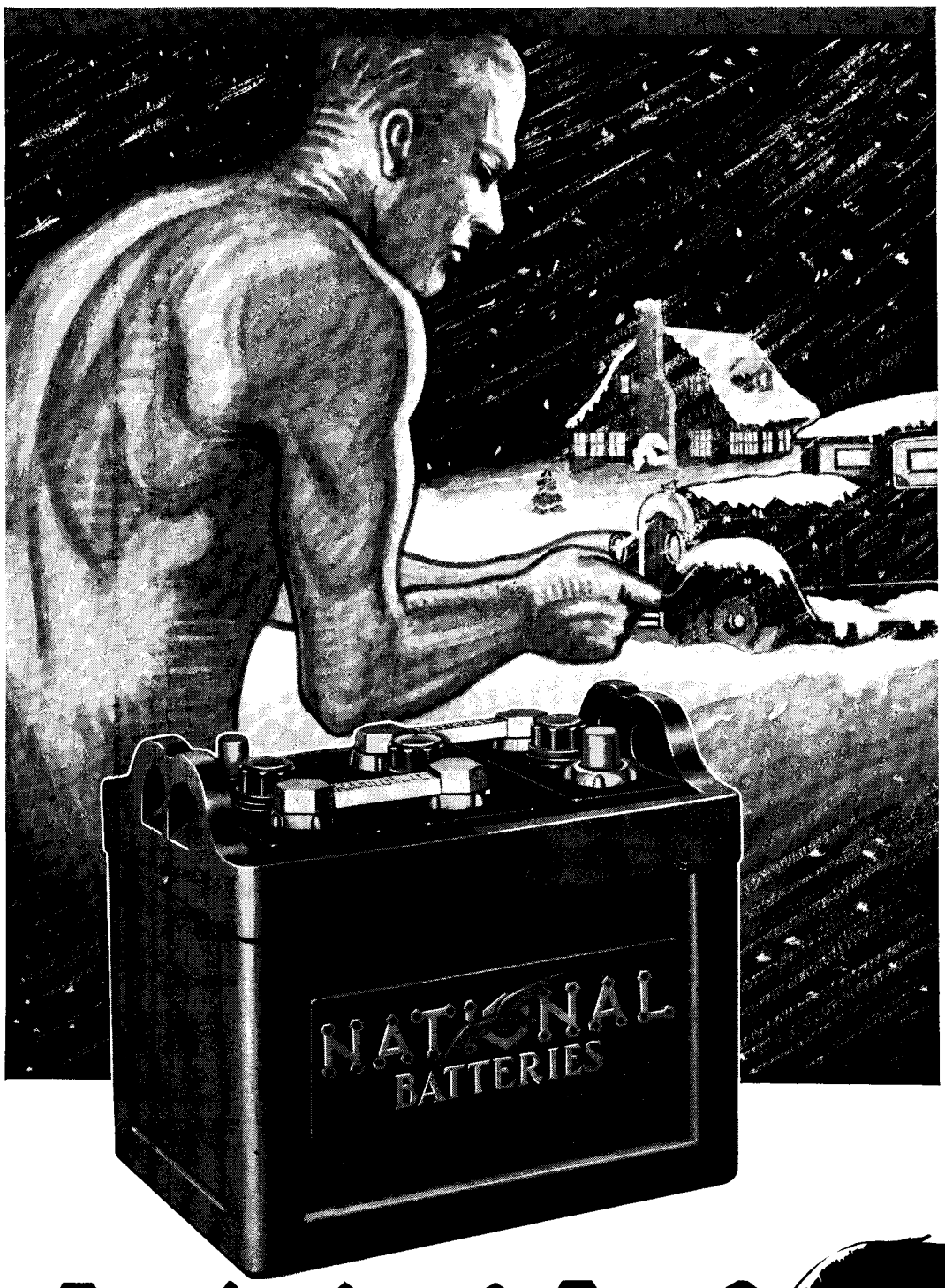

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BUSINESS ADDRESS.....

HOME ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

The Price of Liquor

Continued from page 38

saddest spectacle of all was yet to come.

Colonel Samuel O. Wynne, in charge of the federal men in Philadelphia, had been raiding vigorously: "I made these raids because the police didn't," Colonel Wynne told me.

He raided one still—a comparatively small plant, with a daily output of 50 to 75 gallons. It belonged to a man named Clearfield—ironically nicknamed "Whitey." In Mr. Clearfield's paraphernalia was found a small black account book containing the names of a police captain, several sergeants and 23 patrolmen. Opposite each name was set down a certain sum, under weekly date heads.

Thirty Parasites to One Still

Colonel Wynne took the book to Monaghan. Clearfield, and the officials named in his book, were hauled in by Chief McKewen and his men. Then came out the astounding information that this one little still was fostering nearly 30 police parasites: "I paid out $210 weekly," claimed Clearfield: "$75 to Captain Cohen, smaller sums to the sergeants, $5 to each patrolman."

The ignominious crowd was swiftly indicted. Then came the spectacle.

At the very moment that Mayor Harry A. Mackey was piously standing before a Philadelphia church congregation and asserting that "Philadelphia is a spotless town," Chief McKewen was marching the 23 cops, several sergeants, and one captain into common cells. And McKewen made 'em keep step!

It was by now patent to Monaghan that the Philadelphia police force, with exceptions of course, had been turned from a law-enforcing machine into a money-collecting machine. He questioned every police captain in Philadelphia, closely and intimately: "What kind of a car do you drive?" "How much jewelry has your wife, your daughters?" "In what banks do you have accounts?"

This last was important. Monaghan had lists made up of the police captains and all their relatives. There are 177 banks in the city of Philadelphia. These were scoured for accounts of the police captains and policemen and their kin.

I sat in the office of District Attorney Monaghan recently while some of his county detectives detailed to "bank work" went over photographs of bank ledgers, showing accounts of various police officials. From time to time representatives of banks brought in other bank records which had been subpœnaed by the county attorney.

"Some of us," explained one of the county detectives, "don't do anything these days but ferret out policemen's bank accounts."

Accounts of police officials and ex-policemen ranged from over a quarter of a million down to two or three thousand dollars. If cops had these profits —consider the bootleggers! These have become almost fabulously rich in Philadelphia within the past four or five years.

"In one bank," District Attorney Monaghan told this writer, "we have the records of 14 accounts through which over ten million dollars has passed during the past two years. Bank officials couldn't tell us who the owners of these accounts really were, because both names and addresses were fictitious. But we have found checks from these accounts in the hands of bootleggers and in other criminal circles."

Prohibition surely had reached a full and golden bloom in Philadelphia. Between the open saloons and the speakeasies, NOT LESS THAN EIGHTEEN MILLION FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR HAS BEEN PAID OUT IN BOOZE GRAFT IN PHILADELPHIA DURING THE PAST TWO OR THREE YEARS.

But this isn't all.

When a policeman goes crooked on one thing he goes crooked on all. He can't be dishonest about prohibition and honest about gambling or prostitution. That's why 300 bawdy houses have been in operation in Philadelphia recently. I am going to quote one Philadelphia official whose name I cannot mention.

"I got a police report from one district and found that there were over 150 houses of prostitution running in that area alone. The mayor ordered these places closed and presumably they were closed. But two weeks later another police official, transferred to that district, reported that 80 places were still in operation."

Mr. Monaghan believes that the minimum graft from such places might have been not less than $160 a week each, the maximum perhaps $200 a week.

Add that to the $18,520,000!

Gambling existed all over the town. It is impossible to estimate how much gamblers paid the police, but it is safe to add another million to our total.

TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR IN GRAFT. LET IT GO AT THAT. IT'S MORE RATHER THAN LESS. AND EVERY FIVE-DOLLAR BILL OF IT CAME OUT OF THE POCKETS OF PHILADELPHIANS WHO WANTED TO DRINK.

With only 5,000 policemen is it any wonder that policemen's bank accounts were swollen into six-figure sizes.

How and when did this corruption start in Philadelphia?

"It all began," one of Philadelphia's best-posted journalists told me, "with Smedley Butler's famous Unit No. 1."

I know Unit No. 1. While I was in Philadelphia, two years ago, writing for Collier's a series of articles on the efforts of Brigadier General Smedley Butler to clean up Philadelphia I spent a night with Butler and his famous unit of supposedly incorruptible cops. Butler, it will be remembered, had been lent to the city of Philadelphia by President Coolidge, to rescue the city from booze and crime. Every movement of every one of the 100 men of the Unit had been planned in "before-the-battle" style. At a certain "zero hour" raids began all over the town. I sat with Butler in his office as the reports began to come in from the Unit men: so many persons arrested here; so many quarts of booze seized there; a triumphant victory over John Barleycorn.

High Casualties and Rouged Characters

It was very inspiring. But I noted later that the courts convicted very few of the prisoners taken that night. And I also discovered that many of those arrested persons had been arrested and rearrested, over and over again, many times. But that night the Unit No. 1 men seemed a valiant lot of fellows.

Butler, himself, told me that he had high casualties in Unit No. 1. Some left it with rouged characters. One of them, named Griffin, retired, started a café and was discovered the other day to have bank accounts which warranted his nickname, "Millionaire Cop."

"I turn them right out of the Unit as soon as I find they're the least bit crooked," Butler told me, "and put them right back on their beats." It is a fact that Butler had no means of discharg-

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ing policemen; to punish them by putting them back on the sidewalks was the best he could do under the Philadelphia charter.

"Every one of Butler's Unit men who was sent back on a beat was a poison spot in the police department," the old-time reporter told me. "Ordinary policemen were not allowed by Butler to interfere with blind pigs. He made this rule to try to prevent graft on the beats. His idea was to confine booze raids to his hand-picked Unit. The Unit men were the first policemen to discover how much big money there really was in booze. They passed the word along, even while Butler was in power."

The final truth about Butler's Unit No. 1 is now known. When these picked men went out each had in one pocket a list given to them by Butler of places to be raided. But unknown to Butler his specialists had, in opposite pockets, lists of places given to them by political higher-ups of places that MUST NOT be touched.

Unit No. 1 men were paid up to $600 a week in graft to insure this protection; the minimum any of them received was $175 per week.

One Unit man wanted to be honest. He tried to turn in his $600 to Elliott, who was Butler's assistant director of public safety, and his successor. Elliott wouldn't take any money—the bills weren't marked; they formed no positive evidence. The man had no positive evidence; in fact he was dealing with politicians!

After Butler left the situation steadily grew worse. By that I mean that more and more places were opened. The word went throughout the underworld that Philadelphia was open.

$40,000,000 Annual Booze Bill

It is difficult to say how much money Philadelphia has been spending for booze. The best estimate I had came from a federal prohibition officer who figured that about 50 per cent of every dollar spent by a citizen for alcohol found its way into the pockets of grafting public officials.

This means, therefore, approximately a $40,000,000 annual booze bill for Philadelphia.

Where did the Philadelphia underworld get the liquor that kept 1,185 saloons and 13,000 speakeasies running at full blast?

The answer is: Right in Philadelphia there was plenty of good beer. Breweries had been running without fear. Indeed police sometimes acted as actual brewery guards.

"I sent some of my men to try to see what was going on at a certain brewery," one of the federal prohibition officers told me. "There's a regulation against breweries having anything but an open picket fence around their premises. This brewery had that kind of a fence but every now and then the brewer's crew would put up a lot of slats between the high fence pickets, so that no one could see what was going on in the yard. When my men tried to climb that fence one evening a lot of uniformed policemen, who were inside the brewery yard, pushed them off the fence. It was like an old-time battle over the walls of some ancient city."

In addition to plenty of beer, there was also plenty of industrial alcohol made in legal plants under government license. The output of these plants, so say federal officials, is about 10,000,000 gallons of alcohol a year.

Most of this alcohol is legally denatured, according to government formulas. Industrial alcohol makers in Philadelphia are all keeping within the law, so far as federal officials have discovered.

But vast quantities of alcohol have been sold to perfume makers and "manufacturers" of lotions, cosmetics, patent medicines and so on.

Mr. Monaghan enlightened this writer as to the minimum amount that probably has been diverted annually and sold over bars and in speakeasies, after the poisons have been redistilled out of it.

"We are tracing," he told me, "two millions of gallons of alcohol which went out from one single source in this town in one year, to the throats of Philadelphians."

That's a lot. And other plants also produced alcohol which went into drinks. There was enough and more than enough, because not only was Philadelphia well supplied from local sources, but these sources furnished alcohol by the freight car load to other cities.

Transported as Lumber and Oil

"Federal authorities in Minneapolis," Monaghan told me, "found a freight car load of redistilled alcohol in their town. They traced it back to Philadelphia. Police in other cities had made similar discoveries.

"We ran down the clues here in Philadelphia and traced down the source. We found a redistilling plant situated down near a certain railroad yard. Our detectives, after a long search, found two railroad employees who had been permitting these alcohol bootleggers to load freight cars with 50-gallon tins of alcohol, placed in drygoods boxes. The shipments were variously marked 'Lumber' and 'Oil' by the railroad men. Other railroad men at the other end of the line were fixed to receive the shipments and turn them over to bootleggers."

"Two thousand five hundred dollars a carload," said a county detective, "is what each one of those railroad men got for starting a shipment on its way, properly sealed and labeled."

Graft paid by the alcohol redistillers and by the brewers is not included in the sum of $20,000,000 which I have mentioned, because, though it was undoubtedly paid, no one has yet been able to discover whether it was turned over to the city police or to officials of other law-enforcing agencies. It's hard to tell who's getting that part of the corruption money, for it may be one branch today and another tomorrow.

Things change in graftdom; the money goes to the department that can give the most aid; the department, in other words, that is the rottenest.

We've heard in a vague general way of there being too much politics in prohibition enforcement, but there was nothing vague about the political control of prohibition in Philadelphia.

Policemen Accountable to Ward Leaders

District Attorney Monaghan made this amazing discovery:

Each Republican ward leader in Philadelphia had been given the right to select as police captain in his ward any captain he wished. If he did not like a captain he could have him transferred. Police captains naturally chose sergeants and policemen suitable to the ward leader.

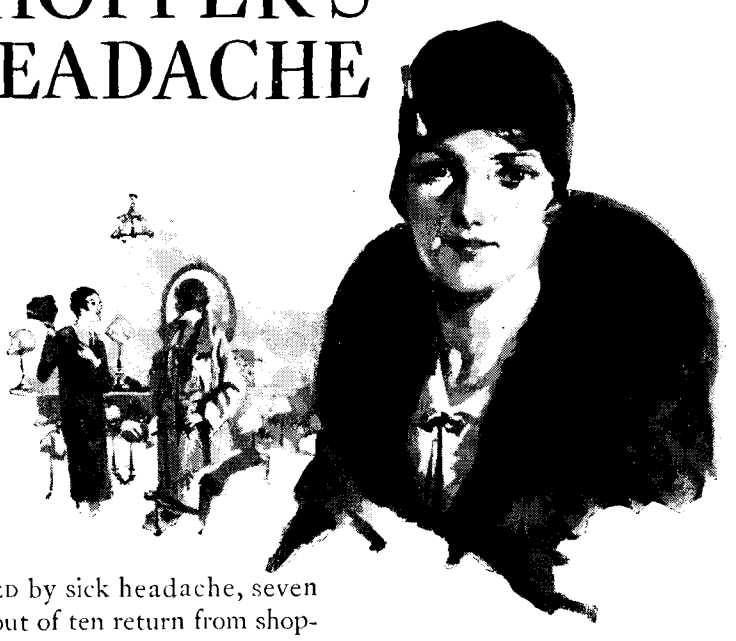
Policemen became no longer accountable, in reality, to police superiors but to the ward leader who had almost complete power over them.

Philadelphia wanted beer. The politicians tossed aside a law which Philadelphia voters had indicated at the election they did not like and gave them beer.

The only trouble was: You can't pick out any certain law to throw away. Throw away one and you practically throw away all.

Lawlessness was the price Philadelphia had to pay for what it wanted to drink.

..blame *Acidosis* for SHOPPER'S HEADACHE



GRIPPED by sick headache, seven women out of ten return from shopping exhausted. The rush to get downtown conspires against breakfast, if any is eaten at all. Under such conditions Acidosis is a certainty. An ample breakfast, preceded by a glass of California Orange Juice or Lemon Juice and water, and more Orange Juice or Lemonade an hour before lunch should permit a full day without this distressing condition.

* * *

Acidosis must not be trifled with in any form! It seems to be an underlying factor of many common and some of the most dangerous ailments, such as diabetes, "high blood pressure," Bright's disease, etc. Its milder symptoms are noted in low vitality (which keeps the body nagging at the brain and makes clear thinking, concentration and physical effort difficult), and in types of headache, sour stomach, "biliousness," nervousness, sleeplessness, indigestion, acid mouth, constipation, nausea, acid perspiration, etc. If your case is in any way abnormal do not try to treat yourself; have your doctor determine your type of Acidosis, then let him treat it.

Lack of proper balance between foods we eat is behind Acidosis. We use too few *alkaline* reaction foods (vegetables, fresh fruits and milk) and too much of the acid-forming type (bread, meat, fish, eggs, cereals). Modern physicians will advise you that the fresh juice of Oranges and Lemons, although *acid in taste*, is among the most potent correctives of Acidosis. Science has demonstrated that their effect in the body is *alkaline*, the opposite of acid.

If you wish to prevent or offset Acidosis use Oranges and Lemons freely. Any home can follow simple, attractive anti-acidosis measures:—

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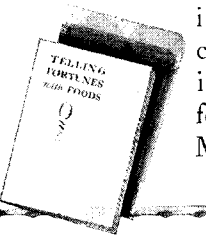

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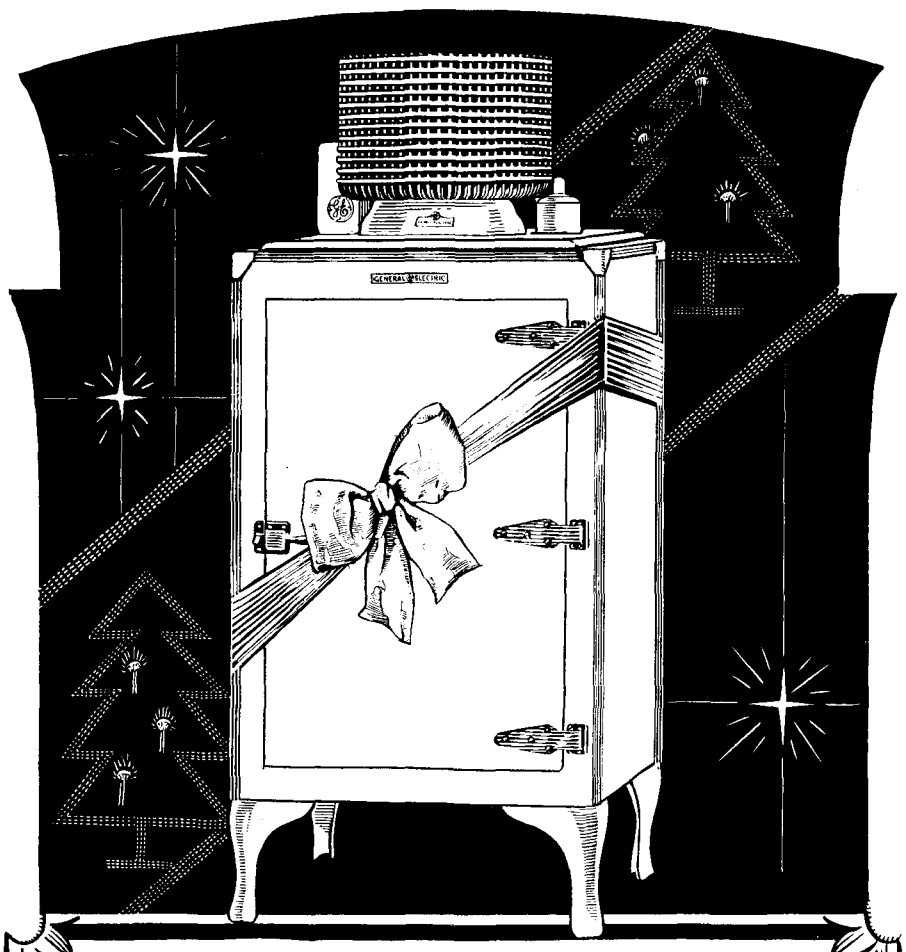

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Peter Kills the Bear

Continued from page 7

went on a visit to her brother and never came back. That reason was Catherine.

But Gascon's mother, finding herself left alone with Peter, urged a wife for him too; whatever arguments applied to her admirable son had double force, she was sure, for this waif and interloper, whose heredity was charged with evil. The Count gave in, to end nagging, and Peter found himself married, and through his father's affection endowed with the wooded lands of Béarn.

Peter's wife had a mind of her own, which fate had not consulted. In a word, she had long admired Gascon. What she liked was his refinement of spirit, the fastidiousness of his soul. She had seen him only a few times, but the impression was indelible. In Peter she discovered, as she feared, a lack of sensitiveness. He spent his days in his woods and in his fields, working like a common fellow. After dinner he went to bed, like a peasant, and was out of the castle before dawn. If she insisted that he spend a modest part of the evening with her and her ladies, in graceful talk, as befits a gentleman, or listening to a minstrel, he usually fell asleep in his chair. What a life!

THEY had two children, a son, Peter, and a daughter, Adrienne. Peter would have liked a larger family, but when the girl was born his wife was satisfied.

"A boy and a girl are enough, my dear husband," she said. "I should feel justified in conceding nothing more."

"Conceding?"

"You know what I mean," she said. "These earthly desires have to be humored, but it's our duty to tame and limit them. We are immortal beings, Peter, with souls."

Peter had never doubted the soul, but he thought his wife's reference to it was out of place.

"I don't know about the earthly desires," he said, "but I admit I'm fond of children. There's nothing wrong with that, is there? It's certainly natural."

His wife flared up. "It is! It's natural for your dogs and horses to multiply themselves, but if you hadn't a low streak in you, Peter, you'd regard your wife in a different light."

It crossed Peter's mind that this remark had its own vulgarity, but repartee was not his gift. He contented himself with a long inspection of his daughter, cream and pink in her cradle, and later he took his son for a walk to the stables, to see the new puppies. Young Peter reached up and held tight to his fingers. The puppies playing unsteadily in the straw made him wonder how mankind, even with malicious search, had discovered in this small world, in this brief span of days, such a plentiful supply of wickedness.

The one activity of his which his wife approved was hunting. The woman took strange pleasure in the slaughter of animals. She liked to see him and his men bring in more venison than the household needed. The walls bristled with antlers and boars' heads, and in every room you stumbled over bear rugs. But she wouldn't be content till he brought her the skin of the big bear which roamed his woods and was becoming a legend in the countryside.

"Your brother," she said, "or anyone else who kept his estate in order wouldn't leave such a pest at large."

"Pest? What harm does he do? He hasn't killed a single sheep."

"But he will. You'll procrastinate till he does. You'll wait till the children are old enough to run about, and some day, when they've wandered into the forest—"

Her imagination was too much for her, and she had to stop, for tears. It occurred to Peter that she was something of a fool, but he didn't like the idea about the children. That afternoon he went into the woods by himself, carrying a knife and a heavy spear. He would look for the beast, and decide what to do.

The forest seemed unusually damp, cool, and silent. It had been a rainy season, and the foliage was thick. The thought came to him that all this growth was strangely futile, the wasted underbrush, the trees crowding each other, the fungus on branches, the mosses beneath his feet. Insects and reptiles and beasts; unaccountable birds—he had never before asked himself why they were there. He must admit that his friend Nature was a little reckless. If all this life kept on putting itself forth, wouldn't the result be death? Where the boughs interlocked overhead, the leaves were thin. He stopped to watch a large beetle drag across his path the corpse of a smaller creature, its victim.

His wife's warning had brought on him this mood. Of course, if it was a question of the bear or of his children, he would kill the bear. But it did seem possible for him to stick to his castle and for the bear to stay in the wood. The world wasn't so large as his wife wished, but it was large enough for him.

As he walked, he frightened a robin and her fledglings. It was late in the year for fledglings. Perhaps the cold weather had delayed some of these frail families. At his approach the mother bird became frantic. He pushed through the brush in a wide circle, and left her in peace. Peace! That is, she would now murder a worm and feed her innocent children. . . . Whenever Nature caused one new life to arrive, didn't she at the same time destroy another? Birth was a kind of hunting. Birth was simply the pleasanter face of death.

He didn't like to be so gloomy. He had his health, the children were dear, there was nothing the matter with his wife—why shouldn't he be cheerful?

He looked up and saw the great bear, directly in his path, gazing at him with small, watery eyes. It was as big as an ox. He took a grip on the spear and waited. But the brown giant turned clumsily and crashed away into the wood.

AT DINNER that night Peter was unusually thoughtful, to his wife's annoyance. She had guests in the castle, and a minstrel in to entertain them. Her husband contributed nothing to the talk, and his manner of listening to the minstrel suggested endurance rather than delight.

"My husband," she apologized, "has no taste for art."

"I know little about it," admitted Peter, "but this singing is very fine. I like it loud. Let's have another story."

The minstrel felt encouraged. "I'll sing you about Sir Graelent."

"Don't do anything of the kind," said the lady of the house. "That's a silly love-story."

"How would you like the Lay of Yonec? That's about the beautiful prince who changed himself into a bird and flew to the tower where the merchant's daughter was shut up by her unkind father."

"That's not so bad," said Peter's wife,

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"but it sounds like another sentimental romance."

"Well, how about the story of Bisclavaret, the husband who was a werewolf?"

"Ah," said the lady, "that promises well!"

So the minstrel sang of Bisclavaret, and Peter for reasons of his own found the tale engrossing. It was about a baron who dwelt in Brittany, a rich man with a handsome wife. You might say they were happy, except that every now and then he absented himself from home, and where he had been he never would tell. Of course his wife got the secret out of him—once a week the poor fellow had to be a wolf. He would go off by himself, lay aside his garments, put on the cursed shape of the beast, and run on all fours till three days were over. Then he could resume his clothing and become a man again. But if by bad luck he should ever fail to find the clothing where he left it, he'd have to remain a wolf for life. Well, when his wife learned that, she contrived to hide his garments the next time he turned wolf, and he never wore human shape again. It is thought she had in mind a gentleman in the neighborhood who had intimated a passion for her, but the minstrel touched lightly on this motive in the story, knowing that his hostess disliked sentiment.

"HOW beautiful!" she said, as the applause died down. "It makes one feel the mystery of nature."

"That's not nature," said Peter. "That's nonsense. What little nature there is in that story is in the woman's affair with the other man, but there's no mystery about it. There aren't any werewolves."

"That's only your lack of imagination," said his wife tartly. "Haven't you ever looked into a dog's face, or a horse's, and suspected a human being imprisoned there? It's presumptuous to say that such things aren't possible."

"My idea," said Peter, "is that nature can be mysterious enough without the addition of our absurdities. That expression you speak of, in the face of animals, I've noticed—who hasn't? This very afternoon I was having a quiet conversation with a bear."

The company laughed at his whimsical humor.

"I was, I tell you, and I saw the resemblance you speak of. But you say the animals look like us. The fact is, we look like them. The bear was sorry for me—behind my stupid face he saw his soul imprisoned. The minstrel might have brought out the point by telling his story the other way around. It's our conceit that makes us say Bisclavaret was cursed while he was a wolf. A nice wolf would say he was cursed while he had to stay with that treacherous woman. When Bisclavaret lost his clothes, he won his freedom."

The company tittered politely, not knowing what had got into Peter, and his wife, with an air of heroic patience, changed the subject.

SHE intended to have it out with him next morning, after breakfast, but a traveler brought them an annoying piece of gossip which upset the day. He was a mean person, no better than a merchant, and he had forgotten, or never known, who Peter's relatives were. He blurted right out, as a bit of scandal they'd all enjoy, that the handsome Count Gascon de Foix and his lady had quarreled. In fact, she was about to leave him, according to rumor. Peter's wife rebuked the fellow promptly. She hinted at a visit to the dungeon unless he retracted.

"Madam, if the news doesn't interest you, I shouldn't have told it; but it's true. However, I won't displease you with further details."

"What did the Count do, that his lady should be angry?"

"Madam, I'll leave it there," said the fellow. "I've said too much already."

"You've said what isn't true."

"Isn't it?"

"The Count is one of the finest gentlemen I've known, perhaps the finest," said Peter's wife, with Peter standing by.

"No doubt of it," said the traveler. "Catherine would agree with you."

"Who is Catherine?"

"Madam," said the fellow, enjoying his power, "I shan't tell you unless you positively command me. It's an unpleasant incident, which I shan't breathe a syllable about unless I know in advance you'd be glad to hear it."

"You need say no more," interrupted Peter. "I guess the rest."

"But I don't," said his wife. "Who is Catherine?"

"If you insist, Madam, she's one of the Countess' servants, an unusually handsome girl, of high spirit."

"And she thinks the Count is a fine

(Continued on page 44)

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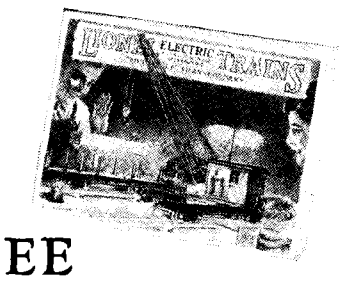

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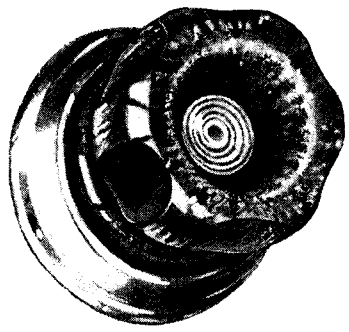

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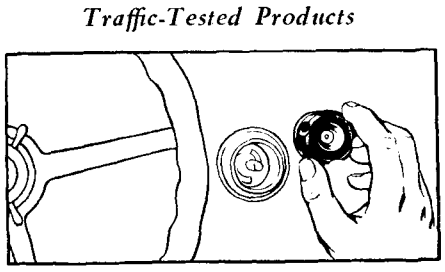

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Peter Kills the Bear

Continued from page 43

gentleman, does she? Very generous of her! Why should her opinion be asked?"

"There you are!" said the fellow. "Why, indeed?"

"This conversation may stop here," said Peter. "The Count de Foix is my brother, and I don't care to have him talked about."

The traveler subsided, a little frightened. "I didn't know—" he began.

"Did you tell the truth?"

"I did, so help me!"

"I suspect," said Peter, "another operation of nature in our family. Is Catherine about to present me with a nephew or a niece?"

Then Peter's wife had a sudden fit of hysterics, which broke up the conversation. Peter had her women carry her to her room, and went out to the barnyard, on his morning visit to the live stock. He felt depressed. The human race was discouraging.

IT WASN'T his intention to mention his brother again to his wife, but she introduced the subject that night, before retiring.

"All day," she said, "I've been thinking of that dreadful woman. Poor Gascon!"

"Waste no tears, wife. I know him better than you do. There's something of my father in him. I'm fond of both, and what they do is natural enough, if you care for that sort of thing, but the girl will have a hard time."

"Why shouldn't she? When a woman throws herself at a man—"

"No woman would have to, with Gascon around. The best girl in the world—"

"Only a very bad woman would tempt a man so!" said his wife.

Peter was hit hard. "My mother, whom you didn't know—"

His wife interrupted. "How well did you know her?"

He wondered that anyone could be so cruel, but it was idle to argue. All night he lay awake with difficult thoughts.

The afternoon of the next day he killed the bear. He had just finished his lunch when the shepherd reported that a sheep had been killed in the grass near the forest.

"And where were you at the time?" said Peter.

"I had turned my back for a moment, no more, and there it was, torn apart."

"You know well enough what did it," said Peter's wife. "I've warned you many a time. Now you'll hunt the beast down and put an end to it."

"The bear isn't to blame for this."

"Begging your pardon, sir, I think it must have been the bear. I turned my back for just a moment, and there the poor thing lay, a few bloody morsels. If it wasn't the bear, who could it be?"

"You're a fool," said Peter, "and, I suspect, a liar. You didn't need to steal the sheep—I'd have given you one if you had asked for it."

"I swear I stole nothing—it was the bear! God knows it was the bear!"

"If God does, I don't, you rascal—"

"Peter," said his wife, "either you or I must kill that beast."

"Very well, wife," said Peter, "you may kill it."

She was nettled at the answer, but went out in the yard and summoned the men and the dogs. His servants hesitated to obey her, till Peter nodded to let her have her way. She followed them to the woods, out of pride. He for the same reason stayed home.

But some hours later she was back, genuinely frightened.

"Three of the dogs are killed, and one of the men is badly hurt. Peter, you *must* come!"

So he went at last. When he reached the spot, the great bear was holding them at bay, in a wide circle, making no attempt to break through, but turning savagely wherever attack threatened. Under his claws the dogs lay dead, with the hearts stripped out of them. Peter got his long spear ready and strode in.

As he approached, the bear gave an angry snarl and rose on its hind legs. The man felt as though a mountain of fur were falling on him. He took steady aim beneath the left shoulder, and drove the spear with all his strength. At that moment, it seemed to him, the bear recognized his friend; certainly the little angry eyes grew astonished and soft, and the terrible paws held themselves spread wide for the blow. Peter felt the spear sink deep into a warm and unresisting life. With its eyes still on him, the huge mass collapsed and fell.

Peter turned to his men. "Well, that's a quick end!" He noticed that his men made no sound of joy or of congratulation; they were looking at him queerly—their eyes were like the eyes of the dead bear.

Or, to put it another way, the eyes of the dead bear seemed suddenly to peer out of a human face.

"Bring my wife to see her enemy," he said.

"She's not here, sir," said the frightened shepherd. "She ran home."

"Well, bring the bear to her, then. She'll want to see it."

When they had carried the prey to the castle, they spread it out on the stones of the courtyard, and Peter called his wife to come and see. She walked out of the door quite pale, and when she saw the uncanny face, she gave an audible gasp, and covered her eyes. Peter foresaw hysterics.

"Now what is wrong? Isn't this what you wanted me to do?"

"God knows it isn't!" said his wife, "it was a bear I asked you to kill!" and she went off to her room crying.

His men were all watching him.

"Get busy and skin the beast," said Peter. "The world has gone mad, but we'll get some fine steaks out of this, and a splendid rug."

HIS cheerfulness wasn't contagious. He presided at dinner alone—his wife was indisposed. The servants went about frightened and spoke in lowered tones.

In the middle of the night they say he rose from his bed, with a sharp groan, and in the darkness began fencing with an invisible foe. The noise he made brought in the household with candles. They could see he was fast asleep, for all his leaping and slashing. They got him into bed again, and in the morning nothing was said about it. But that day his wife went off with young Peter and with Adrienne, to visit her cousin, the King of Castile.

Peter waited for her to come back—waited till he was an old man. His son used to tell how even in his last years, when he was feeble, he would get out of his bed at night, grasp an imaginary spear, and thrust at something unseen. When the spear had gone home he would fall in a faint, and they'd put him back in his bed. By day he was gentle enough, kind to his dogs, inclined to be silent and a little wistful.

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GULF COAST

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The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 15

Malpass dropped into the store. He talked over orders for lumber, and so on, for some building he expects to do in the spring. Big job. All of a sudden he saw me, and he hit the roof. He told Hartwell to fire me or he'd cancel the order."

"WAAL, if that wasn't low-down! An' Hartwell did?" Clay's great eyes began to flare.

"No. When he showed yellow I just quit. . . . I made a couple of remarks to Malpass, but at that, Dad, I meant to get out of the store to avoid trouble. I started out, backing out, in fact, and of course I kept shooting off my chin. Malpass backed me up against a harness counter. . . . Well, he hit me first, with one of those bone-handled crops.

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The Third Degree

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I grabbed up a blacksnake whip and took after him. He pulled a gun. His first shot hit somebody who went down with a yell. Might have killed him for all I know. Then I kept dodging and cracking him with the whip. And he kept shooting. Finally I whipped the gun out of his hand. He fell, and I beat him till I gave out. . . . Somebody helped me to my car."

"An' how often an' where did he shoot you?" asked Forrest, without emotion.

"One bullet nicked my shoulder. It's nothing."

Forrest let out a rolling curse. "Hasn't this Malpass got it in for you?"

"Sort of looks that way."

"Why? He's no Lundeen, an' he's never made any target of me. What's he pick on you for?"

That happened to be the very thing Clifton dared not explain to his father. So he lied.

"Looks damn' queer to me," replied Forrest, dubiously, with his ox eyes piercing his son. "Reckon you didn't kill him?"

"No. But I'll bet he'll have a little dose of what I've had so much of."

"Waal, if he killed somebody, it sure strengthens our side. In any case it will stew up the Lundeen-Forrest deal good an' hot. I'll go to law."

"I wouldn't, Dad. We haven't any money, and we'd only get the worst of it," advised Clifton.

The hum of a swift-running motor car came in at the open window, and what made Clifton note it was that it ceased abruptly. It had stopped outside. He groaned inwardly, sensing calamity. His father got up uneasily, and began to pace the room.

Soon quick footsteps struck Clifton's ears. Then they sounded heavily on the porch. A powerful hand assailed the door. It swung in, as if irresistibly impelled.

Jed Lundeen stood on the threshold, his dark face and somber eyes indicative of mighty passions all but spent. Stamping in, he closed the door, and seemed to fill the room with his presence.

Clifton sat up. He knew what was coming. His father paled with more than amaze.

"Forrest, there's shore hell to pay," he announced stridently.

"Waal, I'm lookin' at you," returned Forrest, in cold, sullen expectation. The mere sight of his old enemy had unleashed his passions.

"Forrest, I didn't come heah to fight. But I'm packin' somethin' that'll hit you harder'n any bullet."

"Is Malpass dead?"

"No. But shore he's darn near it. That war-crazy son of yours jumped him with a bullwhacker's whip."

"Lundeen, it was a plumb good job. An' I wish it'd been better. Reckon you ain't acquainted with facts. Malpass started the fight, an' when it got too hot he throwed a gun. Shot Cliff, as you can see for yourself."

OBVIOUSLY that was astounding to Lundeen, and he required the confirmation of his own penetrating eyes. His regard, however, was one of icy indifference to the established fact. He had no word for Clifton.

"I'm inquirin' if the other man Malpass shot is dead?" continued Forrest.

"Did he shoot someone else?" demanded Lundeen hotly.

"Yes, by accident," interposed Clifton. "He was aiming at me."

"Fine chance that half-breed would have if a Westerner threw a gun on him instead of a whip," added the older Forrest scornfully.

"Malpass was aboot out of his haid. Maybe that accounts for his omissions. He raved an' cursed."

"Waal, Lundeen, if that's all you've butted in here to say—"

"I came sayin' there was hell to pay, didn't I?" interrupted Lundeen harshly. "An' there shore is. This slick son of yours, with his crippled-soldier-sympathy bluff, is goin' to pay it too."

"Leave out what you think my son *is*. It ain't safe. . . . What more has he done?"

"He married my girl, by God—that's what!"

Forrest turned a dead white. "Say, you're drunk, or crazier'n your crooked partner. No son of mine would ever

(*Continued on page 46*)

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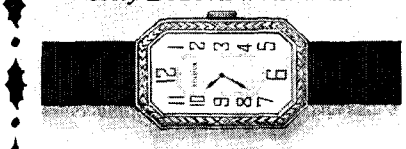

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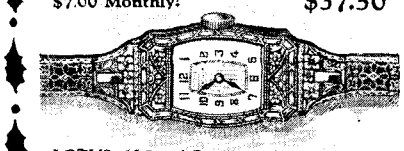

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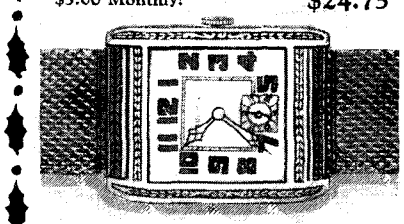

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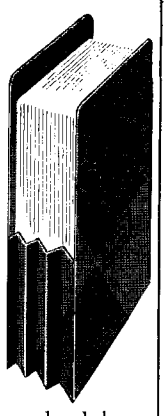

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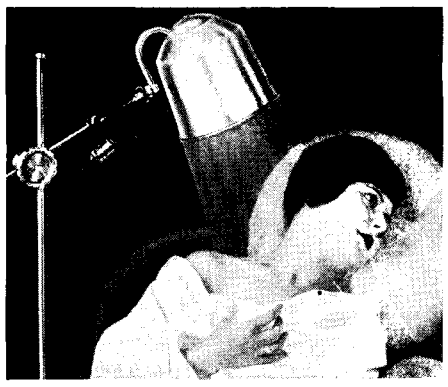

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The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 45

give the name Forrest to a Lundeen."

"Ha! But he did, an' though my Virginia takes the blame, the disgrace of it is just that. My lass has become a Forrest."

"It's a lie. Another of your plots," shouted Forrest, his neck bulging purple. "An' if it was so I'd swear the disgrace was suffered by the Forrests. But it's an infernal lie."

"Ask him."

Forrest whirled a distorted face toward his son. "You hear him. Why don't you nail his lyin' talk?"

"Dad, it's true," replied Clifton.

SUDDEN death could scarcely have caused a more ghastly change in a strong man's features and body. This was the last straw. The end of pride! The conclusive stab to bleeding vanity! Forrest fell into a chair, so abject, so beaten, that Clifton could look no more at him.

"Forrest, that's why I'm heah," said Lundeen acidly. "Because it's true, an' I can't change it. My daughter is of age. It couldn't be kept secret, an' Virginia refused to hear of a divorce. She took the blame. She led your son on. Marriage with him was an escape from Malpass. I wanted a match between him an' her. But she'd have none of him, an' to keep out of it she aboot asked your son to marry her. She knew he wasn't long for this world, but long enough, maybe, to serve her turn. . . . He's dirt under her feet! She cared nothin' on earth for him! You understand?"

"Lundeen, I reckon I do," returned Forrest hoarsely. "But I wouldn't believe your oath on your knees before God. . . . Clifton, is that last true?"

"Is what true?" echoed Clifton, his voice failing huskily.

"That this Lundeen woman thinks you're dirt under her feet."

"Dad, I don't believe that. She's too big for hate. She's kind. But I think she cared nothing for me."

"You think!" returned Lundeen, dark in passion. "You need to be damn' shore you know, young man. I'm tellin' you. I choked it out of her. If she'd confessed to love of *you*, I'd have killed her with my own hands."

Clifton slowly sank back against the wall. But the brutal speech that crushed his tired heart had an opposite effect upon his father, who rose in a single upheaval, and towered erect.

"Tell this man Lundeen you had no use for his daughter! You did a manly act to save her from a schemin' half-breed! No more. Tell him quick!"

Clifton had seen his mother open the door part way, to disclose a terrified face. It steadied him. He must prevent bloodshed here, and if the quarrel between these blinded foes went farther it would end in tragedy. He would have perjured his soul to save his mother any more agony.

"Dad is right, Mr. Lundeen. I just wanted—to help Virginia."

"That's good, then, on both sides, if any good could come out of an impossible relation," replied Lundeen, a visible break in his relentlessness. "Forrest, I gave my daughter a choice. Either to divorce your son or get out of my house."

"Ahuh!" muttered Forrest.

"She chose to get out," concluded Lundeen thickly.

"Waal, they never fooled me," rejoined Forrest in acrid tones. "An' I'm not givin' my son *any* choice."

"Shore you're not," retorted his enemy with strong sarcasm. "You're bankin' on him gettin' money through Virginia. An' you'll die hopin'."

"Lundeen, you always was low-down white trash from the South. You couldn't savvy a Westerner. My son gets no choice. He gets out."

Both fathers, gray with passion, implacable, clutched in the vise of their hate, turned haggard gaze upon Clifton.

He rose to take his father's pronouncement.

"Young man, you're no more son of mine. Get out!" thundered Forrest, and the gray shaded black.

"Dad!" cried Clifton.

But the outcry was involuntary. And an instant afterward Clifton had a revulsion of emotion. His sluggish blood regurgitated to his cold veins.

"You're a couple of fine fathers," he lashed out, pitilessly on fire. "If you had any guts, you'd play the game like men. You fight and impose your hate upon two innocent young people who have the misfortune to be of your blood. . . . Lundeen, it's no wonder Virginia sought the protection of even a poor, crippled and now homeless man. You're no father. You're no better than the greaser dog you'd give her to. For money and greed! . . . Now I've one more word: You and Malpass stay clear of me."

Then Clifton vented the climax of his accumulated wrath upon his ashen-faced parent:

"I'll get out. And I'll never come back. You're not only wicked, but a doddering old idiot. Locked in your insane hate of anything Lundeen! If you ever were a Forrest, you've lost the thing that made you one. You, not I, have brought the name down."

Clifton stalked to the door of the hall leading to his room and stepped up. But the white heat of his anger demanded more. He faced them again.

"I lied to you. I love Virginia with all my heart and soul. And it'd be retribution for you both if she came to love me the same way. I pray to God she will. . . . I'll not die! I'll *live* so that she may! . . . Now, you cowards, go out and kill yourselves!"

THE fortification of secret marriage far exceeded Virginia's vacillating hopes. For, while making up her mind to this grave and uncertain step, she had been both inspired and frightened. It turned out, however, that in her most sanguine moments she had not realized its true portent. She was saved from the peril of a despicable alliance. She had only to safeguard herself from being shamed again by physical violence.

Therefore she gained a tranquillity of mind she had not experienced since her arrival home. She laid clever plans to avoid Malpass and adhered to them, while waiting for the end of August, at which time she was to visit Ethel in Denver. She took her meals to suit the convenience of her mother. When she went to Watrous to get her horses, and on rides thereafter, she made sure to be accompanied by Con and Jake. She avoided the living-room and the porch except when her father or mother was present. She was always careful to lock herself in her rooms.

Thus when Malpass approached she had him at a disadvantage. He knew it was intentional and chafed under the restrictions. Sometimes, before her father, he would attempt to further his suit, but Virginia found countering these advances interesting if not stimulating. She mystified the vain courter, whose Latin blood boiled at restraint. On several occasions she amused her

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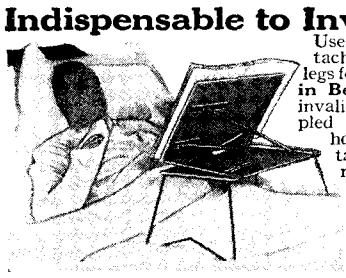

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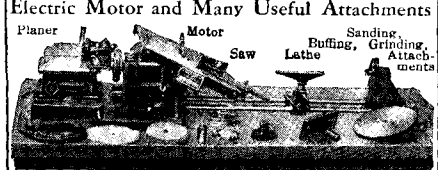

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father, who gradually grew less hearty in his championship of Malpass. She deceived both men, in that she did not seem to be absolutely unattainable. Evidently Lundeen had wearily retrenched to a wearing-down process. But Malpass labored under not only the hot impatience of a lover but also the growing doubts of a man whose intelligence has begun to operate against his vanity. Now and then Virginia caught a veiled gleam in his eyes that caused her to bless Clifton Forrest and to renew her unending vigilance. Malpass was capable of resorting to anything.

Several weeks went by. Mrs. Lundeen's health did not improve, and plans were effected to send her to Atlanta for the winter, to visit her old home and relatives. Virginia approved of this, but it meant that she must prolong her own absence from Cottonwoods. Still, the immediate present was all that she could meet adroitly. The future would take care of itself.

Her attitude of mind toward Clifton was something over which she had no control. The meeting with him that night, her monstrous deceit, the calm, barefaced carrying out of an apparent marriage of convenience when she loved him more every moment—these thrilling things could not be barred from consciousness, never by day and seldom by night. She resisted numberless temptations to drive here or there in the hope of accidentally seeing him. Her woman's heart told her that he was big and fine and good; that he would win his battle against any odds of health or fortune; that when the differences of the Lundeens and Forrests were settled—as some day they must be—she might find his love.

ONE morning Virginia, with her cowboy escorts, started out to see the silver mine which had played such an important and mystifying part in the affairs of Forrest, Lundeen and Malpass.

Virginia had ridden up there often, especially in early years when it was merely an abandoned mine, picturesquely located and romantically significant with Spanish legend. Con had seen it. But Jake, range rider though he was, had never been there since the rediscovery of silver.

Now, it chanced that Jake, according to his own version, was something of an authority on minerals. He had prospected, on and off, while riding the range, all over that section of the country. This information had come in answer to Virginia's queries, which had been instigated by a thought-provoking remark of Jake's: "Waal, I'm from Missouri, an' I gotta be showed. Never took much stock in thet Padre Mine."

Added to this was the significance of the fact that Malpass had lately ceased to have the Padre worked. Once more it had become an abandoned mine. Any move whatever of Malpass' roused distrust in Virginia. Her father had been considerably upset by the assurance that the mine had "petered out," as Malpass described it. After the first large profit the others had been considerably smaller and dwindling. Virginia was interested to get the keen range rider's opinion of the late operations at the Padre.

IN DUE time they arrived to find, to Virginia's disappointment, that its former picturesque charm had given place to sordid ugliness. A hideous slash had been cut in the beautiful grove of juniper, piñon and cedar. High up the slope the brook had been choked into a rough chute, now broken and down in places. The willows that once had graced the little pool—where, according to legend, the padres were wont to drink—were gone along with the glancing water. Flowers and sage were not. Tracks and trestles, dumps of clay and rock, seepings of russet-colored water from denuded banks, bleak sheds with galvanized iron roofs, and rusting machinery littered around, and piles of tar-coated pipe attested to the approach and desertion of destructive men.

"Waal, wouldn't the old padres turn over in their graves?" asked Jake, with a mirthless grin, as he surveyed the scene.

"They surely would," returned Virginia ruefully. "Now, Jake, we'll play that I am a prospective buyer with very little cash and you are an expert adviser."

"Shure, it looks loike a dump outside of Noo Yoark," put in Con.

"Miss Virginia, I reckon you'd better find a shady place an' wait," advised Jake.

"But I want to poke around," she replied, dismounting. "You boys needn't bother about me. I'll not crawl in any holes or walk out on a trestle."

"Con, bring your flashlight," directed Jake. "It'll be dark in the tunnel."

"If you don't moind, I'll sthay out," returned Con as he clambered down after the businesslike Jake.

(*Continued on page 48*)

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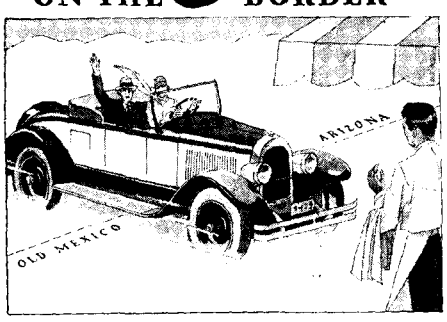

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The Shepherd of Guadaloupe

Continued from page 47

Virginia was left to her own resources. On previous occasions she had ridden by up the trail, merely casting curious and disgusted glances at the jumble of wood, iron and earth, trying to piece them together into the idea of silver production. This time she followed an intuitive prompting which seemed at once both strong and illusive. She was on a tour of inspection. Her father had informed her lately that the failure of this mine had killed extravagant hopes. Her own large income had formerly come from this source. Virginia's opinion was that Lundeen, after running cattle all his life, was no judge of mining ventures.

SHE inspected every place she could get at, and did not mind exertion or rust or dirt. And after she had thoroughly tired herself she concluded that this mine, once famous in legend if never in productiveness, was nothing but a conglomeration of clapboards, old iron, tracks and trestles and various shades of dark naked earth. She repaired to the only shade tree on the bench, and there sat down to rest. From here the valley below was not in sight, but the distant range spread out to the dim mountains, compelling and beautiful.

Her revery and gaze might have been more pleasant if she had been far removed from this spot desecrated and despoiled by Malpass. She could not quite forget it and that an insistent and insatiable distrust of the man had led her there. She was glad when she espied the cowboys emerge from under the brow of a slanting bank of clay and climb back to the horses. Their faces were hot and their clothes, especially their knees, had come in contact with something like chalk, and their boots were splashed with red mud. Seeing Virginia under the tree, they led the horses up to her.

"Waal, Miss Virginia, shore an Irishman is scared more of the dark than a nigger," observed Jake, complacently, as he dropped the bridles and sat down to remove his sombrero.

"Oim sayin' no nigger would ever have follered you where I went," responded Con.

"You both look spooky," laughed Virginia.

"Miss, I'm plumb curious," went on Jake, now serious. "Did Mr. Lundeen ever employ any white man on this minin' job?"

"Father never employed anybody. Malpass did all that. I remember there used to be complaints on Father's part. Malpass hired none but Mexicans. And, as I understood it, the work suffered for this reason. Inefficient boys running engines, and—oh, I can't recall much. I do remember that no consistent work was carried on, much to Father's annoyance."

"Waal, between you an' me an' Con here, I don't believe there ever was *any* work carried on."

"What!" ejaculated Virginia, sitting up with a jerk. "Why, Jake, it appears to me endless work went on here. Look at the sheds, the tracks, the old cars, the trestles, the piles of pipe, the flumes, and hill after hill of rock, gravel, clay, all dug out of the ground."

"Shore, it took work to do thet, an' a mighty sight of it, but what I'm alludin' to is miners' work. All this packin' an' buildin' an' diggin' was done for nothin'."

"But, Jake, many thousands of dollars came out of that hole," asserted Virginia emphatically.

"Then, by gosh, it was shore planted there beforehand," returned Jake bluntly.

"What an extraordinary statement!" ejaculated Virginia, her receptive mind whirling with conjectures and imaginings.

"It is—sort of," admitted Jake, scratching his close-cropped head. "But, doggone me, thet's my idee. . . . Miss Virginia, I've seen a heap of mines. I spent some years over around Silver City. An' I've been in Colorado. I know how mines are worked. I'd bet a million there was never an ounce of silver came out of this hole."

"Jake, on what do you base that positive opinion?"

"Because I couldn't find a single trace of silver. But, look here!"

He opened his huge palm, in which had been crumpled a bit of paper. When he carefully unfolded and smoothed it out Virginia's astonished sight recorded a number of grains and specks of gold.

"Gold! Where on earth did they come from?" demanded Virginia, much mystified.

"Where! Haw! Haw! Waal, they came out of the earth an' not from on it."

"Jake, I know I'm stupid, but please explain."

"Waal, back in the mine there are holes thet were made by blasts. Some heavy ones, shore. I'll bet no miners were inside when they shot them. Must have clogged up the shaft. I ought to have told you how a number of shafts run off from the main tunnel. No sense or reason in them, accordin' to my figgerin', except to make more shafts. . . . Waal, I thought of somethin', an' I crawled into one of the biggest blast holes, higher'n my head an' wide as a room. I filled an old pan I found with loose earth an' shale. Fetchin' it out to the light, I shook and blew the heavy parts away. We used to call this dry pannin'. When I got out of wind Con took a turn, and shore he's windy enough to be a glass blower. Result was we got down to these few grains of gold."

"AND what does all this prove?" queried Virginia, in breathless interest.

"Waal, when all's said it proves nothin' thet I can prove," returned Jake, in perplexity. "I know what I think. We shore found this little trace of loose gold. There it is in your hand. But I'd bet a lot nature never put this gold in thet hillside."

"You mean you believe gold like this —in large quantity perhaps—was taken into the mine from outside?" asked Virginia, her mind quickening with many scintillating thoughts.

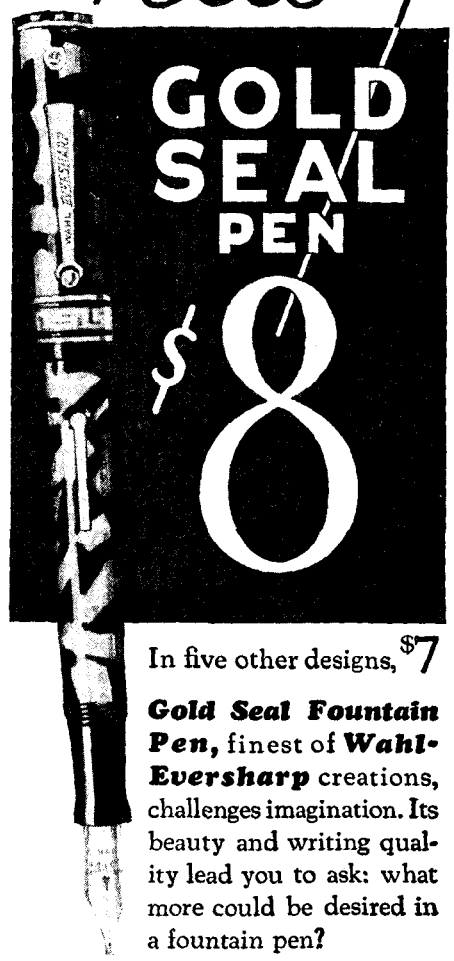
"Planted in there, Miss Virginia," said Jake, very soberly. "Thousands of dollars in gold, mebbe. An' then blasted! Thet would blow the gold fragments into the dirt an' gravel an' shale. It's an old trick. But I never heerd of it in these parts."

"An old trick! . . . To deceive? To raise greedy hopes? To blind? To give false and tremendous value to a worthless hole in the ground?"

"Miss Virginia, you've hit it plumb center. . . . But I'm bound to tell you I may be wrong. Thet's the hell—pardon, miss, I'm some excited—but thet's the worst of it. The gold might have been there of its own an' nature's accord. I don't believe so. It looks fishy to me. But I might be wrong."

"Jake, could a mining expert prove positively whether this gold was planted

new!



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there to defraud or belonged there along with the other natural deposits?"

"He shore could," asserted Jake, emphatically nodding his head.

"Boys, this is a very singular thing," concluded Virginia gravely. "It may mean nothing, and then again it may mean a great deal. . . . I'm asking you both on your word of honor to keep this secret with me."

They solemnly promised in unison, and Virginia felt that she could trust them. With trembling fingers she carefully tied up the telltale grains of gold in a corner of her handkerchief and stowed it safely away, thinking the while of the strange result of a chance remark. But, then, how alertly distrustful she was of anything pertaining to Malpass' activities!

AT HOME she rode in abruptly upon a scene of disorder and confusion. The court appeared full of strange cars and strange people. Jake, with a warning call, caught up to her and reached for her bridle.

Her father and a young man and Mr. Hartwell of Watrous were lifting someone out of the car.

"Father, what has happened?" she cried.

But no one heard her. They were all talking excitedly, and the Mexicans crowding about were exclaiming to their saints. Then Virginia saw Malpass' boots, his white riding breeches, and lastly his face—that she did not recognize. It appeared webbed with bloody stripes.

She clapped a hand to her lips too late to stifle a scream. Then: "My God! Is he dead?"

"Go into the house," shouted her father.

Virginia had no idea of obeying, even had she been capable of moving. Her feet might as well have been cased in leaden boots. A horrible chill attacked her within and froze pulse and vein. Her mind had flashed upon one appalling thought, and there had congealed.

"Lundeen—drive them—away!" shrieked Malpass, and then he cursed and raved in Spanish.

Virginia nearly dropped with the instant release of her faculties from an icy compress. Suddenly she had a sensation not unlike the worst of seasickness.

Lundeen bellowed at the gaping employees of the house, at the drivers and occupants of the other cars.

"Hell's fire! Get me—inside!" Malpass could not stand without the aid of the men who locked arms under his. He could not walk at all. They slid and dragged him. His thin coat and shirt were cut into ribbons. The olive tan of his neck showed a broad welt like a band of red velvet.

Following them, quaking and thrilling alternately, Virginia entered the wide hall, and then the living-room, where they laid Malpass back in an armchair. He called faintly for whisky. The chauffeur ran out. Lundeen rushed to the cabinet where he kept liquor. Hartwell endeavored to ease the stiff posture of the recumbent man. Virginia stood fascinated and horrified.

"Oh, Father! What happened?"

"How the hell do I know?" he quavered, his jaw wobbling.

"Miss Lundeen, there's been a terrible fight," said Hartwell.

"Between whom?" queried Virginia, her hand on her bursting heart. She did not need to ask. That heart told her what her fears wanted confirmed.

"Leave the room," ordered Lundeen, hurrying across the room with a glass full of red liquor that spilled over his shaking hand.

"No! She stays to hear this—by God," hissed Malpass.

When he had gulped the whisky his head fell back, his eyes closed. And Virginia engaged all her forces in an effort to look clearly at him.

He presented a spectacle like a beaten beast. His striped shirt was red with blood, whether from cuts on face and neck, or a wound not visible. The sleeves of coat and shirt were ripped back to the elbow, showing a wrist that looked as if it had been burned to the bone.

"Hartwell, who'n'll's to blame?" burst out Lundeen, throwing the empty glass back to crash on the cabinet.

"Cliff Forrest," returned Hartwell explosively.

"So help me Heaven! I reckoned so. . . . How'd he do it?"

"Beat him with a bullwhacker's whip. Beat him unconscious, Lundeen, an' if Forrest hadn't give out he'd have beat him to death."

"For Gawd's sake, why?"

Malpass stirred as if he had been pricked. His eyes opened. Under the swollen lids and the brand across his forehead they gleamed with most baleful luster.

"Hartwell, get out of here," he ordered in stronger voice. "And keep your mouth shut—if you want my favors."

"But if Mason dies, sir, they'll make me talk. An' he's bad hurt," replied Hartwell, nervously wringing his hands. "Besides, there were other people present."

"Wait, then. Keep me posted."

Hartwell mumbled a few incoherent words and beat a hasty retreat.

"August, hadn't I better send to town for a doctor?" queried Lundeen anxiously.

"No. . . . I'm in agony, but only beaten, burned. . . . It was a whip. Forrest jumped me with a whip."

"He'll go to jail," boomed Lundeen.

"——! I'll cut his heart out!"

Weakly, with strength infinitely less than his passion, he stretched the lacerated arm, and pointed a bloody hand and quivering finger at Virginia.

"You brazen hussy!"

Not the frenzied insult of his words but their connotation left Virginia stricken and mute.

"Heah!" shouted Lundeen, his paleness vanishing. "Have a care. You've shore cause to rave, but not—"

"Lundeen, you'll—kill her!" panted Malpass, his breast alternately lifting and sinking.

"Me! You're wild, man. She's my own flesh an' blood."

"That's why. . . . If you don't kill her—you'll curse her—throw her out—Then, by God, I'll drag her down!"

VIRGINIA flamed out of her petrifaction.

"Mr. Malpass, I make allowance for your condition. But you're not quite insane. I tell you nothing you have done or can do or say will move me in the slightest."

"*I'll drag you through mud!*" he hissed with fiendish malignity.

Lundeen intervened, at least with semblance of self-control.

"Shut up, Virginia," he ordered, "an' you, Malpass, do the same or talk sense. What's this all aboot?"

"Your loyal daughter is the wife of young Forrest."

"*What!*" yelled Lundeen, leaping up as if at the sting of a lash.

"She's married to Clifton Forrest. I saw the marriage certificate. He stuck it before my eyes! . . . Laughed in my face, the ——"

Lundeen sagged under the blow, though mind and body seemed to repudiate it. Slowly he turned to Virginia, his dry lips failing, his eyes strained in terrible question.

(To be continued next week)

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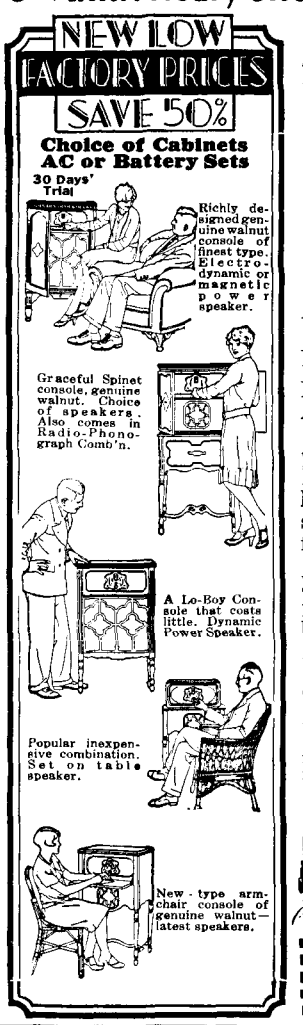
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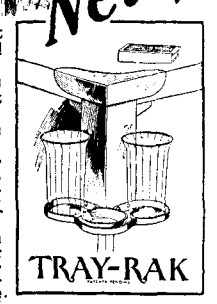

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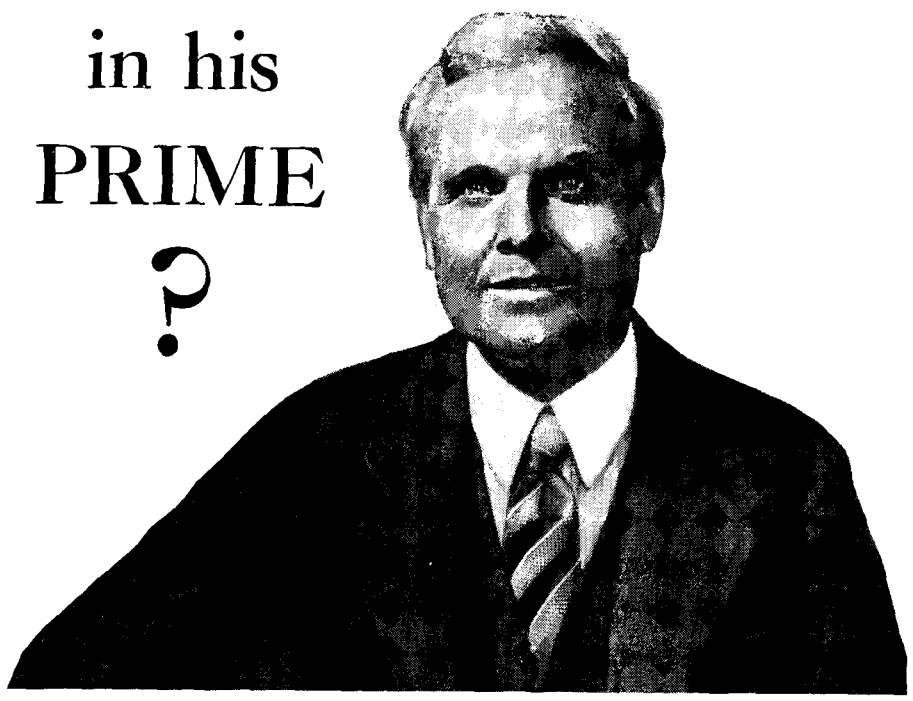
At what age is a MAN in his PRIME ?



EVERYBODY will tell you something different. Some people are past their prime by the time they're 40. A few never know what it's like to feel in their prime. And then you talk to some hale and hearty man of 65, and he'll tell you he's been in his prime as long as he can remember.

"I'm still in my prime," he'll declare. "What's more, I expect to be for some years to come. I may not chase around quite as much as I used to. But I keep myself in first-class shape, just the same—thanks to Nujol. Nujol is the habit of a life-time with me.

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Collier's RADIO HOUR

Road Star

Continued from page 20

agent, who discovered her in Vienna. She was doing a burlesque of Chanticleer in the theaters there. He booked her to do the same thing in English over here. But before he could do so he and his assistants had to devote a lot of time to teaching her, phonetically, the English lines that she needed. Parrotlike, she learned them. But half the time she didn't know what she was saying. Then Savage found her. The first thing he taught her was not how to read a line, but how to stand the odor of an enthusiastic pipe.

"It was at my first rehearsal. I came on the stage. There was a terrific smell from the orchestra pit. 'Ugh! Ugh!' I said. 'That horrid pipe. Who is smoking that horrid pipe?'

"Mr. Savage stood up." You should have seen the diminutive star, impersonating the late producer, who stood more than six feet in height and spoke in an appropriately deep voice. "'*I* am smoking that horrid pipe,' he said. '*I* am smoking it.' 'Oh, all right, all right,' I piped. 'I like him very—very much indeed.'

Good Training but a Nuisance

"But that was only one of the things he taught me. At seventeen one is so young and has so much assurance. Why, I haven't nearly the confidence and assurance now that I had then. But he was very patient with me—even when I was decidedly positive in my views.

"Of course sometimes I won. Once, in despair, he said to me when he had to yield in an argument: 'All right, all right. You *know*. I won't ever argue with you again—except, of course, for the sake of arguing!'"

Mr. Savage would often change a whole scene on the spur of the moment. It was very good training for Mitzi, though it certainly was a nuisance at the time.

"I would never dare say to him, 'I can't do it this way or that way.' When I first went to work for him someone had warned me never to say to him, 'I can't.' So I always managed to do whatever it was, somehow, and I know it pleased him.

"He was a delightful, lovable character, with the true soul of an artist. He watched little points so closely, and in time I came to realize that when he told me to do a certain thing he was more likely to be right than not.

"That was why I fell in so readily with his views regarding road productions. And, without trying to be flowery or romantic at all, let me tell you that some of those audiences more than repay you for the effort you make to get to them."

They must. Fan Burke, who played with Mitzi in Lady Billy its first time out, will tell you about that evening in the state of Washington. It was in Aberdeen, if she remembers correctly. Fan liked wandering about the strange, quaint towns, and before the evening performance she went for a stroll and wound up in a funny little restaurant in a low wooden building. She went in for supper and, while she was eating, a party of men all bundled up in furs and mackinaws roared in.

"By golly," the proprietor greeted 'em. "I ain't seen you fellows in about two years, I guess."

"Nope," said one of 'em, "not since the last time Mitzi was here. And you wouldn't see us now, only she's here again. We started at five o'clock this morning, and it was some trip. Sixty-seven miles and the roads half under water." (It was spring.) "You ought to go out and take a look at the old bus."

"Is it worth it?" Fan asked them, not saying who she was.

"I'll say it's worth it. That little dame always gives a swell performance. Much better than you'll see in Paris or London. Not that I've ever been in either."

"Now what," Mitzi asked me with a gesture of futility, "can you do in two and a half hours to repay loyalty like that?"

But it's passing. "The road" is passing. Mitzi assured me that within five years there won't be any more touring companies. The stars have spoiled it, partly. They've refused to travel with original productions, they've cut performances. In short, they've been snobbish, most of them, about the road.

And then there are the movies. It isn't alone the competition of low-admission many-seated theaters. It's the fact that audiences educated up to seeing costly first-run movie productions at the same time as (often before) the Broadway runs, resent being served legitimate fare at the second table.

It used to be great to be able to advertise your show as "direct from so many months on Broadway." Now they get sore about it. As an instance of this, The Madcap was taken out across the country before Broadway was given a glimpse of it. That flatters the road.

But railroad rates are high. It costs a small fortune to send a road company across the country. And you can guess how comparatively slight are the express rates on six tin boxes housing an entire movie production starring a widely advertised player. Even if the star appears "in person," it doesn't cost a whole lot more.

"I'm going to stick till the end. I'll go any place where they really want me. But things have changed a lot in the last four years even. The road is dying."

And what will our Mitzi do then, poor thing? Well, she has her metropolitan following. Besides, she wants to play farces without music. She's getting ready for that. In her last two productions the book has been stressed as much as the music and lyrics, and you know how significant that is in a musical show.

To Say Nothing of Poetry!

Mitzi, for all her still limited knowledge of English—perhaps because of it —once produced one of the most ingenious rhymes for "circle" that has ever been roped.

It was once when she was dissatisfied with the lyrics provided by Mr. Savage for a native Hungarian folk-song-dance number called, incredibly, The Hazzazza.

She decided to make her own translation—this was when the self-confidence of which she spoke was still working well.

She wrote along merrily until she came to a line:

". . . dance around in a circle."

So far so good. But the next line? She thought and thought and finally triumphantly evolved: "And your body you will jircle."

"And a very good word too," she assured me. "It was a combination of *jerk* and—well, *circle*. Alas, they didn't use it, after all my trouble. But"—and another triumphant gleam—"when they finally did fix up the lyric they had to fill out the line with a foolish little 'tra-la-la.'"

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Writer's Cramp

Continued from page 19

was mellow and receiving all favors graciously.

"Don't you ever get tight, Mr. Riley?"

"Never have yet, Mr. Hirshfield. But they say there's always a first time. Let's have another."

"Nothing for me." Hirshfield clung to his half-empty beer glass. "Another shot for this gentleman."

At four o'clock Hirshfield thought Riley showed indications of weakening.

"Call me Mart. I'm Mart to me friends," he said. But then he ordered and ate a large quantity of pretzels, which seemed to act as blotting paper in his interior machinery and neutralized the effects of a whole afternoon's drinking. "Fill 'em up, bartender. The salt on them pretzels made me thirsty."

"If I had a head like yours, Mart"—a certain wistfulness crept into Hirshfield's speech—"it would be worth a million dollars to me. If I'd had half what you've drunk, I'd be blotto."

"Go ahead, Hirshfield. Drink all you want to." Generosity overflowed Riley's usual caution. "Get as stewed as you want to. I'll take good care of you."

HIRSHFIELD shook his head hopelessly. He had intended to have Riley fuddled before leaving the speakeasy. In fact, Hirshfield had formed a tentative plan for double-crossing his own partners and "taking care" of Riley's money for him, under pretense of putting it in the store safe and never bringing the sailor to the rendezvous they had appointed.

"Ever shake dice, Mart?" Hirshfield offered this as a possible solution of the problem.

"Of course," Riley nodded. "Let's see your bones."

For the first time in three hours Hirshfield's twisted features changed to something approaching a grin. From his trousers pocket appeared two transparent cubes. Riley examined them carefully.

"Just like mine. That's funny."

From his pocket Riley drew two similar cubes. "Let's high-dice for the first throw."

Each of them rattled the bones in his right hand. Riley spilled out his cubes upon the table. The spots counted "seven." Hirshfield started and rolled his dice. They too showed a seven. Something about the assurance of the sailor made Hirshfield pause.

"First seven wins," Riley chanted, with animation. From his pocket came a $5 bill, stripped off the roll which he drew from the bank. "I'm shootin' five."

With unassumed reluctance, Hirshfield covered the bill.

"Five rides, neckties and collars. Dice loves a sailor. Dice roll. And they did. I'm shootin' ten, B. V. D. Cover it if you want it."

Riley was forced to wait while Hirshfield, with the agility of a snail, put down $10 from his diminished roll.

"All right there, shirts and socks. Dice loves a cheerful giver. And three and four . . . another pass . . . I'm shootin' th' twenty—"

"Wait a minute." Hirshfield foresaw an opportunity to use either Riley's dice or his own. It was painfully evident both sets had been purchased in the same "novelty" shop. "Roll seven every time and astonish your friends," the window placard had said. "I'd forgot. I got to phone a friend of mine."

Riley, disappointed in gambling, folded up the $15 he had won and put it in his pocket.

"Be back in a minute, soon as I call a number." Hirshfield started for the public phone in the cigar-store front.

Hirshfield was more amiable when he returned.

"Say, Mart, ever step out with a nice dame?"

"Always," Riley retorted, complacently.

"I'm goin' to give you a break, Mart. This here little dame I just called up, she's a classy kid. Get me? She's the McCoy."

"What McCoy?"

"I mean she's a good looker and full o' pep. Her husband treats her terrible, Mart. Just terrible. He leaves her alone and goes out of town to Atlantic City and them places. She's terrible lonesome. That's how I promised I'd call her up this afternoon. She suspected the big Roquefort was goin' to leave her over the Fourth."

"Well, did he?"

"Yes, sir. Left her flat and went to the sticks somewhere. Buffalo or some place like that, 'way out West. She's goin' to de-vorce him, this time. She just heard this husband took a dame with him, see?"

"Nobody should treat a frail like that."

"That's what I say, Mart. Now, she's lonesome up in her apartment all alone, and she wants me to come up. I said I had a friend along, and right away she says, 'Bring your friend too. And some oranges. I got th' gin.'"

"I'd rather have whisky."

"We'll take a pint along for you. What you say? Should we go up there for a while and try to cheer her up?"

"That sounds all right."

"Now, Mart. She's a nice kid, see? Bartender, you put up a pint of liquor for my friend here. There's nothin' wrong with her, Mart. Just a good little kid who's kinda outa luck on accounta this egg she's married to."

Riley promised faithfully to mind his manners if admitted to the lady's apartment. The bartender shook his head dubiously as they left the speakeasy. All the way to the address, as Hirshfield and his guest sat at ease in the taxi, the New Yorker elaborated upon Mrs. De Costa's charms.

"She's terrible refined, Mart," he repeated. "Terrible refined and . . . ah . . . swell. See what I mean?"

The sailor admitted that he did.

The apartment proved to be in an unsavory portion of West Fourth Street. Street gamins were playing handball, and one saluted Riley with his thumb to his nose, yelling in a piercing treble, "Hey, pipe th' Duke o' York."

There was no card over the apartment bell which Hirshfield pressed. "She's terrible refined, Mart. Don't have her name out here in front, so's she won't be bothered by no agents and such."

THE door latch rattled, and Hirshfield led the way upstairs.

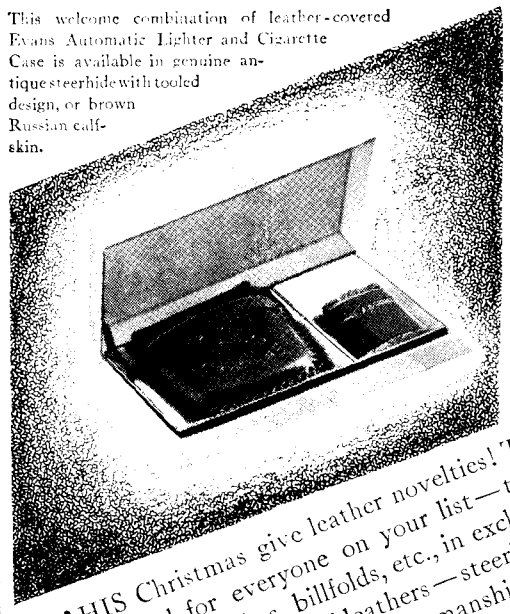
"Mart, meet Mrs. De Costa."

Mrs. De Costa was dressed informally in a flamboyant green silk negligee. She was blond, painfully blond, one might have said, considering that the roots of her bobbed hair were a slightly different shade from the clipped ends of her tresses.

Moreover, Mrs. De Costa had taken adequate precautions against a hot-weather shine on her nose. Powder lay on her face at least skin-deep. Her lips, full, delightfully pouting lips, were a vivid carmine.

"Mart. I'm sure tickled to meet you, if you're a friend of Max Hirshfield's. I ain't got a better friend in this cock-

(Continued on page 52)

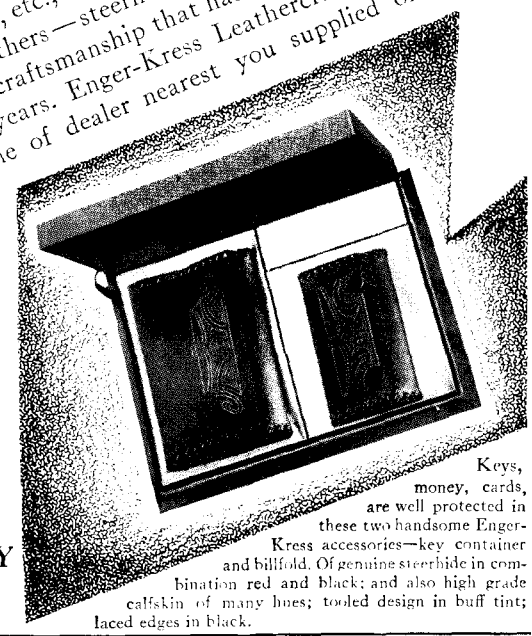


This welcome combination of leather-covered Evans Automatic Lighter and Cigarette Case is available in genuine antique steerhide with tooled design, or brown Russian calfskin.

For Your Friends Who Smoke

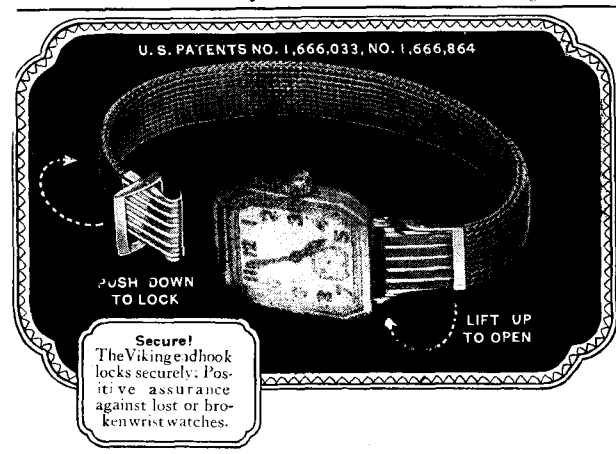
THIS Christmas give leather novelties! The Enger-Kress line has something unusual for everyone on your list—tie cases, bridge card sets, leather-trimmed clothes brushes, billfolds, etc., in exclusive, advanced styles in all of the wanted colors and a choice of leathers—steerhide, calf, ostrich, etc. The two gift sets illustrated are typical of the craftsmanship that has made Enger-Kress products famous for more than 40 years. Enger-Kress Leathercraft is available at leading stores everywhere. Name of dealer nearest you supplied on request.

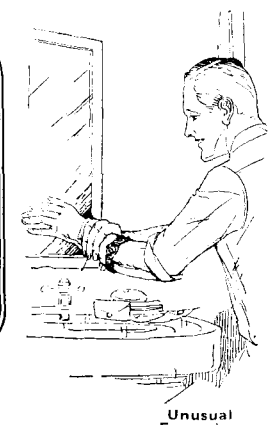
—and For Those Who Don't



Keys, money, cards, are well protected in these two handsome Enger-Kress accessories—key container and billfold. Of genuine steerhide in combination red and black; and also high grade calfskin of many hues; tooled design in buff tint; laced edges in black.

ENGER-KRESS COMPANY
WEST BEND, WISCONSIN
Leathercraft


U. S. PATENTS NO. 1,666,033, NO. 1,666,864
PUSH DOWN TO LOCK
LIFT UP TO OPEN
Secure! The Viking endhook locks securely. Positive assurance against lost or broken wrist watches.



Unusual Expansion fits the wrist snugly without constriction—Slides up arm when washing hands.

So smart, so modern that your friends notice and admire the Viking . . . So comfortable, so secure that YOU forget it's there . . .

Woven Without a Seam— no edges, ridges, bulges to dent the flesh or catch the hair.

Reliable Flexibility Rustless springs that never lose their tension.

All needed lengths and sizes made in 14K, 10K Solid Gold and Gold Filled—white, green or yellow—also in Nickel Silver and Chromium Plated. End Hooks plain, struck, engine turned, stone set and enamelled.
Prices, $60.00 to $4.50 at better jewelers.

M. S. COMPANY, ATTLEBORO, MASS., U. S. A.

Viking
Seamless Flexible Mesh Bracelet
FOR MEN FOR WOMEN

REDUCED SIZE ILLUSTRATION OF 4½ IN. VIKING BRACELET FOR WOMEN
EXPANDS TO 6¼ INCHES

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His progress entitles him to *better tobacco*

THIS Christmas—give him Old Briar Tobacco. He is worthwhile and is entitled to better tobacco, just as he is entitled to better clothes, and better standards of living. So tell him—with your gift of Old Briar Tobacco—that you appreciate his progress.

Only the highest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, go into Old Briar Tobacco. And quantity production makes it possible at such a reasonable price.

If for any reason your dealer hasn't Old Briar Tobacco packed in the $1 ideal gift size—a handsome humidor tin—use the coupon below. Simply state the number desired and enclose $1 money or check for each tin. These will be sent post paid, protected from damage by substantial packing.

The Popular 25c package—two pouches wrapped together

United States Tobacco Company, C—12-1-28
Richmond, Virginia, U. S. A.

Gentlemen: Please send to the address below .....$1 gift sizes of Old Briar Tobacco, for which I enclose $.....

Print Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

Old Briar Tobacco

"THE BEST PIPE SMOKE EVER MADE!"

United States Tobacco Co., Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Writer's Cramp

Continued from page 51

eyed world than Max, and anyone he brings here is O. K. with me, ain't they, Max? An', Max, squeeze some of them oranges, because my gin is cryin' for them."

It was obvious that Mrs. De Costa knew a friend when she saw one.

"There's a chair, Mart. Give your dogs a chance."

Riley accepted the chair and a drink and the hostess' undisguised admiration.

"So you're a sailor, Mart. Max tells me you're a sailor. I'll bet that's swell, seein' everything all over."

"It's all right, Mrs. De Costa, if you get a likin' for it and don't mind sleepin' in short bunks."

"Call me Celeste," said the vivacious woman. "I'll bet you had plenty of good times, everywhere you been. Now, me, I don't know what a good time looks like."

Riley sat up a bit straighter in his chair and settled his double-breasted coat on his square shoulders.

"Get your de-vorce first, before you go figurin' on good times," suggested the businesslike Hirshfield.

"The way I feel," returned Celeste, "I've as good as got my de-vorce now. I mean, I'm all caught up with that brute, an' all that's left is to take him into court an' have it over with. The hard part of it, Mart"—she turned to the entranced Riley—"was makin' up my mind to leave him."

PROMPTLY at 5:30 Hirshfield remembered that he would have to go back and close his store. "Mind waitin' for me, Mart? I won't be gone long. Just long enough to count up, an' bank, and see that them clerks locks up."

"You leave Mart to me. Mart and I don't care if you forget to come back. Do we, Mart?"

"Naw. Let him take his time."

Hirshfield picked up his hat and, with a casual, "See you later," went out the front door.

"My Gawd, Mart, I thought he'd never take the air." She delivered this in one breath, almost before Hirshfield was out of the door.

"I thought you liked him."

"It ain't that, Mart. But he ain't excitin' like you." She went over to the case of records that stood in the corner of the room, selected a popular "blues" number and put it on.

"I could just die listenin' to this song. C'm on, Mart. Let's dance."

Riley shook his head. "Sorry, ma'am. I don't dance."

"Sorry, what?"

"Sorry, ma'am."

With a graceful flutter of silk, she came over and seated herself on the arm of his easy-chair. "Don't you dare call me ma'am. I'm Celeste. Understand?"

"A'right, Celeste."

"There. That's better." Her fingers brushed his lips as she raised her hand to smooth his forelocks. "Isn't that better?"

Riley gulped, and nodded.

Celeste paused, with a little, trilling, self-conscious laugh. "Guess I'd better pull the curtains. You can see right in here from across the street," she explained. "Pour yourself a drink, Mart."

When she returned to the arm of Riley's chair, Mart had his arm ready to receive her. She cuddled down against him and kissed him, once or twice, until his courage expanded to the point where he kissed her, a distinction which any woman will understand.

"How often do you come to New York, Mart, dear?" she cooed.

The chief engineer of the Maxwelton was so occupied with the silk-wrapped bundle of blond loveliness in his arms that he did not notice the sound of a cautious key turning in the lock. Nor was he aware that their privacy had been invaded until a rough voice said, "Look at 'em!"

Celeste leaped to her feet with a scream.

"My gosh! My husband!"

Riley, who could not stand until Celeste had bounded from his knees, rose more deliberately from the depths of the armchair. Confronting him was a tall, dark man, accompanied by a stout, thickset, gotch-eared youth.

"Oh, Mart! Mart!" Celeste buried her head on Riley's broad right shoulder. "What shall I do? He's caught us, Mart."

"Which one's your husband?" asked Riley with deliberation.

"I'm her husband," announced the dark man, a long, maroon-colored scar across his cheek showing sinister implications, as he faced the sailor. "You've . . . why, you devil, you've betrayed my wife!"

"Yeah?" asked Riley, slowly. "What'ch goin' to do about it?"

"I'll make you pay for this. . . ."

"Pay?"

"You bet you'll pay." The husband really warmed to his theme. "If you don't, I'll go down to your owners and have your officer's license revoked. I'll make you pay. . . ."

"So that's the ticket." Riley spoke in a tone of great relief. "Just another badger game."

Celeste, whose shoulders had been shaking in mingled grief, shame, terror or other familiar emotions, as she leaned against Riley's coat, came suddenly to life at his words.

"You nasty thing," she snapped, drawing away and slapping Riley smartly on both cheeks, "accusing me of anything like that."

Riley's blue eyes blinked. He made no other protest.

Mr. De Costa was less sensitive. "Badger game or not. Come through, fish. Come clean."

"I should give you money?" temporized Riley, eying the apartment as he oriented himself. "You c'n have th' $15 I won off Hirshfield with my trick dice, if you want that."

"T'hell wid th' $15. Give us that roll."

"I'll give you a punch on th' nose."

"You'd better do what he says, you fool!" Celeste advised.

For a minute the three looked at Riley. They saw no signs of weakening on his face.

"A'right, Nick." De Costa's hand went into his coat pocket. "Take it off him."

And, with the words, in both gangsters' right hands appeared vicious blue-steel automatic pistols. "Put 'em up, you," Nick ordered.

RILEY was emphatically a man of action rather than words. His right hand seized Celeste's waist. His left clasped her neck firmly. With a quick twist of his body he thrust her against the point of De Costa's pistol, throwing him, in turn, off his balance. In almost the same breath Riley's right foot came up and caught the Nick person in the stomach. Nick, cursing horribly, dropped the pistol and crumpled in acute agony.

Riley's fist, releasing Celeste, landed on De Costa's chin, the third of his synchronized moves. De Costa, already off balance, crashed in the corner under

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the iron stand that held the goldfish bowl.

"Murder, murder!" screamed Celeste, springing at him. She might have been a gnat, for all her flying finger nails troubled him. With an open hand, for Riley never struck a woman, he pushed her down into a chair, withdrawing the hand as she attempted to bite the fingers. He kicked the pistol out of Nick's reach, picked up his cap and took two steps to the door.

"I'll get you. I'll get you." De Costa shouted, trying to regain his feet.

"Yeah?" asked Riley. The cabinet of talking-machine records was beside him. He picked it up and threw it across the room, where it struck De Costa, flattening the man again and leaving in its wake a sowing of black disks, like a shower of sparks behind a rocket.

"Good-by, Celeste," said Riley. "Tell Hirshfield I couldn't wait." He walked out, carefully closing the door.

On the sidewalk, just outside the house, Riley met a policeman. The officer, his night stick dangling from his right hand by a thong, had cocked his head as he listened to the sounds of cursing, strife and tumult that issued from above. Celeste's screams were echoing down the street.

"Good evenin'," offered Riley mildly.

"What's goin' on up there?" demanded the bluecoat. With one glance he noted the unperturbed appearance of the sailor.

"A fella's sore at his wife," Riley explained. "Come in an' started raisin' hell. I thought I'd better get out before there was trouble."

"Sure," agreed the policeman heartily. "That's th' best way. Think I'd better go up?"

"Naw. Let 'em fight it out amongst theirselves."

THE next morning the chief steward of the Maxwelton found the chief engineer sitting in his cabin. He was coatless, shirtless and perturbed.

"Ain't you finished your letter yet?" asked the chief steward.

"How's this?" asked Riley. "You heard that part about the seepage. This is the next part, here: 'The captain sent me ashore yesterday to go to the bank for him. There isn't nothing else to write, so will close now. I am in good health. Your loving son, Mart.' How's that?"

"Well," the chief steward thought deeply, breathing like a sea lion, "she'll be glad to hear from you, anyhow."

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MOLLÉ changes the old complicated shaving operation into a simple gesture—almost as quick and easy as washing your face.

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For shaving tough beards and tender skins—without brush or lather.

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Editorial Director

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Behind What You Enjoy

IF EVER a people had cause to be thankful for a material prosperity, we are that people.

We have the greatest measure of the good things of life ever enjoyed at any time.

Nor are comforts and luxuries limited to any one class. Nobody is hungry and few are insufficiently clothed. Poverty has all but vanished from the land.

Not only is everybody fed and provided with the bare requirements of living but also the overwhelming majority of the American people possess many of the luxuries of civilization. Motor cars, telephones, radio, access to entertainment and to learning, are all but universally available.

Our country was once the promised land to the oppressed peoples of Europe because the United States offered political freedom and equality. Now again America fills the imagination of men because the poor are no longer with us. Economic freedom has been won.

The discovery of our prosperity, like the finding of America by Columbus, was largely an accident.

Thirty years ago anyone who prophesied what has actually come to pass would have been rightly counted a lunatic. Nobody imagined that the good things of life could be so generously consumed. Throughout the ages men were taught that the poverty of the many was essential to the prosperity of the nation as a whole.

We know now that this is not true. We have learned that as the wealth and income of a nation are the more widely enjoyed, so the general prosperity increases.

The ancient observation of the gain to be had from casting bread upon the waters has been abundantly proved.

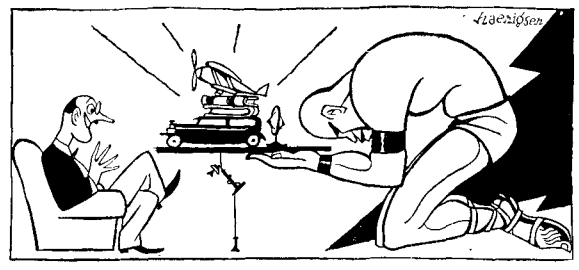
The well-being we enjoy is the fruit of many things but most of all of inventive minds which turned scientific inquiry into labor-saving machinery and then invited all the world to use it. That came out of our passion for universal education.

We are not different from the Old World races who were our ancestors. We are not stronger or keener-minded or more virtuous than our cousins overseas. We are of the same breeds and we share their strength and their weakness. Our advantage came chiefly from our belief in the righteousness of allowing everybody to develop all of his natural gifts.

Faith in human equality was the seed. It meant the breaking down of the barriers which had immemorially kept men apart. Stimulated by new hope, we began to unlock the treasures of the world.

Today our prosperity is so great that we look at the material accumulations and forget that only the practical application of an idealistic hope made these things possible.

General employment at high wages is at the heart of our prosperity. Inventions supply the opportunity for employment. Our institutions, notably the Federal Reserve System, keep it stable.



We try to exercise national self-control through the Reserve System. We seek to adjust ourselves to the varying weather of industry and commerce. What is this but an application on a national scale of the old religious doctrine of self-restraint?

Think of the faith and the character which lifted us to our present level and you will be in a mood to render thanks for whatever blessings you have enjoyed.

Skin-Deep

NOTICING his women patients dragging around with their hair done ten years behind the times and with none of the benefits of beautification aids, the head of an Illinois hospital for the insane sent for a couple of barbers and some experts on crow's-feet, sags, wrinkles and blemishes.

The effect was magical. The women immediately looked better, knew it, and in due time felt better.

The same scheme is being tried in a New Jersey hospital for the insane.

Experts hint that the beauty parlors awakened a dormant sense of vanity and gave the patients something to think about. It is not unreasonable to argue from the other end that it was neglect to cultivate a bright exterior that slumped some of the patients off toward the hospitals.

Certainly any woman lacking the spirit to desire to look her best is out of pace not merely with the fashion but with the whole tradition of the race.

Take that instinct out of women and mankind's whole passion for beauty and order would throw back to the club-and-cave age.

A Marriage Shrine

IT IS some satisfaction to note in this day of organized drives and campaigns and whatnots, that the Little Brown Church in the Vale, near Nashua, Iowa, has succeeded in clearing a sixty-two-year-old debt, contracted when ox teams hauled timbers to build it, largely through marriage fees.

The church, made comparatively famous in a song, has seen many a marriage solemnized in front of its hand-hewn altar between the rough walls wherein congregational pioneers from New England worshipped years ago. They hauled hardwood over sixty miles of corduroy roads to build it but they cannot have dreamed that it would endure as a national monument to marriage in an age which takes the institution a bit too lightly. May its stout walls stand to witness many more such ceremonies down through the years.

The Saving Ounce

DR. CHARLES W. HERTY, the chemist, has gone into American sick reports on a dollar basis. He estimates that this country's sick loss is about $9,000,000,000 a year. People spend about $1,000,000,000 for repair service to their bodies that could have been avoided if they had driven their flesh as carefully as they drive their cars. While laid up for repairs, they lose about $2,000,000,000 in wages. The unused earning capacity of lives cut short by death from preventable disease runs to $6,000,000,000 a year.

The noblest fight for the improvement of human welfare is now being made in the field of medical research. The doctors have added about nine years to the average span of life. They have cut the death rate from some dread diseases as much as 80 per cent. Among a large proportion of the people it is as much a social disgrace to have certain easily preventable diseases as to go unshorn and unwashed.

Throughout a large part of the country the season of common colds and frozen automobile radiators is approaching. One is as easy to prevent as the other, yet ten to one will be the ratio of knockout colds to icebound radiators. Good health is too cheap and plentiful. It will never be fully appreciated and conserved by every easily available means until educators swing in with the medical research masters and drive home the idea that as a matter of actual fact man is largely his own shepherd.

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If you want to win $500

—make every package you see remind you to WRITE NOW!

Contest Closes December 31st

$2,500 in Cash Prizes

1st Prize—$500 (5 Prizes—$50 each)

2nd Prize—$300 (10 Prizes—$25 each)

3rd Prize—$200 (100 Prizes—$10 each)

GET any one of the many packages of food products, toilet articles, household utensils, and so on, that you buy every day.

Get one right now—before you read further. Open it.

Take out the printed folder or leaflet, which we call a "Package Insert", and read it—carefully. It may be worth $500 to you.

Now write your opinion of this package insert, or of any other insert from any package you care to select. Base your answer on the four simple questions given in the rules in the next column.

Remember—your letter must be received by December 31st, 1928. So don't put it off. *Write Now!* Five minutes of your time spent this way may win you a valuable cash prize.

The prizes will be awarded on the merit of the practical suggestions given and not on literary excellence. Your chances to win are as good as anyone's. *WRITE NOW!*

RULES

1 You may submit any package insert or a description of any package insert, accompanied by a letter of not more than 500 words covering your opinions on the following four points:

(*a*) "What additional information, if contained in this package insert, would be helpful to me—and why?"

(*b*) "Would more pictures be helpful—What kind of pictures?"

(*c*) "My general opinion of this package insert."

(*d*) "How was it most useful to me?"

2 Write your name and address at top of your letter.

3 Contestants agree to accept the decision of the judges as final.

4 No communications will be acknowledged and no manuscripts will be returned.

5 All answers become the property of the American Lithographic Company, Inc. and the ideas contained therein utilized as may be seen fit.

6 Employees of American Lithographic Company, Inc. and allied companies are not eligible. Otherwise contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7 Letters must be received before midnight, December 31st, 1928.

8 Address all letters "P. O. Box 19, Madison Square Branch, New York."

Prizes will be awarded and the names and addresses of prize winners announced in Collier's as early as possible in 1929

THE JUDGES

Truman A. DeWeese, Vice-Pres. in charge of publicity, Shredded Wheat Co.; James E. Knox, Vice-Pres. Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co.; Stuart Peabody, Adv. Mgr., Borden Co.; A. T. Preyer, Dir. of Adv., Vick Chemical Co.; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Consultant; Stuart Benson, American Lithographic Company.

This contest typifies the character of research carried on by the American Lithographic Co., Inc., and its allied company Alco-Gravure, Inc., in order to constantly maintain the sales and advertising service we offer to manufacturers on all forms of direct and dealer help advertising. Our representative will be glad to call. Write to our main office in New York—or to one of our Branch offices, in Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, Boston, Cleveland and Baltimore.

AMERICAN LITHOGRAPHIC COMPANY, INC.

ALCO-GRAVURE, INC.

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A TRIUMPH of American industry

Rich man's car brought within reach of general public by magic of quantity production

THERE is no finer example of what mass production can accomplish than the present low prices of the *patented* Knight double sleeve-valve engine—undoubtedly one of the outstanding automobile achievements of the current year.

Fifteen years ago this superior power plant was used only in the most costly and exclusive European motor cars.

Europe's best brought to America

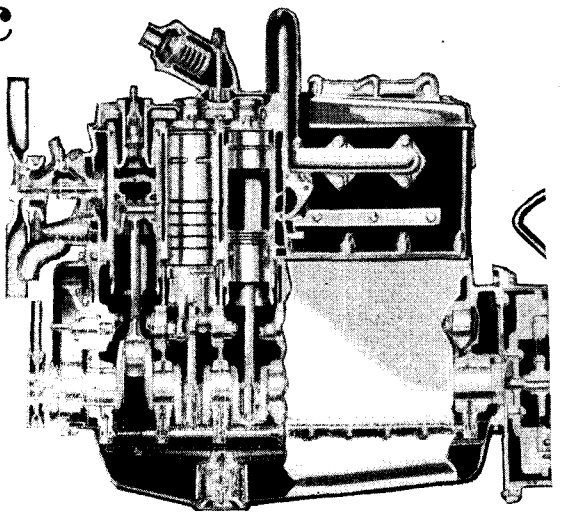
John N. Willys was the first to discern the tremendous possibilities of the Knight engine incorporated in a popular-priced automobile. He brought it to America and through the resources of the great Willys-Overland plant introduced it at a lower price than had ever before been thought possible.

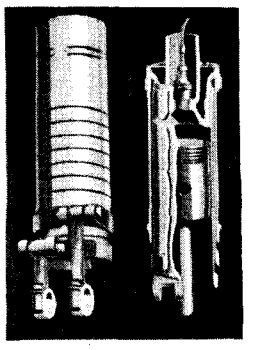
But this was not enough. The Willys-Knight, while medium-priced, was not yet *low*-priced—and John N. Willys felt that an engine with so many superior advantages should be placed within reach of the great majority of American motorists.

The goal of 15 years

For a decade and a half, Willys-Knight's every effort was bent toward this achievement—a low-priced six-cylinder car, powered by the double sleeve-valve engine, and maintaining all the prestige of quality which had been won by the costlier Willys-Knights.

And this year has marked the winning of that goal. Through constant improvements in manufacturing and engineering methods, through large scale production and increasing sales, Willys-Knight has at last broken down the price barrier—and hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic motorists now enjoy the velvet smoothness, silent power, marked economy and increasing efficiency which are possible with no other type of engine.





Two sleeves move silently up and down, controlling the intake and outlet of gasoline vapor.

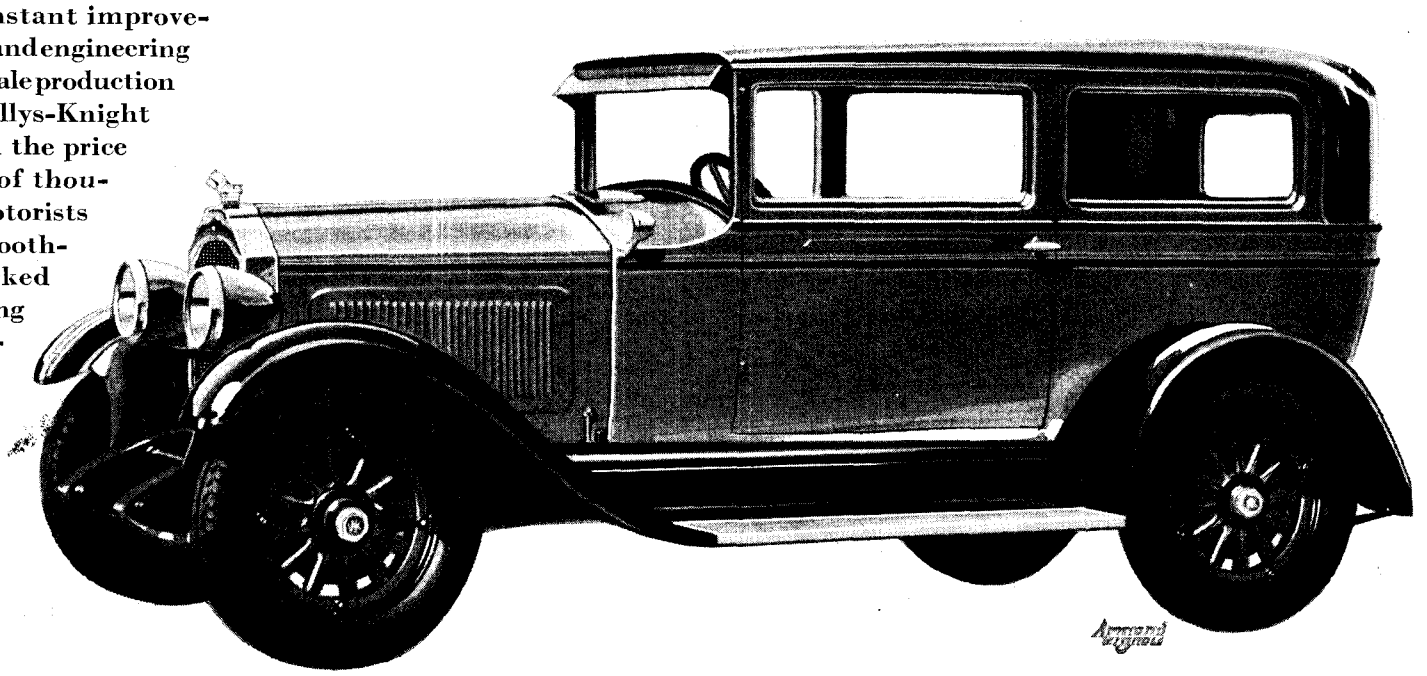
The Knight engine has no complicated valve mechanism. In each cylinder, two sliding metal sleeves combine with the spherical cylinder head to form a perfectly sealed combustion chamber. As a result, the Knight engine gives high uniform compression *with any gas.*

STANDARD SIX COACH

$995

Other models $995 to $1095. Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA



WILLYS-KNIGHT SIX

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